PHINEAS STOWE

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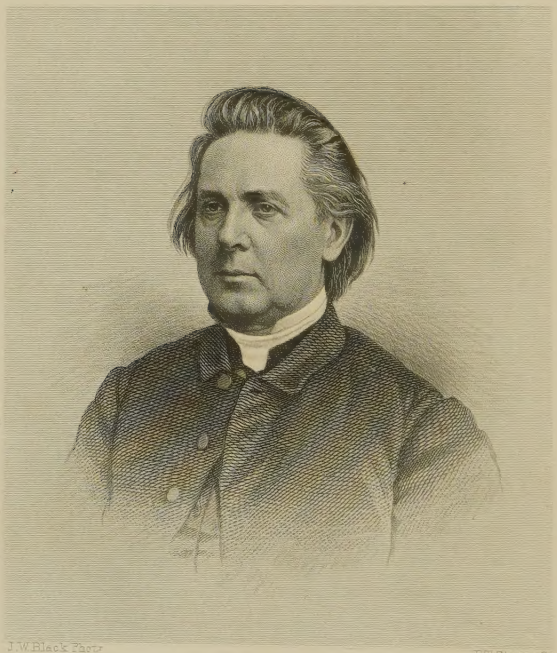

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Phineas Stowe

PHINEAS STOWE,

AND

BETHEL WORK.

COMPILED BY

REV. HENRY A. COOKE,

PASTOR OF BOSTON BAPTIST BETHEL.

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TO

Seamen and the Friends of Seamen,

ESPECIALLY

THOSE IN BOSTON AND VICINITY, WHO AIDED

PHINEAS STOWE

IN THE PROMOTION OF BETHEL WORK,

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

It is now about thirty years since the Baptists of Boston commenced their Bethel enterprise. What was then regarded somewhat in the light of an experiment, has become an established and successful fact. The smile of Heaven has manifestly rested upon the efforts put forth in behalf of seamen, under the auspices of the Boston Baptist Bethel Society.

The present has been thought a fitting time to gather up, in a permanent form, the most important facts and incidents that have attended the progress of the Society. This volume is the result of such a purpose.

It bears the name of Phineas Stowe, that apostle to seamen. And it could not be otherwise than that he, whose consecrated zeal and abounding labors contributed more than any other man's to make the Baptist Bethel the power for good

that it is, should have the foremost place in the record of its history. His honored name is forever identified with it. This volume is, therefore, both a memoir and a history.

Many hands have been employed in its preparation, but the whole has passed under competent supervision; and it is sent forth to the public as an accurate and trustworthy account of the work which it commemorates, in the hope that the record of the past may, with the blessing of God, awaken fresh zeal among the churches in the cause of seamen.

To those friends — their names already familiar to the public — who have so kindly contributed to the value and interest of this book by their communications, the compiler would express his sincere gratitude.

To the favor of Him who has promised that the abundance of the sea shall be converted to Christ, this little volume is devoutly commended.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to estimate the relative importance of Christian work for different classes of people. To say nothing of the foreign field, vast and dark, with its uncounted millions who know not the Lord, there are many parts of the home field in urgent need of spiritual culture. One cannot name the Indians, the Chinese, the Freedmen, without feeling that much needs to be done for them all. Yet certain circumstances give the Sailors a permanent place among those to whom the gospel should be very freely offered. For, first, men of no other class find it so nearly impracticable, by reason of their way of life, to furnish themselves when on land with fit religious teachers and

places of worship. The sea is their home; on land they are but visitors; now in this port, and then in that; and therefore it is almost impossible for them to establish and sustain public worship, making for themselves a religious home. Secondly, men of no class are beset with stronger temptations to sin than sailors. On shore they are often in strange cities, where vice abounds, and cupidity spreads before them allurements to evil. Nothing less than the fear of God and the sense of eternal things will fortify them against the wiles of the adversary. Thirdly, men of no class are engaged in a service more closely connected with the general progress of mankind. We who live in quiet homes upon land are debtors to those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters. And, fourthly, men of no class have a better opportunity than sailors to show the excellence of true religion to the ignorant and the sinful. They sojourn in cities where idolatry prevails, and the Saviour is unknown. They can represent Christian life

where the missionary has not yet appeared. Alas, they too often misrepresent that life, and put obstacles in the missionary's path.

The Baptist Bethel has, therefore, from the nature of its work, a claim on the sympathy and co-operation of Christians. And that work has been earnestly and wisely prosecuted for a quarter of a century. No one acquainted with the late Phineas Stowe can doubt his singular fitness to preach the gospel to sailors. His frankness of manner, his warmth of heart, his impulsive, impressive, unstudied eloquence, and his firm grasp of Christian truth, made him the man for the place. It was a joy to meet him; it was an inspiration to hear him speak. The fire burned brightly in him, and we cannot doubt there will be many stars in his crown at last. But others will speak of him and of his work in the following pages more fully and adequately than the writer is able to do. Yet it may be proper for him to express his deep interest in the service to the kingdom of Christ and to the

cause of temperance and good morals which has been rendered by the Bethel, and his conviction that it deserves the cordial support of our churches.

ALVAH HOVEY.

NEWTON CENTRE,
March, 1874.

PHINEAS STOWE

AND

BETHEL WORK.

CHAPTER I.

The Bethel Pastor.

BY REV. ROLLIN H. NEALE, D. D.

REV. PHINEAS STOWE was born in Milford, Conn., March 20, 1812. At the age of fifteen he was engaged as a clerk in New Haven. It was there, at the beginning of my own ministry, that I became acquainted with him. He was baptized by Rev. Elisha Cushman, July 2, 1831, into the First Baptist Church in that city, of which I afterwards became pastor. The same loving spirit, the same fervency in prayer, sweetness of voice in sacred song, and readiness to every good word and work, which

gave such extraordinary power to his ministry in Boston, were apparent at that early period. I have often congratulated myself, and thanked God, that I was enabled to appreciate his worth. Those rare and golden qualities which made him so useful and beloved as a private church-member, fitted him for eminent efficiency in a wider sphere. Modest and unassuming, he had at that time no thought of entering the ministry, but at my earnest solicitation he left a lucrative business, and entered upon a preparatory course of study, having previously married Emily, daughter of Isaac Smith, Esq., of Southington, Conn. He passed four or five years at the New Hampton Literary and Theological Institution, and was greatly esteemed by the professors and his fellow-students. The late excellent John Newton Brown was one of his teachers, for whom he always cherished a great admiration. There was, indeed, in this case, a remarkable congeniality of spirit between the teacher and his appreciative and loving pupil. Mr. Stowe, after leaving New Hampton, was pastor, for two years, of the Baptist Church at South Danvers.

Knowing him intimately, and feeling strongly attached to him, I wanted him to work by my side, and persuaded him to come to Boston as a preacher to seamen. He came, and labored most diligently for over twenty years. He pursued his work with an enthusiasm which, in this field of Christian activity, certainly has never, before or since, been surpassed. It may be said of him, as John Foster said of the philanthropist Howard, "The intensity of his zeal was kept uniform by the power of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and the nature of the individual forbidding it to be less." He was adapted to his work, and his work to him. It fitted exactly all the peculiarities of his mind and heart, as the liquid metal the varied features of the mould into which it is cast. It filled his whole soul, and he went into it with all his might. He was constantly devising new plans, such as only *he* could think of, for benefiting the sailor. The Soldier's Home, and the Mariner's Exchange, with its library and reading-room, originated with him ; he administered the temperance pledge to over five thousand, accompanied with the gift of the New Testament, and also circulated thousands of anti-swearing cards.

There was no end to his conversations with individuals, in the streets, on the wharves, and at his own house. He would take the sailor to his parlor, and talk, and pray, and weep with him there. He would follow him with his influence when he went to sea, telling him to write to him, or, if he could not send letters, to keep a journal, and bring it home, if he should ever return. Not only the sailor, but the suffering soldier, was thought of by our brother. The Soldier's Home, at the south part of the city, was the fruit of his toil and the object of his tender care. The outcast and the criminal also were reached by his warm and noble heart. He often went to the prison at Charlestown, and there was no visitor whose presence was more welcome to its unfortunate inmates. He would talk, and pray, and sing, and weep for an hour at the morning devotions, and on a Sunday protract the service to half past twelve; and no one was tired. The prisoners would pray, and sing, and weep with him; and not only so, but some of them were converted, and have given evidence, by their good conduct, as the warden has testified, of a thorough change in their heart and life. Mr. Stowe

could not be satisfied without success. It was not enough to preach well, and pray well, and sing well, and have a good, comforting, and delightful meeting. There must be conversions. He would go to the hardened sinner, take him by the hand, plead with him with many tears, make him promise to give his heart to God, and then hold on to him till he did it. There was an unction upon him, heavenly and divine, and with it an influence which we all ought to have, but in which Christians, and even Christian ministers, like Christ's primitive disciples, are often sadly deficient, viz., a power to cast out devils.

One of the worst convicts at Charlestown, who had resisted all other means, was subdued and melted under Mr. Stowe's appeals, and is now sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind. Most characteristic was his first interview with the late William J. Butler, superintendent of the Mariner's Exchange, whose history, under the name of the "Rover at Rest," has been so graphically delineated by Mrs. Jane D. Chaplin. Upon this wanderer, penniless and alone, a stranger in a strange city, and surrounded

by temptations, to which he was beginning to yield, the eye of this mariner's shepherd lighted, and he was enfolded by him as in a mother's arms.

To say that Mr. Stowe was honest in his profession is not enough; he was enthusiastic in it. He enjoyed his work. It was with him an absorbing passion. He never for a moment imagined that he was humbling himself in preaching to sailors and prisoners, and looking after the poor and the outcast. He was proud of such labor. There was a lofty bearing in his air and manner, as if he would say, "This is glorious; this is a higher honor than I ever thought of reaching." He composed many an original hymn under the inspiration of his work, and would take his young converts — or "hopeful inquirers," as he called them — to the prayer-meetings of the different churches, and talk about them affectionately, and with evident pride, as a fond and doting mother would of her children.

There surely never was a man of a sweeter spirit than the late pastor of the Mariner's Church. He was the most guileless, unsuspecting, trustful man I ever knew. He was so good

that he seemed to make everybody else good around him. You could not do or think anything wrong in his presence. Nor could any evil come nigh him. He could tread on scorpions, and take up serpents, and eat the deadliest thing, and it would not hurt him.

Mr. Stowe, though strongly attached to his own denomination, yet sympathized with what was good and true everywhere. He mingled freely with all classes of Christians, and was accustomed to say, "There is a great deal of the spirit of Christ among what are called 'the world's people.'" His presence was welcome on all occasions. People loved to see him walking the streets, and always knew that he was on some good mission.

The esteem in which Mr. Stowe was held in Boston was shared by the commonwealth, and indeed extended throughout New England. He often visited churches, associations, and state conventions, to present his cause, and plead for the sailor, and everybody loved to see him. His open countenance was sunshine ; his clear, sweet, sonorous voice in prayer and spiritual song gave new life to religious meetings. He was chaplain of the Massachusetts legislature in 1862. The

members became greatly attached to him, and always invited him to be present at their reunions, which continued for several years.

Amid these signs of public respect for our brother, of confidence and love cherished for him by all classes in the community, it is delightful to remember that he was known everywhere as a Christian. He was never so happy as in preaching Jesus. His soul reached its highest enthusiasm under the inspiration of the cross. His face would shine with a new light, and his voice warble forth its most charming melodies, when incarnate and restoring love was the theme. I have known him for many years, and have been with him at all seasons, amid scenes of sorrow and of joy, and always to be only the more deeply impressed with the reality of heart-religion, and with the power and glory of the Christian faith. I remember his interest in religious revivals, the thrill of joy which pervaded the assembly, and the rays of hope which seemed to fall for the first time on many an anxious, tearful countenance, as he sang, —

> "I do believe, I now believe,
> That Jesus died for me."

During the last year of his life, for twenty-six Sabbaths in succession, with but a single exception, he led willing, rejoicing converts into the baptismal waters. He wished for no vacation, finding his highest pleasure in his work. At the urgent solicitation of his friends, however, he went away from Boston a few weeks in the summer; but he was soon heard of among the sailors in New York and the miners of Pennsylvania, praying with them, and preaching to them the word of life; and he thus brought on the unnatural excitement which resulted in his premature death.

CHAPTER II.

The Bethel Pastor.

(Continued.)

IT seems sad that so good a brother, whose spirit was so genial, gentle, and loving, should have to be put, in his last days, under restraint, and separated from familiar voices and familiar countenances. "Not one of all the many whom he loved, nor she whose name was woven with all the fibres of his heart, which was breaking within him then, was allowed to come and speak peace unto him." This restriction was imposed, as I happen to know, against the entreaties of his wife, who pleaded tearfully to see her husband once more. It was imposed by the attending physician, and in judicious kindness, no doubt, from a fear that the excitement of the interview might endanger his patient's life, which he hoped to save. To him, however, in his illusion, it was a Gethsemane experience, like that in the history of his Master, of which he plaintively sang, —

"'Twas midnight, and from all removed
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears."

In those scenes of suffering, however, we should reverently recognize the hand of God. From that asylum has gone forth a voice which shall continue to echo forever over land and sea. The scene of his death was a pulpit of power. The sailor on the ocean, the prisoner in his cell, the sons and daughters of want everywhere, will drop a tear, and offer prayer, and make a solemn vow of consecration to God, as they hear of it.

The brain of our brother gave way under the pressure of his incessant labors, but his heart was sound to the last. In his lone room he continued to offer prayer for himself, his wife, his child. He thought tenderly of his church, and sent to remembered personal friends messages of love. To the last moment of life he imagined himself still on his chosen field of toil, with his harness girded on, and he died with those characteristic words on his lips, "Doctor, I have a mighty work to do."

The funeral services were held at his church, corner of Hanover and North Bennet Streets, on

Monday, November 16, 1868. The ministers of the city were present in a body, and walked in procession from the house to the church, not as a professional service, but as real mourners. Among them was the venerable Father Cleaveland, who had nearly reached his hundredth year.

All felt that they had sustained a personal bereavement, and each seemed to say, as he looked upon the countenance of the dead, "I am distressed for thee, my brother. Very pleasant hast thou been unto me." Crowds were unable to gain admission to the church, already filled to its utmost capacity. They remained patiently standing in the streets for three and four hours, hoping, if possible, to get one more look at their dear friend. The funeral was conducted by his early pastor; but others took part in the services — Baron Stow, William Hague, J. D. Fulton, George W. Gardner, William V. Garner, George J. Carlton, D. C. Eddy, S. W. Foljambe, and O. T. Walker, and also Father Cleaveland, whose words of personal friendship for the deceased touched every heart. Rev. R. G. Toles was also present, with a class of his "Little Wanderers," who sang sweetly, yet plaintively, on the occasion.

The sailor and the soldier, many a widow and orphan, were present, each having a story to tell of kind words uttered, or of some timely help they had received from him whom on earth they could see and hear no more. I noticed in the assembly, and very properly among the mourners, the good, faithful colored woman who had for some time lived in his family. She loved him as a friend and pastor, and expressed her devotion strongly. She still lives, and cherishes his memory most tenderly. She often says, and says truly, "He was a saint, if there ever was one." Blessings upon her. I remember her care of him in his weakness, her anxiety during his unnatural excitement, and how, before his removal to the asylum, she kept up nightly vigils, lest harm should come to him.

The members of the Bethel Church were deeply affected. They were bound to their pastor by an almost idolatrous attachment. Nor was he less esteemed and beloved by other churches in the city and vicinity, whom he often visited, and who contributed liberally, and always most cheerfully, to the cause so dear to him. Mercantile firms, upon whom his calls for charity

were ever welcome, and promptly responded to, gratuitously supplied the material for draping his church in mourning, and many of them closed their stores during the funeral ceremonies. The pulpit, organ, and galleries were arrayed with the insignia of sorrow. Tender memories and impressive mottoes were conspicuous in different parts of the dimly-lighted sanctuary, such as, "Jesus wept;" "There is sorrow on the sea;" "He judged the cause of the poor and needy;" "In duty's strife his spirit passed away;" "Blessed is he that considereth the poor;" "We miss him;" "He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him;" not omitting those last memorable words, which, though uttered under a mental illusion, were in reality the vital and inspiring sentiment of his whole life, "Doctor, I have a mighty work to do."

CHAPTER III.

Extract from a Sermon.

BY REV. D. C. EDDY, D. D.

"MR. STOWE entered upon his work in Boston with very different views from those which had been entertained by his predecessors. 'The son of a sailor, and the brother of a sailor,' as he often used to say, he entered with the most unselfish zeal into the great enterprise to which, henceforth, his life was to be devoted. His theory was, that the sailor was *a man;* to be treated as *a man;* reasoned with and convinced as *a man.* He despised the clap-trap devices often used to win the sons of the sea. On entering the Bethel, he found for a pulpit the stern of a boat, over which the minister had been accustomed to address the people. He had it removed, and a neat desk put in its place.

From the outset, he acted on the conviction that sailors wish to be treated like other human beings. To allure blacksmiths, we do not have an anvil in church. To draw coopers, we do not preach out of a barrel. To win shoemakers, the pulpit is not made in the form of a shoe. The sailor at church does not wish to be reminded of the quarter-deck, nor of the forecastle, nor does he desire to have a discourse interlarded with sailor-talk. Mr. Stowe acted on this idea. He put the emblem of the cross and the devices of religion where his predecessors had put the symbols of the sea.

"As he labored on, his great heart seemed to expand with projects for the good of seamen. He was ever thinking up some plan to benefit them. He was restless, impatient to save them, to save their families, to make them comfortable here, and happy hereafter. His mind seemed to be a field out of which, in every direction, were springing up projects to advance the interests of his seafaring charge.

"The idea of a sailor's burial-ground sprang up in that soil, and culminated in that sacred spot, that 'God's acre,' at Woodlawn. He found men

dying in the city, with no friends to bury them, and he said, 'The sailor shall have a resting-place for his poor body when the voyage of life is over.' He first purchased a receiving tomb on Copp's Hill, where the bodies could be interred until their friends could claim them. Then came the lot, in which his own monument now stands, put there by pious hands, with the bodies of seamen sown all around it. Many a dying sailor has had reason to bless his name, and to be thankful that when he should cease to breathe, his body would not be hurried into some pauper lot in a city graveyard, nor lowered into the pathless sea, to remain until the resurrection in his undistinguishable resting-place. That sailor lot at Woodlawn grew in the heart of Phineas Stowe.

Then came the idea of a mission ship he called the "Adoniram Judson," to be manned by Christian sailors, and to ply between Boston and foreign ports, bearing missionaries of the cross to distant lands. It was to be a combination of the "school ship" with the "mission ship." The denomination did not see as he did, and the ship was never launched. The project was deemed

absurd by us, but government took up one end of his idea, and it exists in the "school ship" in our harbor; and the Congregationalists took the other end of the idea, and wrought it into the "Morning Star." The mind of Mr. Stowe combined the two, and no one now but must regret that he did not have encouragement to try the experiment, and test the project.

The little old Bethel on the corner of Lewis Street was a little heaven below to many who were converted there. To Mr. Stowe himself it was a paradise on earth. Dingy, dark as it was, it glowed like Tabor's top to him. But a church was needed, and the old Universalist building on Hanover Street was for sale. It was an old historic spot. On it Samuel Mather preached, more than a hundred years ago. By several changes it had come into the hands of the Universalists, under John Murray, Edward Mitchell, and Paul Dean. The house now standing was built for Sebastian Streeter, in those days when it was supposed that Universalism would grow to something great. It was in collecting money to purchase that edifice that Mr. Stowe undermined his constitution, and contracted those diseases

from which he never fully recovered. The long walks from house to house, the tedious stair-climbing to find the offices of merchants, and the frequent exposure necessary to secure his object, told upon his physical nature. But he succeeded. The house was bought, paid for, dedicated, and filled with sailors, and from that day to this there has been no Bethel enterprise in Boston with success comparable with this.

On leaving the old Bethel, he desired that his "old battle-ground," as he termed it, should not be abandoned; and opening it as "The Mariner's Exchange," with library, reading-room, and colporterage, he sustained it until the last. He must have collected at least fifteen hundred dollars per annum, outside of the boundaries of his own denomination. Some of his best friends urged him to abandon the "Exchange," but he saw the good it was doing, and would not yield. Not one of those friends would now have the benign work of that institution undone.

Then up grew another plan of usefulness. His active mind saw another work — an institution to take young transgressors out of the hand of the law, and reform them; a place to which

the victim of inebriation would be taken, instead of being carried to the station-house; a refuge for any young girl who should escape from a den of infamy; the temporary home for any person who had broken law, but who, in the opinion of the judges, needed reformation more than punishment. The "Quincy Home" was the result of that idea. A house was secured, fitted up, and a good work carried on. The idea was a noble one; and could he have had the requisite aid, it would have become one of the grandest institutions Boston ever had. It went down after some years, not because it had proved a failure, nor because Mr. Stowe was weary of it, but because his helpers failed him. He ever felt that the abandonment of it was a serious mistake.

When war broke over our land, a new field of usefulness was opened to him. As the soldiers came home, wounded, bleeding, and dying, from the field of battle, he thought of a "Soldier's Home," and at once set to work to secure one.

For a season he labored almost alone in this noble work. He first opened a refuge for the weary ones at the North End; and there the

soldier, wounded in the fight, and friendless, came to be blessed by his warm sympathy and his pious instructions. But a work so grand could not long remain unknown. The public attention was turned to it. The charitable people of Boston came to his assistance, Governor Andrew and Mayor Lincoln gave him their approbation, and at length the building, long used for a Female Medical College, on Springfield Street, was secured and employed for that purpose. Whether any other man would have succeeded in calling attention to this subject, we do not know; but we do know that no other did, and all the good done in that Home can be traced to the active brain and loving heart of Phineas Stowe. He ought to have the credit for it; and when in future the history of Boston's part in the war is written, his name shall be inserted among those who at home had a heart as loyal, a zeal as true, and a fidelity as active, as those who used the musket and the sword.

But we must pass over much that was noble and grand in his life; over his great temperance work — he was a temperance alliance in himself; over the particulars of his sufferings and

death ; over that sad winding up of a glorious career ! Glorious, I say, for to Mr. Stowe Boston is indebted for its public charities more than to any other man of this generation.

His last words are said to have been, "I have a mighty work to do." It was this mighty work that crushed him. His was a completely exhausted organism. Brain and body were alike worn out. He gave himself no time for recuperation, no time for rest, no time to improve wasted resources. It was tireless devotion to his work, not his *duty*, for duty did not require so much. He did what thousands of others are doing — worked without rest, without sleep, without proper regard to physical needs, and the result we have in his untimely death.

Brother Stowe had contemplated a visit to the Holy Land. He had worked for more than twenty years, and thought himself entitled to some relaxation of this kind, and his mind for a year or two had been wrought up to the point of asking the Bethel Board to grant him a furlough of five or six months for this purpose. He wanted to travel in Ireland, and go and look upon the shore that received the dead body of Helen when

she was washed up from the infuriate deep; to walk through that noble Sailor's Home in Liverpool; to go to London, and listen, with six thousand others, to the wonderful man of the Metropolitan Tabernacle; to stand among Alpine glaciers, and admire great and interesting scenes; to see Rome, and gaze upon the glory and shame of St. Peter's; to visit Palestine, and kiss, as the Crusaders did, the soil made sacred by

> "Those blessed feet, which eighteen hundred years ago
> Were nailed for our advantage
> To a cross;"

to stand on Olivet, and gaze on the doomed city of God; to find Gethsemane at its base, and bow where Christ bowed, and weep where he wept; to cross the Kedron, and enter Jerusalem; to find Calvary, where stood the cross, and linger there until he himself was crucified with Christ. And when insanity settled upon him, the idea seemed uppermost in his mind. He wanted to go to Jerusalem!

And he has gone — not to God-cursed Palestine, but to the New Jerusalem, to the innumerable company of angels, to the church of the first born. He has seen Christ ere this. He knows

what that saying means, "the New Jerusalem which cometh down from God out of heaven." The city of Boston *misses him.* He was one of the largest hearted philanthropists, but in heaven he will have his home.

Some blamed Brother Stowe, because he engaged in so many enterprises. Some thought, and said, that he had better attend to his pulpit work and let the outside schemes alone. When he gave so much time to the Washingtonian Home, of which he was a prime mover, — an institution concerning which the superintendent remarked emphatically, that "there are to-day merchants and business men in this city whose yearly taxes are larger than the entire expense of the Home, of which they were once the inmates, and by whose instrumentality, under the blessing of God, they have been made what they are," — and when he labored so hard at Globe Hall, where he did so much good among a class shut out from church privileges, — some thought, and said, that he had better attend to his church, and let these side movements go. And as each successive plan was broached, there were those to say to him, "Stay at home, take care of your pulpit, attend

to your church, and let these things fall on others."

I thought so, and said so. But, as on the day of his funeral I stood in the Bethel pulpit, and looked down on that dear, dead face, I was sorry for it. I asked pardon of every line and feature of it. I besought forgiveness for misunderstanding that noble heart, whose throbbings had ceased forever. I am convinced that Mr. Stowe had a better idea, a nobler conception of Christianity, than his brethren. He may not always have worked wisely, but he saw that the religion of Christ must go outside of its elegant sanctuaries, leave its padlocked pews, forsake its gentility and fastidiousness, and go forth to meet mankind, and lift fallen humanity up to God. And we must come to that idea, or a century from now there will be no church. We cannot save the world as we are now trying to do it. The churches of Asia Minor, the church in the days of Constantine, the churches of the middle ages, made no more fearful mistakes, in one direction, than we are making now in another direction. I believe the sainted dead saw what we do not see, what our churches do not see, but

must be seen, or the damage will be fearful. A Christianity that runs mostly to elegant churches, and fashionable piety, and not to hospitals, asylums, and noble charities, will, in the end, be rejected by God and man.

CHAPTER IV.

Great Sorrows.

"God doth not leave his own!
This sorrow in their life he doth permit,
Yea, useth it
To speed his children on their heavenward way;
He guides the wind. Faith, Hope, and Love all say
God doth not leave his own."

THE death of a child often changes the whole tenor of a person's life. Especially true was this of Mr. Stowe. In his early marriage, while residing in New Haven, he was afflicted in the loss of two interesting children at the respective ages of eleven and fifteen months. In each of these events he heard a voice calling upon him to make a complete consecration of all his powers to the service of Christ, and he here received what he considered an effectual call to the ministry. Engaged in a lucrative business, and even then, as the result of industry, indomitable energy, and perseverance, the owner of a neat little home, it

required decision of character, as well as strength of religious principle, to abandon the prospect of worldly emolument, which one possessing his traits had a right to anticipate, and look steadily in the face years of poverty which would inevitably be the result of entering upon a course of study preparatory to the gospel ministry. "What is duty?" was with him the question to be decided. When that was once settled, his course was plain. This alteration in his life-plan involved a corresponding change in his wife's duties and responsibilities. In this matter, as in every other pertaining to his well-being and increasing usefulness, she was, without doubt, a judicious adviser. Sad, indeed, for him was that day in the month of May, 1852, when this wife of his youth — she upon whom almost entirely had rested the cares of home, in order that his time might be wholly given to the prosecution of his great work — was, without a moment's warning, stricken down by his side. In after years it was his delight to acknowledge in terms of loving praise, his indebtedness to her keen penetration and sagacious judgment. As gold is purified from alloy in the refiner's fire, so each new af-

fliction seemed to give increased intensity and brilliancy to Mr. Stowe's Christian experience. "With every child we lose, we see deeper into life, as with every added lens we pierce farther the sky." "Thou destroyest the hope of man," was often the fitting expression of his sorrowing heart; yet he could add, "If God takes all, I will yet trust and rejoice in him."

Another sad event in his life was the loss of his eldest daughter, who perished with her husband, December 9, 1861, on the coast of Ireland. "On her father's side she had descended from a sea-faring ancestry, and the daring spirit of the old Vikings seemed to have descended to her through them; while at the same time she was warm-hearted and generous. Her pleasant features, blue and laughing eyes, cheeks rosy with the mantling flush of health, and a wealth of glossy brown hair, gave to the eye of the beholder a picture worthy the pencil of a Claude or a Raphael; and the ever-ready smile and look of sympathy, the pleasant, social ways, half playful, half dignified, completed the charm. While her father was pastor of a church in Danvers, Mass., she attended her first school,

a private one, where she made daily progress in her studies." At the early age of twelve she had the misfortune to be deprived of a loving mother's care and judicious counsel, and her father being wholly absorbed in his great work, she naturally came under a varied influence. About this time she was placed in a school pre-eminent for excellence, in New Haven, Conn. Of her deportment there her teacher writes, —

"Her child-like simplicity of manners and her confiding, winning ways towards those she loved made her a general favorite. Even when her preference led her to conceive a different plan from the one I might have laid, and though possessed of a strong will, naturally, she never gave me pain by *unwillingly* yielding a point, but would say, 'I feel that you know what is best,' and again, 'I was a foolish child for ever thinking thus and so.' She evinced a love of poetry which well accorded with her musical ear. Her voice in song was particularly sweet, and had great compass for one of her years. I had much pleasure and satisfaction in her as a Sabbath school pupil, for she ever manifested much interest in the Bible lessons by her uniform atten-

tion and inquisitiveness during the exercises, often referring afterwards to some point in the lessons of practical importance, and offering a spontaneous remark, many times quite pertinent. She was quick to appreciate interest manifested for seamen, remarking, 'I like Dr. Cleveland, for he always prays for the sailor.'"

She afterwards attended the High School in Milford, Conn., of which the Rev. E. C. Baldwin, now pastor of a Congregational Church in that state, was then principal. Of Helen he writes, "Her personal appearance was pleasing. She had a charming voice, and was chief singer in our excellent school choir during her stay. I ever felt grateful to her for the influence she exerted in my school for good." Her music teacher writes, "With Helen I was acquainted from her childhood, and having been connected with her musical education, I felt great interest in her advancement. She was gifted beyond her years, and at a very early age had charge of the instrumental portion of the musical service in the chapel where her father preached. Her voice was pure and clear, and well adapted to lead. The last time I met her in a large circle of

friends, she sang with much effect, a song commencing, —

'The dearest spot on earth to me
Is home, sweet home;
The fairy land I long to see
Is home, sweet home.'

I can even now seem to hear her clear, bird-like notes as they fell on the listening ears of that large company. She had a kind look and word for all, and her graceful and delicate manner drew forth expressions of pleasure from those who visited her father's house."

In early life, we trust, she became a subject of renewing grace; and happy, indeed, was that day, when the father buried his child with Christ in baptism, and received her into the fellowship of the church of which he was pastor. As Mr. Stowe's whole heart and soul were engaged in benefiting seamen, and anything that would conduce to their well-being and happiness was a joy to him, it is unnecessary to say that Helen's subsequent marriage to Captain W. H. Staples, of Biddeford, Me., a noble-hearted officer, gave him great pleasure. The ceremony was performed at his home, in Baldwin Place, February 21, 1859.

She enjoyed exceedingly her first voyage up the Mediterranean. The bark which her husband commanded carried stores to our naval station at Spezzia ; also visited Marseilles and Gibraltar. On their return voyage an event occurred, the recital of which we give in her own words.

"On Sunday, the 19th of February, Dick, the little cabin-boy, was sent into the maintop to furl one of the light sails, when he slipped, and down he came into the water. The captain thinks he was careless, for it was a beautiful day, and very calm. The ship was put about, the boat lowered, and four stout men rowed with all their might towards him. While they were on their way, the man at the wheel waved his hat, and I my handkerchief, to encourage the poor boy all we could ; but I can never forget my feelings at that moment. Just as the boat reached him, he went down for the last time. The sailors caught the body, however, and brought it on board. They worked over him for two hours, but it was of no avail ; poor little Dick was dead. He fell about twelve o'clock, and at four o'clock he was wrapped in his winding-sheet, ready to be launched into the bosom of old Ocean. I had kept up my courage

very well until then; but it seemed so hard to bury him at sea! He had been a great favorite of mine. I had talked with him a great deal, and tried to give him good advice; but when he was taken from us, how my conscience reproached me for not having been more faithful to him! February 20, at half past one o'clock in the afternoon, his little body was placed on a plank and brought to the gangway. All hands were called, and the colors placed at half-mast. O, how I wished father was with us to conduct the services. The captain said it was my duty to read the burial service, as I was the only professing Christian on board. I felt it a duty, and asked for strength to assist me. It was given. When all was ready, the captain came for me, and I went and stood beside the body, and read the service; and when I came to the passage, 'We commit his body to the deep,' they tipped the plank, and the body sank to the unfathomable depths of the ocean. It was a solemn scene. A funeral on shore is nothing compared with it. I trust you may ever be spared the pain of witnessing such a scene, for it is heart-rending."

Her last voyage was in the ill-fated ship Golden Star, which left Mobile for Liverpool, November 16, 1860. "They encountered heavy gales a fortnight before the final wreck, which, succeeding a brief lull of the storm, occurred December 29. After the ship was disabled, followed by cutting away of her masts, she struck upon the rocks on Carnivan Head. The attempt to send lines from the ship, and also from the shore, by rockets, failed, and the anchors thrown out failed to hold, and in half an hour after striking, she went to pieces."

As Mr. Stowe did not hear of the ship's arrival in Liverpool, he began to express apprehensions of danger; but just at this time, a kind Providence opened the way for him to become so completely absorbed in his Master's work, that everything earthly became of secondary importance. The pastor of the Baptist Church at Foxboro', Mass., was holding a series of revival meetings, and wrote, urging Mr. Stowe to come and assist him in the work. To such a Macedonian cry he could not turn a deaf ear. A few days from that time the Ladies' Bethel Circle was to meet at his house, and he was to return

on the evening preceding the occasion ; but, becoming so wholly engrossed in the work that his soul loved, — the salvation of the lost, — the proposed meeting escaped his mind. As he did not return at the appointed time, I wrote, reminding him of the event. The letter was handed him the following morning, as he sat in the church. With the rapidity of thought, the whole affair flashed before him, and his apparent negligence distressed him. Instantly he arose, made a statement of the matter to the congregation, and, as the letter from home contained no news of the absent children, his apprehensions increased, and he intimated that he was fearful some great sorrow awaited him, and requested prayers that sustaining grace might be granted in his impending trial. In the mean time, friends had communicated to me the sad intelligence that our loved ones were ingulfed in the sea. But while my heart was surcharged with grief, — for very dear were Helen and her husband to us all, — my own sorrow was soon merged in intense anxiety for one still dearer. His heart was even then bleeding over the loss of our darling boy, whom God had taken five months previously. For an in-

stant, I doubted the power of grace to sustain him in this fearful blasting of long-cherished hopes. When he came, although I had been necessitated again and again to seek divine aid for power to impart strength in that hour of anguish, — in times of great sorrow it is comforting to have a human arm on which to lean, as well as a divine one, — the thought of his coming agony caused my face to assume an ashen hue, which he instantly perceived. Immediately approaching me with his usual loving greeting, he said, holding up the Life of Müller, which he had been reading in the cars, —

"Dear wife, I am going to fling myself out on God more than I have ever yet done."

How wonderfully was the way opened for the sad disclosure!

"Well," I replied, "God has always been good to us — has he not? He was good even when he took our darling Charlie."

"Yes," he said; "but what now? Is Helen dead? Is the captain lost? Is the ship lost? And are they all gone?"

"Yes," I said.

For an instant his eyes, which were riveted

upon me, flashed with an unearthly fire. Then, raising both hands, and clasping them tightly together, looking up, he said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

For a time, his distress was too deep for tears. His anguish found vent only in heart-rending groans. Soon he went into another room, and, closing the door, was alone with his God and his grief. It seemed best not at once to enter. Remembering his Master's agony in the garden, I did not know but an invisible angel might be sent to strengthen this beloved disciple in his hour of anguish. At last, timidly opening the door, I ventured in, when he instantly approached; throwing his arms about me, and laying his head upon my shoulder, he burst into tears, when he was gradually restored to calmness.

From the intensity of that shock his nervous system never fully recovered. Years after, when, from this cause and the effect of his herculean labors, his brain gave way, he referred often, and in the most touching manner, to this afflictive dispensation. His last allusion to it, in my hearing, was this: "After I have been in heaven a thousand years, I may some day hear a sweet

voice singing by my side, and I shall turn, and say, 'Helen, is this you?' 'Yes, father, I am here,' will be her reply." He intimated that he should feast his eyes for a thousand years upon Jesus before he should desire to turn his gaze even upon one whom on earth he had so tenderly loved. His grief found expression in the following lines:

"Bright ocean, thee we love!
Dear forms are there,
Resting, no more to rove,
Safe from all care.
Low in thy depths they rest;
No howling storms molest;
Their souls are with the blest,
All safely moored.

"The sea shall yield her trust,
Loved ones shall rise
And shine among the just,
Above the skies.
There we shall see their forms,
Safe from all wrecking storms,
Clothed with unrivalled charms
By Jesus given.

"Ocean, then safely keep
Thy sacred trust;
In their wide grave they'll sleep
Till Gabriel's blast
Shall sound o'er sea and land;
Then all mankind must stand,
A sad or joyful band,
Before God's throne."

S. A. C.

CHAPTER V.

Recollections of Rev. Phineas Stowe.

BY REV. W. LAMSON, D. D.

I REGRET that, with me, these recollections are so few and fragmentary. I first remember Mr. Stowe as the pastor of an infant Baptist Church, in what was then a part of my native town, South Danvers, now Peabody. I used occasionally to meet him on my visits home, and received the impression that he was a fervent, devoted, indefatigable laborer. From the year 1848 to 1850 I was pastor of the Middle Street Church, Portsmouth, New Hampshire. During these years Brother Stowe was engaged in his Bethel work, in Boston. He was at a distance from me. But on several occasions, when a naval ship arrived at

the navy-yard, across the river, Brother Stowe came to Portsmouth, to look after the interests of the men about to be discharged. At such times he made my house his home, and I had an opportunity to witness his singular devotion and enthusiasm in his work, and to know something of the great power which he had over apparently hardened and reckless men. He knew, as few men ever did, the way to the heart of a sailor. His power was the power of love. If each man of a large crew had been his own brother, he could not have felt and manifested a deeper interest in all that pertained to his welfare. And the sailors loved him. On one occasion there was some of the waste of the ship that belonged, by custom, to the crew. The amount would be from fifty to a hundred dollars. The crew were gathered on deck to decide by vote what should be done with the avails. One hardy tar moved that it be given to "Brother Stowe." The motion was seconded, and immediately carried, without a dissenting voice. Accordingly, a beautiful piece of silver was bought, and suitably inscribed, and a public meeting was held in the largest hall in the city, and

in the presence of the whole crew and a large number of the citizens, a sailor made the presentation with a characteristic speech, and Brother Stowe responded. An hour or two were passed in singing and addresses, and the crew of that ship left the hall, every one of them, I doubt not, rejoicing in the disposition they had made of their money.

In 1859 I removed to my present home and field of labor, in Brookline; and from that time till his death I met Brother Stowe frequently, on my visits to the city, and always received from him a hearty greeting. I was always interested in his sustained enthusiasm in his work. It never seemed to flag. It was, indeed, this burning zeal that consumed his vital energies, and brought his life to such a sudden and lamented close. The tension was too great, too uninterrupted, and the cord snapped. It might have been anticipated, but I doubt if it could have been hindered. His work was done, and he entered into his rest, not *here*, but *there*.

A Friend of the Friendless.

One winter, many years ago, Rev. Phineas Stowe was our guest from Saturday to Monday. His heart was then full of pity and yearning love for the wretched outcasts, for whose souls so few seemed to care, and the burden of his conversation was, "The Home for the Fallen," which he had just then established.

Talking on the wants of this class, and the responsibility of the virtuous in regard to them, he became so excited that he could not keep his seat. Well do we remember the enthusiasm and the eloquence with which he talked of the work he had laid out, and the results he expected to see in that — to other men — almost hopeless field. He spoke of the pressure which had almost forced him to turn his own home into a temporary inebriate asylum, bringing pain, and care, and labor on one who had then gone to her reward. He seemed pained at the thought of the sleepless nights, and the scenes of distress through which she had passed, because there was then no place in all this Christian city where

such unfortunates could be cared for, with reference to their reform.

Many a time had he brought "poor boys" home who had fallen into evil hands, and who, but for that one night's shelter and kindness, would have gone to ruin. One of these, maddened with some of the vile compounds called whiskey, he took home, attended himself, gave him a soothing draught, and, as he thought, settled him in a comfortable bed for the night.

But no sooner was the house quiet, and the family asleep, than the demon that had taken possession of his young guest awoke in fury, causing him to fill the house with his cries and groans. He refused to let even his best friend approach him. The wildest delirium set in, and it became really necessary that some one should administer medicine to him. Mr. Stowe himself, used as he was to such scenes, trembled at sight of the suffering he could not even attempt to alleviate. The sainted woman, who stood shoulder to shoulder with him in his work, then took a glass in her hand, walked firmly into the room, and placed it to the lips of the infuriated man. Her presence and courage soothed the affrighted

spirit of the sufferer. The medicine was taken without a word, and, in the calm presence of that brave woman, the poor victim of men worse than himself sank again into a quiet sleep.

Mr. Stowe was not, like many enthusiastic reformers, bitter against all who did not perform just such work as he felt had been laid on him. He did not even justify himself for allowing the sanctity of his home to have been thus invaded, but only felt that for him there was then no other way; and he used this as an argument why a "home" should be founded, to shelter and save the fallen. He even spoke with pain of the sacrifices his wife had made, and the sufferings she had endured, in helping him to carry out his plans for this class.

He saw the authorities winking at rum-making and rum-selling, and the keepers of saloons and sailor boarding-houses growing rich on the blood of their victims; and he saw the virtuous community, and even the Christian church, almost asleep to the evil. So he felt the burden of it resting on his own soul, and was crying mightily to God to stay the torrent, and to save those already in its deep waters. During an animated

recital of scenes in his labors, he spoke playfully, and with evident pleasure, of the remarks made about him, and of the esteem in which he was held among the poor and degraded, and related the following, which shows the strong power his gentle spirit exercised over them.

One day, when passing down Richmond Street, he saw a crowd gathered, and, concluding there might be work for him there, he went towards it.

A tremendously powerful black man, with strong fighting propensities, made stronger by drink, was in the hands of two men (probably policemen), who were doing their best to get him to the station-house. But their strength was put to the test; for such was his power, that if he got one hand loose for a moment, he used it most vigorously on his captors. Having failed to lead him along, they had attempted to carry him bodily. But in his struggles to free himself, his head had struck the ground, and some in the crowd thought he was being too roughly handled, and were expressing their indignation.

As Mr. Stowe was seen descending the street, a little "rough," excited to the highest pitch, cried out, "Halloo, there! You better look out how

you abuse that man. Here comes 'The Home for the Fallen!'"

Mr. Stowe drew near, and saw the difficulties on both sides; and, drawing himself up in his own stately way, he said, "If you will let go of the man, friends, I will get him up to the station-house for you."

"But he'll fight if his hands are loose," "He'll run if they let go," &c., were the exclamations that came from the crowd.

"I'll promise you to get him away quietly if you'll only let go of him. I know I can manage him," said Mr. Stowe, laying his hand on the broad shoulder of the infuriated man.

The men yielded to these kind and respectful entreaties, and Mr. Stowe, taking the arm of their prisoner, now as quiet as if he had been charmed by the eye of his deliverer, turned and walked up Richmond Street, and through Hanover, to the police-station, talking kindly to him all the way; and then he gave him up, to answer for his offence, whatever it was.

If a gentleman had called Mr. Stowe a prince among men, he would not have been so gratified as he was when that poor little North Street

"rough" called him "The Home for the Fallen," and claimed tender treatment for a bad man, out of regard for him and his work. It truly rejoiced his noble heart to know that, in that sinful and almost mercy-forsaken neighborhood, he was known and recognized as the friend and helper of those who had no other friend and helper.

The work that was nobody's else he regarded as his; and he took it up as joyfully as if it was the greatest gift from Heaven. Labor and sacrifice were no cross to him.

Mr. Stowe's efforts for the erring were not confined to the miserably low among the fallen. If he heard of any young man who was going astray, or in danger of doing so, he sought him out, and laid that magic hand of his upon him in the store, the office, or the home of taste and refinement; and there are many who have hidden in their hearts the secret of a son's ill-doing, which through his gentle efforts was stopped, and kept from the censorious eye of the world which tempts secretly, but condemns openly.

The last day alone will reveal the number of wanderers he brought back to God, the desolate hearts and homes that he filled with joy and

thanksgiving. Who is fighting the battles in which he fell in the full noonday of a glorious life? J. D. C.

For Phineas Stowe's Sake.

No man's work dies with him. The husbandman breaks up the ground, sows his seed, waters and nurtures the young blade, stores the ripened corn, and gathers it into his garner. Then, perchance, his arm grows weak, the implements of toil fall from his hand, and he lies down in the grave.

But the ground he tilled is not dead. It lies in waiting for the seed which shall yield another harvest. The seed is not dead, but is living, bright with the hopes of a thousand harvests, through which each tiny golden grain in its turn shall bring forth fruit a hundred fold to nourish those who shall stand where we now do in the ages to come. There is really no death and no cessation of work.

Thus is it with the work of God's servants, the faithful ones who sow beside all waters, casting the seed in the morning, and in the evening with-

holding not their hand. Their works do follow them, growing brighter and richer with each succeeding harvest and exceeding weight of glory in the land where there is no more toil, but where service is praise and activity unending rest.

Thus has it been, and thus shall it still be with the works of him whose life is delineated in these pages. Every act of love, every word of pity, every tear of sympathy is going on yielding harvests over and over again. Phineas Stowe, though dead, yet acts and speaks among us, impelling the wavering to a better life, and reproving the fallen and encouraging them to rise again.

Some months ago, when the women of the North End Mission Industrial School were gathering for their afternoon session, a stranger came in and took her seat among them. She was well dressed and neat, and so quite unlike many of those around her. She asked for no garment to make, and for no charity, but sat quietly, with folded hands, till near the close of the school. Then the lady in charge laid a large blank book, with pen and ink, on the table, and

urged all the women who had not done so to come forward and sign the temperance pledge.

One after another came up — the pale, worn-looking wife of a drunkard to set her seal against the sin that had broken her heart; the woman whose face bore evidence of daily tippling, and young girls, the wrecks of womanly virtue, with red eyes and trembling hand, grasping at this last hope of regaining their lost womanhood. A long, sad line they formed before the desk, and presented a sight which touched the hearts of their helpers, and which would have broken the hearts of the mothers that bore them, had they been there. Ah, more than this, it moved the pity of Him who said to a representative of their class, "Go and sin no more." "Is there not one more who wants the help of God through this pledge?" asked the lady with the book.

At these words the woman we have described came forward and took her place at the end of the line, her bright comfortable shawl and her clean finery contrasting strangely with the poverty and uncleanliness of her bonnetless and unkempt neighbor.

The solemn pledge was read, and a prayer

offered, in which the help of the Almighty was craved to strengthen the good resolutions of those who were striving to break this fetter of Satan.

When the pen was offered to the stranger in the bright shawl, her hand trembled ; she hesitated a moment, and then burst into tears and wept bitterly.

When questioned as to her trouble, she replied, between her sobs, " O, I have broken my pledge." She was told that the best thing she could do would be to renew it before God, and to ask his aid in keeping it.

Then she replied, " O, ma'am, but I can never sign it again for the friend that urged me to do it before ! I signed this pledge for Mr. Phineas Stowe, and I tried very hard to keep it, and I did so for five long years, against great temptation ; but now I've broken it, and he is not here to help me up again ! "

She was urged to sign the pledge and make one more effort. She took the pen between her trembling fingers, and after she had written her name, she said with a sigh, " But Mr. Stowe is not here to know it, ma'am."

"We cannot tell," said her friend, "but Mr. Stowe knows and rejoices in this your new effort for a better life. If he were here he would take you by the hand and beg you to carry on the warfare still against this terrible enemy of your soul. He helped you and he prayed for you before he went away; and that help and those prayers are still strong in your behalf."

She went away promising to make one more effort to save herself, both for her own soul's sake and for the love and gratitude she bore to that blessed man of God who had striven, while living, to save her from the drunkard's doom. She may fall, but she will rise again; for she can never settle down carelessly in sin, feeling, as she does, his eye upon her, his words in her ear. This good man's work will "follow him;" and many souls of the erring, even though they may make crooked paths here, will at last be given to him in the harvest of his earthly work.

And who of us that are still at work would not so labor that when voice and hand are still, those we are trying to save may shun sin for our sakes as well as for their own and for the glory of God?

J. D. C.

No Stowe! No Bethel!

Mr. Stowe was remarkably fond of children, and, as the result, all the children he knew were very fond of him. At one time a family in the congregation began taking their little boy — scarcely more than a baby — to church, greatly to his delight. He knew Mr. Stowe, and his face in the pulpit was a fresh joy to him every Sunday.

One morning, after seating himself in the pew beside his mother, this little one looked up and caught sight of a stranger in Mr. Stowe's place. He at once sprang down from his seat, and began pulling his mother's dress, as if to get her out of the pew. "See, see, mamma! No Stowe! No Bethel! Come, come, let's go home."

To his innocent imagination the pastor was the same as the Bethel; and he could not believe that one of them could exist without the other.

Many, older and wiser than this little child, said the same when they could see his face no more. They looked on him as the embodiment of the work for sailors in our denomination, and when he was called to his rest, they had sad forebod-

ings for the future prosperity of the enterprise. They said in their heart, "No Stowe, no Bethel; he has fallen, and there is none to fill his place."

But the cause was God's; and when he released that honored and beloved servant from his toil, he raised up another to buckle on the harness there. God's cause is dearer to him than it can be to us; and it is always safe to trust him, when there are vacancies to fill in any field.

J. D. C.

Jewel-tipped Irons.

Mr. Stowe was naturally ardent and impulsive, and when he became a Christian and a watcher for souls, this warm temperament was quickened into a deep and burning passion. He saw so much to be done, and so few real workers, that he strove to throw himself into every gap, and to make up everybody's deficiencies. He forgot, in his holy zeal, that he had but one heart, one pair of hands, and one life; and so he undertook to do what would have required the strength of a score of men, with ample means. The Bethel,

the Exchange, the Sailor's Home, the Home for the Fallen, "The Station-House Plan," and many more "plans," filled his heart and hands; and, besides, his preaching, his writing, and his visiting, at times almost bewildered and overwhelmed him.

On one occasion, when he had been descanting on some of his benevolent plans, a cool-headed brother asked, "Haven't you got too many irons in the fire, Brother Stowe? Won't some of them get burned?"

"O, no, no," cried Mr. Stowe, enthusiastically; "my irons are all jewel-tipped. The fire can't harm them."

And so it was. His plans were conceived in love, and carried on in faith. Many of them were perfected, and are now an honor to the city and to humanity; while those which seemed to die only did so as the seed dies, to give new and richer life to that which is to spring from it. There is little doubt but his spirit, his zeal, and his prayers laid the foundation of some noble efforts now being made in the neighborhood where he wrought. Who knows but he, while enjoying to the full the rest he never knew on

earth, may be made glad beyond many of the ransomed, by seeing his work following him?

Well would it be for the world if the plans of all God's children were thus "jewel-tipped," and charmed from the blight of the flame that surrounds them.

J. D. C.

CHAPTER VI.

Personal Reminiscences.

BY REV. E. P. THWING.

"BROTHER STOWE began his Bethel work as I entered the High School in Boston. My first sermon in a church, I preached to his congregation, nearly twenty years ago, from the text, 'And yet there is room.' His welcome to the young collegian from Cambridge was most hearty.

"We were both passionately fond of music. We stood together one day, during the war, on a vessel's deck in Boston harbor, and well do I remember how his tears fell, while a lad sang, with touching sweetness, 'Just before the battle, mother.' Brother Stowe's deepest sympathies followed the boys in blue to the field, and he was among the first to welcome and provide for them on their return. On July 4, 1868, at the Discharged Soldiers' Home, I saw how gratefully he

was greeted by them, for he had been both a father and a brother to each. I recall with what heartiness he enjoyed the festive gatherings at the Mariner's Exchange, when the men of the sea and their generous patrons met around the loaded board, and the energy with which he pushed forward that noble enterprise, the Faneuil Hall Bazaar.

"But in the prayer meeting and in the pulpit he made the most abiding impression on me. Jesus was the burden of prayer, of sermon, and of song. One of his best poems he penned when his loved associate, my honored father, died, thirty-one years missionary at the North End. As a fitting testimony to Brother Stowe's finished work, I transcribe this, his own tender elegy, and reverently lay it, as a garland of amaranth, on his grave.

'The Master hath called the brave soldier to rest,
From the heat of the battle, the conflict now past:
He boldly hath fought, with bright banner in hand;
In the field he was faithful, long leading his band.

'The downcast will miss his warm accents of love;
He taught them to feed on the bread from above;
He soothed their sad hearts by imparting relief,
And speaking of Jesus, the Calmer of grief.

'The leaves of Life's Tree, which he scattered, still heal;
They make to the lost and the blind an appeal
To come to the Cross, and receive there, by faith,
The Lamb that, once slain, can now save them from death.

'The fruits of his toils are not all gathered home
To the heaven above, whence the ransomed ne'er roam:
But the reaper shall gather the harvest ere long,
Where now he is chanting Redemption's glad song.

'Rest, soldier, now rest; life's battles are o'er;
The victor's blest meed, and the bright, shining shore,
Are thine, as the ages of glory shall roll;
Thy grand theme is JESUS, who ransomed thy soul.'"

"A carriage stopped one evening at that well-known 'No. 8.' The driver informed the pastor that he had with him an intoxicated seaman, who had been refused admission at one Sailor's Home on the ground of intoxication. Mr. Stowe bade him welcome, and, with the assistance of the hackman, brought him into the sitting-room, where he lay on the sofa during the evening, in stupid unconsciousness, Mrs. Stowe a lonely watcher, while her husband was at meeting.

"The next day the man told his story. He knew his benefactor, though unknown by the pastor. He was well dressed, and had eleven hundred dollars on his person. He was from

New Hampshire, and had served on a man-of-war, in a good position, but had fallen a victim to 'the Circean cup.' He remained several weeks at Baldwin Place, became a sober man, served in the navy during the war, and now lives to bless the memory of him who, like the good Samaritan, remembered the outcast that others had spurned.

"Sitting, one day, conversing with his wife, Mr. Stowe was called to the door by an earnest pull at the bell. A pale-faced young man entered, exclaiming, with unaffected urgency, 'I've come to see if you can save me.' His story was brief and sad — the old story of the cup, and of inherited passion for drink. He had been a clerk for a Boston publisher, and, when sober, gave satisfaction, but again and again had been intoxicated, and now was discharged by his employer, whose patience was wholly exhausted. Taking him to the store, Mr. Stowe pleaded for one more trial, pledging to take the young man into his own family, under his own eye. He remained there for months, became sober, afterwards married, and devoted himself to dramatic art, in which he was a wonderful adept. But for the timely intervention of a friendly hand, he might

have soon found a felon's cell or a drunkard's grave.

"Late one winter's night, returning from meeting, Mr. Stowe discovered by the dim gas-light a man lying in the street. At first he knew not whether this was a victim of violence, of sudden disease, or of some accident. Bending over the man, he found that he was helplessly drunk. He tried to raise him, but the freezing creature had no power to help himself. Mr. Stowe saw that something must be immediately done. He took off his outer garment, spread it over the poor man, hailed a belated newsboy, bought his papers, and paid him besides to stand guard five minutes, till help could be summoned from the station-house. He soon returned with two officers. They lifted, and shook, and finally roused the man from his drunken swoon, so that he comprehended something of the nature of the situation. As they tried to drag along his stiffened body, he resisted. 'I'll go to Father Stowe's,' he at length exclaimed, 'but I won't go with you.' The Bethel pastor, putting his face close to that of the unfortunate sot, said, 'Don't you know my voice?' It was at once recognized, and the struggling man

ceased resistance, and was taken to that home whose doors ever stood open to the sailor, no matter how wretched, poor, or wicked. There a comfortable bed was given him, with a soft pillow, instead of the icy curb-stone, to rest his aching head upon. The next morning he was led to his vessel, and sailed on the voyage for which he had been engaged, rejoicing in the kindness that saved his life and sent him on his way in peace."

We quote this striking incident from the Atlantic Monthly. There can be little doubt as to who the "Boston clergyman" here referred to was. At least, all who were acquainted with the devoted pastor of the Bethel through twenty years will identify him at once.

"The lamps came, and we advanced some two hundred feet farther, between those astonishing walls of coal, to the end of the spacious gallery. We were by this time well prepared to appreciate the pious enthusiasm of a well-known Boston clergyman (since deceased, widely lamented), who paid a visit to these mines last summer. When

he found himself in the heart of the mountain, surrounded by this immense body of coal, which he was told extended for miles on every side, he looked about him for some moments in speechless awe and wonder, then reverently took off his hat; theology bowed before geology; and he called out to the miners, in a sudden, loud voice, that echoed portentously through the long, dim-lighted cavern, 'Praise the Lord. Get down on your knees, every one of you, and praise the Lord for his wonderful providence.' This summons he delivered with such prophetical power of lungs and spirit, that all the miners except one threw down their tools, and knelt with him on the spot.

"'I thought first I wouldn't kneel,' said the exception; 'I never had knelt for any man, and I didn't believe I ever should. But he began to pray; and I tell you if my knees didn't begin to give way under me; he put in, and my legs crooked and crooked, till I couldn't stand it no longer. By George, he prayed me down.'

"I thought the power of the preacher must have been somewhat to bring such rude men to their knees. Not uninteresting to contemplate is the picture of the little group, bowed in worship

there in the hollow mine, lighted only by the small lamps hooked on to the miners' caps, and by the serene eye of day looking in smilingly at the end of the cavern."

A few years before his death, Mr. Stowe welcomed to the fellowship of the Bethel Church a young man, once a sailor, who is now a member of the Newton Theological Institution. The following is his account of his last interview with the pastor whom he loved so well, and who was instrumental in his decision to enter the gospel ministry: —

"That Mr. Stowe was a man of large sympathies there is abundant proof. I shall never forget an interview I had with him. It was in August, 1868. God had come and told me I must preach, and I was on the eve of going to my studies. I called to see my pastor, and to say good by.

"I found him in his study, and alone. Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget those parting words. It was Christian counsel and holy admo-

nition that he gave me. Big tears were in his eyes. I could see them rolling down his cheeks. When the time arrived for me to go, he put a letter into my hand, and his arms about my neck, and kissed me. He took my hand, pressed it in his, and we parted. I never saw him after that with the natural eye; but, as I write, I see that holy countenance again, and those tears of tenderness. I hear those words of admonition, and feel those arms about my neck, and that kiss of love upon my cheek.

"Up and down this broad earth of ours, in dingy streets and darkened cells, upon the pathway of the nations, and in foreign climes, there are those who have felt the influence of this holy life. Men touched him, and were made better by the contact. His love was like the ocean; his sympathies took in the world."

CHAPTER VII.

The Washingtonian Home.

BY JOSEPH STORY.

THE Monday evening temperance meeting at the Bethel ever had a strong hold on the sympathies of Brother Stowe. It embodied a department of labor inseparably connected with the mission of the church. He saw how great were the temptations, set as snares in every path of the sailor, to lure him on to ruin ; and he had burned into his very soul a true perception of the enormity of the wrong involved in the traffic in intoxicating liquors, and of the wickedness and ruin entailed on those addicted to the use of them. With fearless devotion, he cast himself between the destroyer and his victims, boldly and lovingly laboring to save whomsoever he could. The same enthusiasm which made him successful in

other efforts gave success in this. His speech, his songs, and his prayers were made a blessing to many families, not only in connection with the Bethel work, but elsewhere, as opportunity offered.

Often, at these Monday evening meetings, would be present men who had long been slaves to the terrible appetite, who, under the inspiration of the occasion, would manifest a desire to reform and take the pledge of total abstinence. Thousands of witnesses to the peculiar and impressive manner in which the pledge was administered will remember the kind words spoken by the Bethel pastor, as he presented to each signer a copy of the Testament, and the earnest prayer which followed, asking God to bless and strengthen the weak, when the tempter assailed them. Frequently there would be present those who were so far reduced as to be homeless and friendless, and for whom there seemed no other refuge than the station-house. At one of the meetings, in the summer of 1857, a poor, intemperate man came in, homeless and wretched; but what to do with him they hardly knew. While making some remarks on the subject of taking proper

care of such cases, Mr. Stowe, raising his hands, exclaimed, "Who will give five dollars towards starting a home for the drunkard?"

Mr. Daniel Allen, who had long taken an interest in the meetings, responded, "I will."

"There," said Mr. Stowe, "the keel is laid. Farmer Allen gives five dollars."

A number of smaller subscriptions followed, and all interested were invited to remain, at the close of the meeting, and adopt some plan for carrying out the suggestion. A committee was chosen to act with Mr. Stowe, and Mr. Allen was made treasurer. The next day they began looking for a room, and during the week secured one, located over a currier's shop, at the corner of Fulton and Richmond Streets; and afterwards obtained donations of bedsteads, chairs, stove, crockery, and other needed articles; Mr. Stowe himself going about, with a horse and wagon, from place to place, gathering them up, and thus, in this humble way, laying the foundation of what was known as "The Home for the Fallen," and subsequently as "The Washingtonian Home." For want of money to obtain supplies for the table, he and others of the committee in turn

daily visited the markets and stores, with a basket on their arm, soliciting provisions and groceries of such friends as had a heart to contribute to this object.

The room was opened to the public, and meetings held, where addresses were made by reformed men and others, and in prayer and song this enterprise was gratefully dedicated to God and humanity; and at once the power of love, encouragement, and judicious medical treatment proved effectual in inducing and helping men to reform. To its success Mr. Stowe gave the warmest sympathies of his noble and generous heart. No man, however degraded, was outside the pale of his endeavor, and into this humble home he gave the sailor and the landsman alike a cordial welcome. A band of Christian men rallied to its support, and very soon its own fruits proved the best possible indorsement of the need and efficacy of such an institution. The first to experience the benefit of this work of love was a man who for years had been separated from his family living in the British Provinces, and was dragging out a miserable existence, with every hope blasted and every faculty degraded. An extract

from a letter written to a friend, two years afterwards, tells his experience in his own words.

"Two years ago I was a slave to that terrible appetite for strong drink. I found myself houseless, homeless, friendless. Looking back, I can trace my fall. Glass by glass, day by day, the poison sank deeper, until I awoke from a mad, wild dream, and found myself a slave. But, thanks to God, I have burst the bonds, and am free. How vividly that evening, that blessed Sabbath evening, on which I signed the pledge, is present with me now! After a day of untold agony, both of mind and body, I found myself in Fulton Street, in this city. Overcome by painful and bitter memories, I sank exhausted on the pavement. As I recovered my senses somewhat, I heard the strains of an old tune my mother often sang to me in the sunny hours of childhood. O, that dear old tune, 'Sicily,' — I never hear it but my eye moistens and my heart throbs more rapidly; for it reminds me of my mother, and my redemption from the inebriate's glass. Lured by the sweet, familiar sounds, I crossed the street, ascended a flight of steps, entered the room where they were singing the old tune, and

found myself in 'The Home for the Fallen.' I was saved. God bless the Home. I am not homeless nor friendless now. Despair no longer flings her dark shadow on my path. No; the old dreams, hopes, and resolves, the daring thoughts, the lofty ambition, are knocking for admission at my heart again. When I entered the Home, I had been separated for nine years from a wife I loved. Yes, I loved her. But one cause separated us — the red river of intemperance rolled between us; and my child, too, I had never looked upon, though he was nearly nine years old. But they have come back again. There is another altar in good old Massachusetts, from which ascend prayer and praise to God the Father for the good cause, and for the men and women through whose blessed instrumentality the husband and father has been restored."

Not long after his reform he wrote the following lines, which I happen to have by me, addressed to his absent wife: —

"To Mary ——.

"I think of thee when the sun's first ray
Is purpling the eastern sky,
And the birds' sweet song fills the morning gay
With their gushing minstrelsy;

When the bursting flowers their leaves unfold,
Blushing deep at the day-god's kiss,
As he cometh forth, in his robes of gold,
Our earth to cheer and bless.

"I think of thee at my daily toil,
Making labor's burden light —
I see thee again, with thy radiant smile,
Thine eyes with affection bright; —
I'm away in the past, with my bounding youth,
'Mid scenes of my early home,
When thou wert my angel of love and truth —
Then my heart whispers, Come, love, come.

"I'm thinking of thee when the dark-browed night
Hath curtained the dreaming world,
And heaven from its lofty azure height
Its banner of stars has unfurled,
And moonbeams are trembling on valley and plain,
And west winds sigh tenderly:
I long, my beloved, to greet thee again —
Then, dearest, I think of thee."

When, as a drunkard, this man was staggering through the streets at the North End, how little they who saw him knew of the heart and mind that were hidden beneath that degradation! As he lay on the sidewalk helpless, how little the passers by could have thought he would be a man again, clothed and in his right mind, to stand before large and attentive audiences, in beautiful public halls, eloquently pleading the cause of

those who, like himself, had been swept into the vortex of dissipation, and by his voice and influence lead many to reform! It was for the rescue of such as he, that an angel from heaven prompted Mr. Stowe, in that Bethel meeting, to ask, "Who will give towards starting a Home for the drunkard?" The leading features adopted, of inspiring hope and confidence by sympathy and love, have been carried out through all the subsequent history of the institution, and the weekly meetings for the relation of personal experiences, by the inmates, have ever proved very beneficial and salutary. About two months after the opening of this room, a public meeting was convened in Faneuil Hall, on November 5, 1858, when the Home for the Fallen was duly organized by the choice of the following officers: Joseph Story, President. Julius A. Palmer, Phineas Stowe, and Moses Mellen, Vice-Presidents. Albert Day, Kimball Esterbrook, John H. Beal, Josiah M. Read, and Daniel Allen, Executive Committee. Daniel Allen, Treasurer. J. H. Beal, Secretary. Joseph Story, William Adams, Jr., and twenty-eight other gentlemen, as a Board of Directors.

On the 1st of February, 1858, the Home

was removed to No. 1 Franklin Place, where its usefulness and success were greatly increased under the superintendence of Mr. Albert Day, who devoted himself for many years with untiring zeal to all its interests, greatly beloved by those to whom he ministered. On the 5th of September, 1858, it was removed to No. 36 Charles Street, and while there it was incorporated as "The Washingtonian Home," March 18, 1859. On the 12th of July, 1861, it was removed to 1009 Washington Street, and has now just been removed to Waltham Street, where a new and spacious building has been erected at an expense of about one hundred thousand dollars, which is the property of the corporation. The architect, himself a graduate from the institution, has been very successful in arranging the whole structure with every convenience needed, and with a chapel finely adapted for all their meetings; and it is now under the superintendence of one, also a graduate, who, by his own long and bitter experience in the past, knows how to sympathize with those coming to that Pool of Bethesda to be healed.

The history of this Home is crowned with

blessing. Dedicated in prayer to God at the outset for a noble work, it has constantly enlarged its sphere of usefulness, and ever found friends to sustain it. Changes have taken place in its officers and managers, yet all have devoted themselves to its noble mission with unselfish aim. Thousands of hearts have been blessed through its influence; thousands of men, once wrecks on the fearful surges of intemperance, have been reclaimed; thousands of homes made worse than desolate have been filled with gladness and prosperity; and the very angels must have made heaven vocal with joy over the returning prodigals, and over the re-erected family altars of prayer; and through these years of blessed history, as celestial fingers swept their golden harps, celestial voices must have blended in a chorus of praise over the "dead that were alive again, and the lost that were found." As we remember all its past experiences; as we know the place of its birth, and the deep love of the heart, now silent, going out over the land and the sea to all mankind; as we recall his devotion to the work of relieving the distressed, and winning the sinful back to virtue and to God; as we remember his prayers

and his early labors for this work of saving the intemperate, — we but pay to him a just meed of praise when we declare that to our dear brother, Rev. Phineas Stowe, under God, belong the origin and establishment of "The Home for the Fallen" and "The Washingtonian Home."

Albert Day, M. D., former Superintendent of the Washingtonian Home, and colaborer with Brother Stowe, writes, —

"The most prominent trait in the character of Rev. Phineas Stowe was unselfishness. His whole heart and soul were interested for others; and with him this was not a spasmodic feeling. When other hearts were cold, his was warm; when others were asleep, he was awake; in fact, he devoted all his time, all his energies, to raising the fallen, feeding the hungry, strengthening the weak. Like his Divine Master, whom he faithfully served, he 'went about doing good.' He not only gave the 'cup of cold water' in the Master's name, but if necessary he gave a feast to the hungry.

"For nearly twenty years I knew this wonder-

ful man, and long before he died I was satisfied the spirit so active — finding no rest, constantly growing in zeal, with labor increasing in the same ratio — could not long inhabit that earthly tenement. I often think such men (and they are rare) grow up into heaven, and when the body falls back to earth, they themselves are conscious of little change, for the soul has already reached its fullness, and will more rapidly approximate the centre of divine perfection.

"Numerous are the incidents which have come under my observation which will illustrate the wonderful characteristics I have mentioned, more particularly as relate to his efforts to save the inebriate. I have in company with him visited the abodes of wretchedness and misery, when all around us was hushed in the stillness of midnight save the halls of the debauchee and the orgies of bacchanalian revelry, for the purpose of securing, if possible, the reformation of some poor drunkard; and how often these efforts were successful the world at large can never know. I now see, almost every day, men walking our streets, clothed and in their right minds, who were then, as it were, *drawn from the fires of hell.*

"Mr. Stowe was purely catholic in his philanthropy; no sect, race, or color was outside the circle of this good man's sympathy. His great heart embraced the whole brotherhood of man; even the stranger, upon whom his eyes never before rested, was a *dear brother* to him. If his dead body was found in the street, a stranger unrecognized by any one, Phineas Stowe was his friend — often his only mourner. By him his body found a resting-place. Well do I remember his saying, on funeral occasions of this kind, 'Well, there is somebody who loves him somewhere.' How touching would be his remarks when speaking of the death of the stranger!

"That Mr. Stowe was often imposed upon, no one can deny; the very nature of his chosen work and his broad philanthropy would of course imply this. I think, generally, our philanthropy is stunted by fear of the impostor. While we should use all caution in regard to the unworthy, yet we should not allow our hearts to become cold towards the worthy poor. The heart of our friend never was palsied because of impostors. He knew there was sorrow in the world, and this knowledge impelled to action.

"How much better the world is to-day because Phineas Stowe lived in it, eternity alone can reveal. When the sea gives up its dead, and earth's dwellers are summoned to judgment, — when it is known how many sighs were hushed, how many tears dried up, and how many barbed arrows of sorrow plucked from bleeding hearts within the circle of his influence, — then shall we know the vast amount of human suffering this great, good man has relieved."

CHAPTER VIII.

Midnight Meetings, Bazaar, and Discharged Soldiers' Home.

MR. STOWE was wise to win souls. He never planted himself on his ministerial dignity, waiting for the erring and the needy to come to him, craving his help. Wherever there were men in sin or in want, there he was found. No place was too mean, no hour too untimely for him. Having noticed the scores of wretched creatures who roved the streets while the virtuous were sleeping, he resolved to catch them in the net they were spreading for others, and instituted for this purpose his "midnight meetings." The following circular was widely scattered at the North End: —

"Midnight Meetings in Boston.

"The Midnight Meetings were originated for the purpose of assembling Fallen Women, that the invitations of the gospel might be placed before them with affectionate sympathy, and an opportunity afforded them of forsaking their sins, and leading a new life.

"The Midnight hour is found to be the most suitable for these services.

"Listen to the Midnight Cry. There is a meeting in the Chapel of the Quincy Home for the Friendless, corner of Lewis, Fulton, and North Streets, every Wednesday Night, at 10½ o'clock.

"You are cordially invited to attend, by your friend,

"PHINEAS STOWE, *Seaman's Chaplain.*

"March 8, 1865.

"P. S. Commence the Spring with a resolve to begin a new life. Jesus is ready to forgive the penitent. Let the voice of loved ones induce you to come to Jesus just now; death is on your path."

The fervor with which these meetings were conducted, and the untiring zeal and self-devotion with which this friend of sinners threw himself into the work, touched the hearts of others of like spirit, and they gathered around him with their sympathy and their aid. Among these, two noble Christian women, of the Society of Friends, — Rebecca Collins and Elizabeth Comstock, — shared in the honor of this work for Christ, and they greatly aided and encouraged Mr. Stowe, besides doing much for the poor fallen ones who listened to their loving words.

The result of these meetings will be known only when the final rewards are given to those who labor for Christ and for dying men.

The National Bazaar Association.

This was one of Mr. Stowe's plans for raising money to keep hot some of the "jewel-tipped irons" he had in the fire. Goods of every description were received at Faneuil Hall on commission, forming what he called "A Miniature World of Trade," the profits of their sale going to the Mariner's Exchange, Quincy Home for the Friendless, and for the temporary relief of soldiers and sailors.

Connected with the Bazaar was a daily paper, edited by Henrico Caulis; and we risk nothing in saying that it is superior to most of the sheets put out by such enterprises. We see, from looking over the file, that on a certain evening a couple desiring to be married, but feeling that they could not be married just right by anybody but Mr. Stowe, sought him at the Bazaar. The ceremony was performed in the office of the superintendent, and the fee found its way into the funds of the Bazaar.

But, much as Mr. Stowe needed money, such was the delicacy of his conscience, and such his

stern sense of right, that he would never do evil that good might come. He washed his hands of gambling in the Bazaar, — as will be seen in the following extract from the circular, — from its tiniest seed, the "grab-bag," to its flowers and its deadly fruits.

"Connected with the National Bazaar there will be no grab-boxes, lotteries, or raffles. If we cannot obtain funds without resorting to them, we shall cheerfully submit to failure. We think the community generally regard them as an inductive process of sailing to a wrecking lee shore. In the absence of exciting and corrupting chance games, the Bazaar will more than supply the place, in that eloquent and impressive hall, with sublime thoughts, and inspiring martial and vocal music, which will entertain and delight the visitors, both old and young."

The following letter from Hon. E. S. Tobey, President of the Soldier's Home, shows Mr. Stowe's devotion to those brave men who, in our late war, were willing to give their lives for the life of the nation: —

"BOSTON, December 21, 1873.

"REV. H. A. COOKE.

"Dear Sir: Understanding that you are to publish a memorial of the late Rev. Phineas Stowe, it gives me pleasure to embrace the opportunity to give a brief sketch of his connection with the Discharged Soldiers' Home. I believe that I do injustice to no one in stating that Mr. Stowe may be regarded as the founder of that noble institution. While it required and received, at the very outset, the joint efforts and co-operation of many philanthropic gentlemen and ladies to carry into effect his original purpose, I am quite confident that the idea originated in his mind, and that he made the first public movements to secure organized effort to establish the Home. I cannot soon forget the characteristic ardor and enthusiasm with which he accosted me in the street, his heart overflowing with sympathy, as he stated that a large number of sick and wounded soldiers had just been landed from a steamer on Long Wharf — the first who had arrived after the early battle in defence of the Union.

"The late Daniel Denny had generously granted the use of a large warehouse at the

North End, free of rent, as a temporary Home, to which the soldiers had been sent; and kind-hearted ladies had, with their accustomed promptness, ministered to their necessities. Mr. Stowe hastily notified a meeting to be held in the Meionaon, at which he invited me to be present.

"He opened it informally, stating concisely, but with glowing language, its object. A committee was at once appointed to report a plan of organization, and the institution was then formally established under a 'Board of Officers,' consisting of both ladies and gentlemen. Subsequently, the use of a commodious building in Springfield Street, now known as the Aged Men's Home, was granted by the city government, free of rent, which accommodated more than one hundred soldiers at one time. Here, until some years after the war, thousands of disabled soldiers found a home, with all the assistance and tender care which a volunteer association of ladies and gentlemen, aided by their fellow-citizens generally, could bestow.

"To this useful institution Mr. Stowe held the important relation of chaplain; and only those who had the privilege of knowing him can fully

estimate the value of his sympathy and spiritual guidance and consolation to the thousands of its inmates. His radiant countenance, ever beaming with mingled joy, Christian faith, and sympathy, made him not only the welcome visitor by the bedside of the dying soldier, but also the cheerful companion of all who were associated with him in the general administration of the affairs of the Home. Long will his memory be cherished in the hearts of the friends of the tempest-tossed sailor and the sick and wounded soldier, who, through his instrumentality, found a home and its attendant comforts.

"I deem it a privilege to bear this imperfect tribute to his worth, and to express my appreciation and gratitude personally for his untiring devotion to the cause in which he was engaged, and to which, perhaps, it is not too much to say he sacrificed his life.

CHAPTER IX.

The "Globe Hall" Movement.

DEACON A. G. STIMSON, then of the Baldwin Place, and now of the Bowdoin Square Baptist Church, — a beloved friend of Mr. Stowe, and an earnest co-laborer with him in many works of love, — sends the following account of what Mr. Stowe called the "Globe Hall" movement: —

"For many years, the earnest prayers of the writer of this sketch had gone up to God, that the iniquity and the demoralizing influence of Globe Hall, Tammany Hall, and the National Theatre, situated near the corner of Merrimac and Gouch Streets, might be broken up, and those dens of vice be used for other and better purposes.

"In the autumn of 1858, a miserable woman, whose associates were all among the class that

visited these haunts of sin, died at the dance hall then notorious at the West End as Globe Hall. The proprietor, having a spark of humanity yet left in his heart, wished Mr. Stowe to hold funeral services over her remains. This the good man gladly did, and improved the opportunity, in his own faithful and loving way, to impress on the minds of the forlorn creatures gathered there the importance of a speedy preparation for death, assuring them that

> 'While the lamp holds out to burn,
> The vilest sinner may return.'

"One week from that day, Mr. Stowe called upon the proprietor; but, not finding him in, he left word that he would like the use of his ball-room, in which to hold a prayer meeting. The man was probably not a little surprised at this. In a day or two, however, he came and offered him the use of the place for a noon prayer meeting. Before accepting it, Mr. Stowe called at the store of Mr. George W. Chipman, who, with the writer, was then standing at the desk. He came forward, placing a hand on the shoulder of each, and said, in his own impulsive way, 'You are just

the brethren I want to see.' He then related what had taken place at Globe Hall, and asked what we thought he ought to do. We both said, without hesitation, 'The Lord is in it. He has opened the way. Go forward, and we are with you.'

"From the store we went directly up to the meeting of the Board of the Baptist Sabbath School Union, a society then in existence, which held a weekly meeting in an upper room in Tremont Temple. Here we presented the matter, and the Board heartily indorsed our decision. Notices were at once circulated through the north and west parts of the city, that 'a prayer meeting would be held on the next Sunday evening at Globe Hall.' The result was, that the hall was filled to its utmost capacity, while many, unable to gain entrance, stood outside. At this first meeting, God manifested his power in the conviction of the bar-keeper of Tammany Hall, a drinking-place on the opposite side of the street; a miserable man, who, with some of his associates, had come in for the express purpose of breaking up the meeting. Before its close, Mr. Stowe made a most impressive appeal, especially ad-

dressed to inebriates, urging them to take the pledge, and to give their hearts to God.

"'Is there not,' he asked, 'some man here who has a praying mother, or wife, or sister, whose hearts have been rent with anguish on account of his vile course, and the ruin that must follow?'

"The Spirit of God directed these words, as an arrow, to the heart of this drunken bar-keeper. He came staggering forward, and took the pledge. God had long heard, and had now come to answer the cries of a praying mother among the far-off hills of New Hampshire, and in a few days her son was truly converted to Christ. The meetings increased in interest from day to day, and the proprietor, finding that his evening business could not be carried on with such a counter influence, offered to turn over his lease to the new comers. They took it, and thus gained control of the place, and established evening as well as noon prayer meetings.

"Very soon the lease of Tammany Hall was secured — a place large enough to seat from three to four hundred persons. The gambler's furniture was removed, the hall was cleared, and neatly arranged for meetings, and Mr. Stowe

preached from the bar where the now joyful Caswell had so lately dealt out death and ruin to his associates. The different pastors of the city volunteered to preach, and did so for months. Rev. Mr. Earle and Rev. Mr. Knapp preached there many times, and meetings were held simultaneously in the two halls thus won from Satan.

"The result of these meetings was apparent, not only in the conversion of souls, and the reclaiming of many from their evil ways, but also in reviving the graces of Christians who attended; and thus several churches in our own and neighboring cities were quickened. As nearly as could be ascertained, one hundred conversions could be counted as the direct result of the Globe Hall and Tammany Hall movement. How many were brought to God as the indirect result, eternity alone will reveal.

"Besides the religious benefit, there were others which followed in the train of those meetings. The National Theatre, the Globe Hall Dance House, and Tammany Hall, with its gambling, cock-fighting, and drinking places, as well as several bar-rooms in the immediate neighborhood, were broken up and closed. And to-day the

bustle of honest business is seen in the places once filled with vice, and resounding with profane and angry words.

"All this was conceived and attempted by Mr. Stowe; but he was not forced to carry on the work single-handed, without sympathizing hearts and helping hands among his brethren.

"Rev. D. M. Crane and F. B. Joy, of the Merrimac Street Church, rendered efficient service in carrying on the meetings, as also did many private members of the Baldwin Place, Bowdoin Square, and suburban churches. The regular contributors to the fund for defraying the expenses of the work were

Asa Wilbur,	L. J. Bradish,
A. G. Stimson,	George S. Dexter,
G. W. Chipman,	Charles W. Dexter,
P. J. Forristall,	O. W. Merriman,
Dr. F. F. Patch,	J. S. Paine,
J. E. Daniels,	J. S. Shearer,
Joseph Sawyer,	William E. Smith,
H. H. W. Edmands,	Gustavus Forbes,
Reuben T. Robinson,	E. S. Mills,
S. G. Bowdlear,	Charles B. Lane,

Dwight Wheelock,	Abijah Patch,
Eben Weemen,	B. W. Duncklee,
E. W. Hale,	C. E. Woodman,
G. W. Cochrane,	Cyrus Carpenter,
N. P. Mann,	Dea. Thos. Richardson.

"Many of these still live, to rejoice that they were honored by sharing in that work and its rewards; but others have fallen on sleep, and are to-day recounting their labors, rejoicing over their gathered sheaves, and singing, with their leader in that movement, —

'Hosanna! Hosanna!
Hosanna to the Lamb of God!'

"These meetings were kept up from October, 1858, to July, 1860, when, from the buildings being turned to other uses, and from various causes, they were discontinued. But their mark lingers in the neighborhood to-day.

"Surely this is a glorious record of the work of a few short months, guided by a hand that was ever lifted in behalf of the sinning and the suffering. That work was well done. That toiler is at rest, and his rest is glorious.

"The first convert of Globe Hall was Elias T. Caswell, the bar-keeper, to whom we have alluded, who was soon baptized into the Bethel Church by Mr. Stowe. He at once began his new work, going about the city and the neighboring towns, preaching Christ in his simple way, and telling what great things he had done for his soul.

"His simplicity and humility and his soul-felt appeals affected whole audiences to tears; and there is no doubt but many souls were converted to God through his instrumentality. This man's wife, who had taken her young son and gone to another city on account of his dreadful habits, hearing of the change in him, returned home. She attended the meetings at Globe Hall and the Bethel, and was ere long converted, and united with the Bethel Church.

"The meeting in Globe Hall of the aged Christian mother with her converted son, his wife, and child, was deeply affecting, and doubtless there was joy among the angels over these penitent sinners, now made one in Christ.

"Brother Caswell was, after this, employed as a city missionary, and, with his wife, took charge

of the 'Quincy Home' on North Street, established by the efforts of Mr. Stowe to save those who were just entering the ways that lead to a prison life.

"This man, so strangely saved, continued to labor earnestly and humbly for the benefit of the fallen and the salvation of souls, till God called him up to the mansion prepared for him on high. He outlived the beloved pastor who had led him to Christ; but on his decease, Mr. Stowe's successor, knowing how dear he was to him, carried out what he believed would have been his wish, by laying his remains in the seamen's lot at Woodlawn Cemetery. Although he had never been a sailor, he was saved among sailors, wrought with sailors, loved them, and it was well he should sleep in the spot hallowed by the tears and the prayers of the sailor's friend, Phineas Stowe.

"At one time Mr. Caswell heard some of the good brethren of the Bethel complaining — just a little, as the best of brethren do sometimes — that 'the pastor was neglecting his own work to do that of others; that he 'went off his own fishing-ground to cast the net in strange waters.'

He replied, 'I am glad that he does go off his own fishing-ground; for it was in so doing that he caught me.'

"What have the Baptists in Boston done since then? What are they doing to-day for the neglected North End? They build fine dwellings and churches, and move far from these fields that lie waiting for the precious seed; and that is all right. We cannot stem the current of progress, nor should we desire to do so; but we can do something for this neighborhood. A union society is doing a noble work among the miserable and fallen of that region; and a few churches, crippled by the removal of their members, and the influx of what we are too apt to regard 'a hopeless class,' — a Catholic population, — are struggling for life, and that is all.

"We have at the North End a large church edifice, with an efficient pastor and earnest brethren, and a field not excelled on foreign shores in want, and woe, and sin. Why do we not, as Baptists, put our shoulder to the wheel, and carry the gospel, bread, and clothing, to the ignorant, poor, and degraded within reach of our

Bethel? Can we not do it for Christ's sake, and 'for the sake of Phineas Stowe,' who wrought till his brain staggered and his heart broke with the 'mighty work' he had to do?"

CHAPTER X.

Life-Work of Phineas Stowe. — Traits of Character.

BY REV. WILLIAM HAGUE, D. D.

"THE Baptist Bethel cause in Boston is a live power, and has a history worth telling." This saying was uttered in our hearing, not long ago, by one whose sympathies with sea life kept him ever watchful of all the signs of the sky that are vocal with good auguries for the toilers of the deep. Of such signs he had been a watcher for twenty years or more, and, in the words we have just now written, expressed his appreciation of the announcement that there is forthcoming a memorial of Phineas Stowe, in whom, as a representative man, as the living exponent of an idea, the "Baptist Bethel Interest" of New England seemed, for a full quarter of a century, to have been incarnated.

There are still living many active workers,

some few, perhaps, in foreign ports, or afar off upon the sea, who remember the coming of Mr. Stowe to Boston. He was of youthful appearance, in his manly prime, in excellent health and spirits, strong and hopeful, not seeking a place, or a field of action, but with a large heart, already charged with a great life-errand, that could be accomplished nowhere so well as in the commercial metropolis of New England.

With a generous, a world-wide Christian love for his race, his thoughts and sympathies were mainly with the men of the sea, to whom he felt himself bound by ties of family relationship, and of whom he could say, as the cosmopolitan apostle said in regard to his own nation, with a special emphasis of meaning, "My heart's desire and prayer to God is, that they may be saved." That one unceasing prayer, it may be safely said, tells the story of his inner life, and reveals the secret of his power.

At the time to which we refer, his work was, in a very intelligible sense, *creative*. There was no denominational organism upon which he could rely for support. The churches with whom he was connected were engaged in mission work

among the poor and needy of the landsmen, but no appealing voice had united their efforts in behalf of that "ancient and honorable," though neglected, class of heroic souls "that go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters." Despite the rising popularity, the princely sway, of that celebrated Methodist sailor-preacher, "Father Taylor," and the comparatively restricted efforts of other evangelical Christians, there was a vast and widening field of destitution, the sight of which stirred the heart of our young friend with a feeling akin to that which the evangelist attributes to Jesus in the saying, "When he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd."

The divine call to his work was proved at once; for the "scattered" sheep quickly recognized his shepherdly voice. The wandering "outsiders" gathered around him. Instinctively they trusted him; and, as trust is the source of love, their hearts were opened speedily. So his word was with power, spoken always with child-like simplicity and manly earnestness. Thus they were won; and, as it is written of another, "he

brought them to Jesus." His success inspired confidence, attracted congenial helpers, gradually put ample means at his command, until his growing work became a system of organized forces productive of those lasting results that, to this day, memorialize his name. When he had "fulfilled his course," it was our privilege to stand with the mourners at his grave, to talk of the munificent legacies he had bequeathed to the living, — the sailors' burial-ground, the Washingtonian Home, the Discharged Soldiers' Home, the Quincy Home for the Friendless, the Mariner's Exchange, the Bethel Chapel, — monuments so noble as to deprive the conception of a marble column in the cemetery of its ordinary significance, by rendering its testimony so comparatively poor and tame.

In contemplating an effective life like this as a beautiful unity, we are naturally led to ask, Where lay the secret of its persistent force? In answering such a question, we would not forget to give prominence to the fact, that Phineas Stowe enjoyed the advantage of an early determination of his life-aim — the one main object of pursuit that was to him a constant inspiration. Very

near the starting-point of his Christian course, he could say, with Paul, "This one thing I do." His heart was not divided. He was not distracted or weakened by conflicting ambitions. There was no dallying nor wavering. To bring a converted sailor as a trophy to the Saviour's feet was, for him, "glory enough;" to promote the spiritual welfare of seamen as a class, to lift them to a higher plane of intelligence and well-being, was something worth living for or dying for.

Hence he was strong; verifying, in his experience, the Italian proverb, "Love knows no labor." Even his drudgery, issuing in success, became recreation and exhilaration. I have seen him when he was pale, and hoarse, and hungry, and weak, and faint; but I never saw him when his heart seemed weary, or his spirit tired. He always expected success in work, and victory in conflict, because he really loved Christ, and believed all his promises. All the energies with which he was gifted were concentrated upon one grand aim; and such concentration is enduring power.

His direct influence over others, especially

with the class for whom he lived, was — using the word in a figurative sense — *magnetic*. The ground of this statement is the fact that his genial nature expressed itself to the eye through a set of features, and a corresponding manner, that were harmoniously truthful to it, and did it ample justice. A stranger once said of him, "His face is a letter of credit." It was, in fact, "a living epistle." To all the world he seemed a transparent character. Who ever doubted him? His simplicity made him great. He was perfectly fearless. He could go anywhere, at any time, in the worst places, speak to anybody, and say just what he wished to say. In this he was wonderfully Christ-like. He was at home, a friend and brother "among publicans and sinners." They stood in awe of him, yet almost worshipped him. Such a combination of qualities, unified in action, is one of the rarest and choicest characters to be found anywhere upon the face of the earth. You may look far to match it. Or, if it happen that you do match it near at hand, you may wait long for a third.

And now, upon the end of Phineas Stowe's career, looking back, we may find a noteworthy lesson at its beginning.

He was a native of Connecticut, born at Milford, in 1812; and at fifteen years of age, at New Haven, while employed in a store, a worshipper with a Congregational church, he was converted; that is, became a Christian by a conscious self-surrender to the Saviour. At that time he had no thought of ever receiving baptism on a profession of personal faith. Rather, he regarded an externalism of this sort as a matter of indifference. One day, however, after the lapse of two years, all this was suddenly changed. A passage of Scripture, a saying of Jesus, arrested his attention. It was this (Luke vii. 29, 30): "And all the people that heard him, and the publicans, justified God, being baptized of John; but the pharisees and lawyers rejected the counsel of God against themselves, being not baptized of him." The idea seemed new, like a fresh revelation. Every syllable was vocal. It awakened a series of suggestions, thus: Christ certainly taught that his kingdom is spiritual, that salvation is by faith in him. Yet here he declares that the act of baptism justifies God, and that the refusal of baptism had been accounted as a rejection of God's counsel against one's self. To that exter-

nal act, then, he attached extraordinary significance. What was his meaning? Why did he introduce that same matter into his last commission? And so, from that scriptural starting-point, the whole subject was studied anew, until the conclusion was clear that *loyalty* to Christ required a voluntary baptism as an emblematic testimony of faith, and a vow of obedience. The vow was taken, and its expression of free *self-dedication* to a buried, risen, living Saviour became the keynote of that loving life-anthem, whose last notes fell upon mortal ears as he was passing through "the shadows of the valley." They have ceased to sound amid the din of earthly life, but they are not forgotten here. He is still a living presence. His work abideth.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Stowe's Poetical Efforts.

IN addition to Mr. Stowe's ordinary duties of visiting seamen on board of their vessels and at their boarding-houses for the purpose of religious conversation, and to persuade them to attend the weekly services at the Bethel, visiting the sick and dying at all hours of the day or night, whenever called upon, attending funerals, performing marriages, and listening to an almost endless recital of tales of distress from those who called upon him for charity, he found time to compile, in 1849, the "Ocean Melodies and Seamen's Companion," for the use of Bethels, chaplains of the navy, and private devotions of mariners. In his own language, "The design of the Melodies is to counteract the demoralizing tendency of productions claiming to be poetry, that are scattered broad-

cast upon our wharves, and to furnish something that will interest seamen, and at the same time awaken the better feelings of their nature; hymns that will call up remembrances of home, and lead them to recognize God's power, and hear his voice in the storms that sweep over the deep."

An incident will show how this effort was appreciated by one of the class that the book was designed to benefit. When the gold fever was at its height in California, a sailor was working in the mines, when he was joined by a seaman from this section of the country, who had a copy of the Ocean Melodies, that he had procured at the Bethel. As "birds of a feather flock together," they soon became warm friends; and one being a good, moral man, and the other a Christian, on the Sabbath and during the evenings of the week, they experienced great enjoyment in reading and singing from this book. After the lapse of some months, when the owner of the Melodies was on the eve of leaving for home, the remaining one offered an ounce of gold, valued at seventeen dollars, for the book. This offer the man accepted, supplying its place with another soon after his arrival in Boston. When this incident

was related to the compiler, he felt amply repaid for all the time and labor expended in preparing the book for the press. He afterwards published "Melodies for the Temperance Ship," a collection of hymns "designed to promote sobriety, virtue, and religion on land and sea."

Mr. Stowe made no pretensions to the reputation of a poet, but, possessing a lively imagination, quick sensibilities, and generous sympathies, it was natural enough that his enthusiastic nature should sometimes overstep the ordinary language of prose, and reveal itself in poetic numbers. Whatever he composed of that character was, for the most part, thrown off in the excitement of the moment, and was never elaborated afterwards. Still, it is believed that some of his effusions are not without merit, and that they will be read with interest, as displaying the spirit of the man. Such as they are, we feel that they have a place in the record of his life.

The following lines were written by Mr. Stowe for the second anniversary of the opening of Globe Hall for a daily prayer meeting, at that time conducted by the Young Men's Christian Association: —

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

With grateful hearts, blest Saviour,
We bow before thy throne,
And praise thee for thy greatness,
For by thy power alone
This place has been a gateway
To a celestial path,
Leading from death and ruin,
And from eternal wrath.

Here light has cheered the gloomy,
And love reclaimed the lost;
Wanderers have found their Saviour,
And he is now their boast.
Here young and old have worshipped
The holy Three in One,
Where sin and degradation
Had fixed their crumbling throne.

Here we unfurl thy banner,
And bid the lost to come,
Saviour, for thou art waiting
To take the wanderer home.
Here let the *union spirit*
Continue and abound;
For soon, life's voyage over,
The faithful will be crowned.

THE BETHEL.

The Bethel is the place for thee,
Thou wanderer o'er the pathless sea;
Here you may have your spirit blest,
And find in Jesus perfect rest.

The Bethel is the place for thee,
For God is here, and he will see
Thy tearful eye and throbbing heart,
And bid thy load of guilt depart.

The Bethel is the place for thee
To pay the vows you made at sea;
When crested billows o'er you rolled,
You mercy craved, with sighs untold.

The Bethel is the place for thee,
Dear seaman; now to Jesus flee;
Then, when the storms of life are passed,
You'll go where all the weary rest.

SPEAK TO THE SAILOR.

Go, speak to that brave seaman;
He has a generous heart;
Your winning words may lead him
To choose a "better part."

Speak to him of that Saviour
Who died and rose again,
And chose his first disciples
From sailors — fishermen.

A thrill of joy in heaven
Among the holy throng,
While angel-harps are ringing,
To swell the pleasing song.

The lost has found the Saviour;
The wanderer has come home;
"A word was fitly spoken,"
Is echoed round the throne.

REST IN HEAVEN.

How sweet is that home where the weary shall rest!
No toil, no temptations are known by the blest;
A bright bow of glory will shine o'er their way,
And saints with the angels will chant a sweet lay.

There shall be no night in that blesséd abode,
For all shall behold the bright image of God;
His light will illumine and cheer every soul,
While age after age shall unceasingly roll.

Let rays from that home my pathway now light,
And give me fresh courage to "fight the good fight,"
To finish my course, and receive a bright crown,
And dwell with my Saviour, and rest in my home.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D. D., AT SEA.

[Almost the last words of this great and good man were, "Bury me, bury me, quick, quick!" And his voice failed. The author of the following lines has supplied the expression "in the sea" to this request of the dying Christian. It may or it may not have been his wish to be buried in the deep. His wide grave, however, is emblematical of the vast influence he has had in arousing a slumbering world to the subject of foreign missions, to the promotion of which cause he devoted over thirty years of unceasing toil. *He* realized the importance of converted mariners in the work of evangelizing the world, and they, with others, performed the sad office of committing his remains to the bosom of the great, wide sea.]

"Bury me, bury me, quick, quick," in the sea;
Thy grave will be far from the "Hopia tree,"
And far from the rock * where the loved is at rest,
The ocean beneath her, the turf on her breast.

"Bury me. bury me, quick, quick," in the sea;
It's the emblem of One who died on the Tree;
The grave is all boundless, and pure, like his throne,
And o'er it he mirrors the works he hath done.

"Bury me, bury me, quick, quick," in the sea;
What tomb could be chosen more fitted for thee?
Thou lov'dst the bright sea, and o'er it hadst sailed
To the land where gross darkness long had prevailed.

* Dr. Judson's second wife was buried at St. Helena.

Yes, they buried thee quick, in the cold, blue deep,
At the calm hour of eve, when the winds were asleep;
Around thee were gathered the true and the brave,
And tears of affection were shed o'er thy grave.

The champion has fallen! Life's battle is o'er;
He's landed above, on the Victor's bright shore,
Where death cannot enter, no foe can affright;
In that "mansion prepared," all, all is delight.

Sublime was his life, and the wide ocean grave,
Both blending in one, to embalm and engrave
Deep, deep on the heart his works in dark climes,
Where the lamp of salvation brightly now shines.

In the deep, dark ocean his body shall rest,
Till the archangel's trump shall sound its loud blast;
Then from his wide tomb his body shall rise,
With myriads of Burmese ascend to the skies.

How joyous the greeting, when loved ones shall meet,
On the banks of deliverance, with melody sweet,
And chant all in union the Lamb's dying love
In saving and crowning the ransomed above!

CHAPTER XII.

Extracts from Diary and Letters.

MR. STOWE'S multiplied labors did not admit of his keeping regularly a diary, but as the opportunity offered, he made a note of any particularly interesting occurrence. From these jottings we insert a few extracts, commencing with a record of a part of one day's doings:—

"*Saturday, August* 15, 1868.

"1. Called on Ethan Allen — a poor soldier; found him very sick; gave him a little aid.

"2. Soldier called at my house under the influence of rum.

"3. Mother and daughter came for help. Fifty cents.

"4. Mr. H.'s wife called; gave her twenty-five cents. I went to see her husband; gave him twenty-five cents.

"5. Attended the funeral of Sister C.'s husband.

"6. Performed a marriage ceremony in Charlestown, and one in Boston.

"7. Brother H. called; gave him one dollar.

"8. A Scotchman called; set him up in business; gave him one dollar.

"9. A brother called in trouble; sad case.

"10. A man met me in the street; came to my house and took the pledge.

"11. A man called to get a bill paid. Fifty dollars.

"12. Went to Mariner's Exchange and conversed with seamen.

"13. Called on Brother L.; paid his bill.

"14. Sister B. called, and took the Bethel Flag.

"*January* 3, 1864.

"Had a delightful day; baptized a sailor, and received four by letter. In the evening meeting nine came forward for prayer. One said that he came to the Bethel to make sport; but the Lord sent an arrow to his heart. Lord, help us work in thy vineyard faithfully. We know not but that this may be our last year of labor. A crown of glory awaits the just."

For the same reason that Mr. Stowe did not keep a diary, — want of time, — his pastoral calls were not as many, nor as frequent, as his heart prompted ; a fact which he regretted.

"*July* 13, 1868.

"LAMENT AND RESOLVE. — I enter upon my twenty-fourth year of labor among seamen and landsmen, and among the many, very many, defects in my ministry, I think one of the greatest is in not visiting my people more at their homes, and knowing their children better. I hope I may make amends the remainder of my pastoral life. God knows that I love all my people. Jesus, help me do this work for thy glory alone, — alone, — my blessed Master. I am a very unprofitable servant. O, if I get to the better land, I will praise thee with all my heart! Do, Master, forgive me for my short-comings in duty. Holy Spirit, help me do the will of God from the heart. In tears I write this confession. 'Search me, O God, and know my heart, try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.'"

"*Boston, April* 6, 1866.

"The effort to procure funds for the poor may lead me into perplexity; but I know the Lord is with me, and I cannot doubt that he will make me triumph in his name. All things shall work for my good. I have faith in God. Blessed Master, is not my heart right in thy sight? Help me to prove to the world that I am thine. I know in whom I have believed. Lift me above selfishness, and keep me very humble.

"Having often been disgusted with myself and others for blowing our own trumpet, I will, with the Master's help, keep self, *little* self, out of sight as much as possible, and exalt only Christ."

The following is the last letter written by Mr. Stowe to his wife: —

"New York, October 14, 1868.

"Darling One: Oliver Dyer, Esq., of New York, will lecture in Music Hall next Friday evening. I wish you to form his acquaintance. I have told him of you, and he will expect you to make yourself known to him. I am very happy, but should be more so if you were here. It will

now be but a few hours when I shall see you and dear M——, the two brightest faces, to me, on earth. I love you both too well; I should love Jesus more, and you less. Forgive me, Master, for my undue attachment to things of time. My health is improving slowly. The Lord has a great work for me to do yet. Souls will praise him in heaven for the labor here performed. . . . You know *my* work is with the lowly. I am an instrument in saying a word for Christ. Do not be uneasy about me. The hand of Jesus is in mine, and I am his. I have many precious things to write you. . . . You have received the telegram. I have lost the letter that I wrote you this morning. . . .

"Good night, darling.

P. STOWE."

We insert one letter addressed to a seaman — a member of the Bethel Church: —

"My dear Brother D.: The Bethel work is still prospering. Souls are submitting to Christ. It gives me joy to know that some who have the opportunity of hearing the gospel preached in more attractive places, are so attached to the

Bethel that they prefer it to any other place of worship. We have occasion to be grateful that 'the way of His feet is glorious' among us. I hope I may ever be kept humble and faithful in this vast field. It will not be long before we shall be called to rest from our work. What a prospect is before the faithful disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ! What are all the attractions of earth, compared to those promised to him who is to be crowned a victor amid the assembled millions from all climes! O, what will be his joy who safely reaches heaven, where he shall eternally drink of a fountain of blessedness that will never be exhausted! At times I am filled with delight at the thought of what God has in reserve for those who love him. My brother, keep your eye on the crown. Rejoice that you have an evidence that your name is written in heaven. Religion is the most important subject that can engage the mind of man. Love to Christ gives us an earnest of the inheritance reserved for us. You can be instrumental in saving souls. Fix your mind upon some poor sinner, and strive to bring him to Jesus. This will give an unction to your prayers, and God will

be glorified by permitting you to see that your work is not in vain. We often speak of you in the family, and you are not forgotten at the throne of grace.

"Yours, in Christian bonds,

PHINEAS STOWE."

The following was written to a seaman in the navy: —

"BOSTON, October 5, 1862.

"MY DEAR FRIEND F.: Your letter has been received. How it would cheer me to visit your ship, and see you and others whose acquaintance I have enjoyed in days past! I love the sailor, and she who sleeps in her ocean grave loved them. My sainted Helen chose for her life-companion a noble man, Captain Henry W. Staples, and together they rest in the ocean's deep caverns. You, and, thank God, thousands of other seamen in our navy, can testify that I have tried to do them good. God called me to this work, and it will one day be seen who is the sailor's true friend. I have suffered reproach, and am suffering, from a class of men who are no friends of the sailor when his money is gone. I cherish no

malice in my heart towards any man ; but I am fully aware that there are persons in Boston who hate me because I damage their business in keeping men from their soul-polluting places. While life lasts, I shall maintain my hostility against those whom I regard as the enemies of the sailor. In this way I show my sincere love for seamen. I must abide my time. I am the true friend of those I oppose, and they will see it one day. If my conduct has rebuked their ungodliness, that is an important point to gain. We *must* rebuke men in their sins. I trust you, and some others in the navy, rejoice that the 'grog tub' is no more. Its banishment will do good. God be praised for what he is doing in our country. Emancipation is on our banner, and he will give us the victory." . . .

The last letter inserted is introduced to show that his early labors among seamen were characterized by the same Christian zeal and heartfelt interest that were apparent in the closing years of his life.

"DEAR BROTHER F.: You are acquainted with the moral condition of seamen. I have been

laboring for their benefit for nearly eight years, and in that time, I humbly trust, have had many souls given me, as seals of my ministry. Seamen of all nations have visited our place of worship, and not a few have given satisfactory evidence of a change of heart. I have distributed thousands of Bibles, Testaments, tracts, and religious papers among them, and have given away, on a single Sabbath, over fifty copies of the Word of God. It is my custom, near the close of the services on Sabbath and Thursday evenings, to ask those who would like to be remembered in the prayers of the people of God to rise, thus making it manifest that they are anxious about their soul's salvation; and it is very seldom that this invitation is unheeded. On Thursday evening of each week we have a temperance meeting, at which hundreds of mariners have taken the pledge. My peculiar mode of administering it may be found in the preface of a little book I have published, called 'Melodies for the Temperance Ship.' I have visited a number of government vessels, and been well received by captain, officers, and crew. The navy is an interesting field of labor. The Lord has converted many in it.

Not long since I received a cheering letter from a sailor on board the frigate Independence, who stated that a great work of grace had been going on in that ship. Indeed, I am constantly hearing encouraging reports from seamen in different parts of the world, who have been benefited by truth received at the Bethel. We 'cast the bread upon the waters, and receive it after many days.'

"In illustration of this fact, I will give you an extract from a letter that I received a short time since from a friend in San Francisco: —

"'In the Methodist Church, in this city, I met a sailor who appeared so happy, that I asked him if he belonged to a Bethel in New York or Boston. He replied that he did not, but while in Boston he heard you preach from the text, "Behold, he prayeth," and was so much impressed with the necessity and duty of prayer, that he could not forget the truth, even in the gold mines of California. To-day is the Sabbath. He has laid aside his boat while other boatmen are at work, in order to go to the house of God. It may be truthfully said of him, "Behold, *he* prayeth." So, brother, you see that the truth sown a year and a half ago in Boston, at the corner of

Lewis and Commercial Streets, has drifted about on the ocean, and at length has landed on the wicked shores of California, and taken root, and brought forth fruit to the honor and glory of God. I thought you would like to hear this, for it is encouraging to Bethel ministers to learn these facts.'

"These accounts are gladly received, for they assure me that I am not laboring in vain, nor spending my strength for nought. You are aware that seamen are duped and shamefully abused by a worthless class of men called 'land-sharks,' who get them intoxicated, and then rob them of all their earnings. Recently a seaman, on arriving in this city, went to an eating-house, where he paid for a few days' board in advance. While taking the money from his belt, he perceived several persons in an adjoining room narrowly watching him, and from certain significant signs, he knew they had marked him for their prey. He soon left the house. They followed him, but he escaped from their hands. The next evening, on going to see a collection of wild animals in Haymarket Square, he recognized the individual playing the violin to be one

of those suspicious characters he saw the day before at the eating-house.

"The moment he spied him, the violin was laid aside; on seeing which the sailor sprang out of the door, and two or three scoundrels after him. Trembling and pale, he came to my house, and asked protection, which was readily granted. He informed me of the danger from which he had escaped, and on visiting the house, I found his statement to be correct.

"Where is there a class of persons who are exposed to so many hardships, both on sea and land, as the poor sailor? When he is emancipated from the thraldom of sin into the liberty of Christ, the change in his character is so marked, that the 'world takes knowledge of him, that he has been with Jesus.' It is cheering to listen to the soul-stirring exhortations of regenerated seamen. One remarked, that his 'conversion was as great a miracle as the Lord ever performed.' He had 'committed sin enough to destroy all the souls in the universe.' It had been his delight to decoy young men into the paths of vice, and he wept when he thought of the multitudes of youth whose minds he had cor-

rupted. He was on board the ship that conveyed the beloved and lamented Boardman to the land of his toils and death, and while on the passage this servant of the Lord explained to him the operations of the Spirit on the sinner's heart. As this seaman finished relating his experience in the Bethel, an aged sailor stepped forward, and, taking his hand, expressed his sympathy for him, saying that he too had been plucked as a 'brand from the burning,' at the eleventh hour. It was an impressive scene, and many were the tears shed by those who witnessed it.

"How much good a Christian seaman has it in his power to accomplish, visiting as he does the different nations of the globe!

"Dr. Judson remarked that one ship's company of converted seamen could do more for the world's conversion than he could. Sailors have an influence over their shipmates which no one else can acquire, and they wield that influence, for good or ill, just in proportion to the power religion has over their own hearts.

"Our chapel will not accommodate those who wish to labor in this great field. The Baptists are behind other denominations in the sailor's

reform. This should not be the case, when we remember that it was a Baptist clergyman in England who first unfurled the Bethel flag. I can say with confidence that a more important and encouraging field of labor than this does not present itself to the Christian church. Its effects are wide-reaching, extending to every part of the globe, and yet we may emphatically say it is a home as well as a foreign mission.

"We are encouraged by the promise that 'the abundance of the sea shall be converted' to Christ. The Bethel Church now numbers over seventy. It is but little more than two years since it was formed, with fourteen members. The 'Lord hath done great things for us, whereof *we are glad.*' The work of grace is still progressing.

"Yours, in Christian affection,

PHINEAS STOWE.

"BOSTON, January 26, 1853."

CHAPTER XIII.

Personal Characteristics.

THE face, the form, and the mien of Mr. Stowe are engraved on the hearts, not only of those who had familiar intercourse with him, but also of those who only met him as he walked our streets on his errands of mercy. But for the sake of such as never saw him, we may be allowed to say that his personal appearance was remarkably fine, and his manners and bearing courteous and dignified alike to equals and inferiors. He never thwarted his object — as many do — by an ungracious way of presenting it. His calls, which were many and urgent, may sometimes have wearied those whom he regarded as his Heaven-appointed bankers; but none of them ever had the heart to turn coldly from him, or to give him a rude word. He was always received as a gentleman by gentlemen, hundreds of whom remember to-day the magic

power of his voice and his eye over their purse-strings.

We call to mind an instance of this power of one noble mind over another. Many years ago Mr. Stowe was greatly interested in a "man-of-war's-man," who had been reclaimed from evil ways, and converted at the Bethel. He had great faith in this man's power over other sailors, and so desired most earnestly to keep him on land. He applied to a gentleman in one of our churches for employment for him, and was soon rejoiced to see the sailor installed as porter in his warehouse.

But the poor fellow could pull ropes and climb the masts with more agility and safety than he could lift or shoulder burdens on shore. He soon found the new work too severe, and was obliged to leave, with a fear that he should have to lose his home (it was the first home he had ever known) and go back to his old life again.

Mr. Stowe shrewdly drew the picture of this humble home in vivid colors before the eye of the employer, and begged him to go and see for himself the little place which the toil of a humble woman was keeping bright and cheery; at the

same time dwelling on the need he himself had of just such a man as this to help him on the wharves and on shipboard.

The gentleman went to the house, and his heart was touched by the air of thrift and happiness that pervaded it. He told Mr. Stowe to set the man at work, and that he would give him a dollar a day for one year.

And he did that, and far more. As the years have fled, misfortune and sickness, and finally old age, have come upon that man. And to this hour the friend whom Phineas Stowe won for him has stood by him, and will do so while he needs a human helper.

Earnest and enthusiastic as Mr. Stowe was, he never lowered himself in his efforts for the degraded and fallen. He resorted to no clap-trap, used no street slang, no ludicrous nautical phrases, in his efforts to draw such men into the Bethel or the Exchange. He never called a sailor "Jack," or "My hearty," nor in any way made himself "hail fellow well met" with them, or with the roistering young landsmen who came under his influence.

He held up Christ as the Friend of sinners; he urged, he entreated, he prayed with men; he

fed them when hungry, sheltered them when homeless, clothed them when stripped of their raiment, cared for them when wounded and left half dead. But he held them in their proper place, and never gave them any occasion for using undue familiarity with him, or treating him otherwise than as the messenger of Heaven — as they believed him to be.

Mr. Stowe's delicacy and refinement were particularly noticeable in his manner towards the honest and virtuous poor. He never planted a thorn in the heart while putting bread in the mouth. He was truly a Son of Consolation. His ready sympathy and word of cheer always sanctified the gift of his hand. He gave as if the hand outstretched for succor were that of Jesus himself, and the blessing which went forth from him was returned a hundred fold into his own overflowing soul.

None but men of noble soul can be benefactors in the highest sense of that word ; but such he was, whether giving of the little with which God had intrusted him personally, or of the large bounty placed in his hand by generous Christian friends.

CHAPTER XIV.

Glimpses of the Past.

A WRITER has said, "A true life is of itself the most sacred of words, and he who speaks it in deeds must needs be possessed by what he utters." This was pre-eminently true of Mr. Stowe. He never conceived a plan for the benefit of others, that for the time being did not take complete possession of all his powers ; but only in communing with God did he receive strength to execute his benevolent designs. When depressed in spirits, in consequence of not being able to interest others as he would like in some philanthropic movement with which his soul was engrossed, he would carry the matter to God in secret prayer, after which his face would be radiant with a brightness not of earth, and he *believed* that effort would surely succeed.

Of him it could be truthfully said, his "peace" was "like a river, and his righteousness like the waves of the sea." In the nearly seventeen years of our married life, I never knew his implicit trust in Jesus to waver, or the flame of his Christian zeal to flicker. When saying to him one day, "I never remember hearing you express a doubt of your acceptance with Christ," he replied, "O, no; I settled that question long, long ago." His low sobbings in the night have awakened me, and when inquiring the cause, he would say, "I am weeping for joy. Jesus is so delightfully near and precious amid all my unworthiness, that I cannot keep the tears back."

The secret of his success as a philanthropist and minister of the gospel lay in the consecration of all his powers to the service of Christ. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" was the language of his life, and in prosecuting it, he feared no disease, nor shrank from any exposure. When called at midnight, or in the early hours of the morning, to visit the sick or dying, I would sometimes say, "Ask the messenger with what disease is the person ill;" but he would reply, "No; I am immortal until my work is done."

One season, when cholera prevailed in the city, he was called to a place where, within a few hours, three persons died with it. The attending physician came to our house to say that they were cases of Asiatic cholera, and he did not think it advisable for Mr. Stowe to protract his calls at the house. One of the persons ill was a young man, who was dying without a passport to heaven — faith in Christ; and Mr. Stowe was distressed about his spiritual condition. For a long time he held his hand, over which the chill of death was gathering, trying to keep him conscious while he should tell of Jesus' love to the dying thief, and urge him, in his weakness, to fall into arms that were extended to receive him. When he passed away, as Mr. Stowe left the house, the hand that had been held in a dying grasp commenced paining him, and it was not until the third day that it regained its natural feeling.

No one was ever more sensitively alive to his own deficiencies than was he. When soliciting funds for a benevolent object, he carried with him such a sunny face, that some might have considered him wanting in those fine sensibilities which

enter largely into the character of the true gentleman; but such little know his wrestlings in secret prayer for grace to enable him to perform *whatever* Christ required at his hands. After his decease something was found among his papers bearing upon this point. He writes, "Last winter I was informed that the Bethel Society was in need of funds to meet its liabilities. Without applying to churches in the country [which in other years he had been compelled to do] to aid in the Bethel mission, I concluded to remain in the city on the Sabbath, and during the week present an impressive blank-book to our friends in Boston. I should greatly prefer to be seen with a Bible than a subscription-book; but while it is humiliating, I trust my love for the truths of the Bible induced me to launch out into the deep, let down my net, and fish for funds to replenish our exhausted treasury. We were made happy by the generous responses we received from those who aided us in establishing the Discharged Soldiers' Home."

He never made the inquiry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and then persistently closed his ears, fearing that he might hear the reply.

It was in the privacy of home, however, where his Christian virtues shone the brightest. There he delighted to speak of excellences in others which he thought he did not possess. Said a teacher in our city, who for a period of time made his house her home, "From six months' daily intercourse with Mr. Stowe in his family, I must admit that he approaches nearest to perfection in character of any person I ever met." This remark was made before death had thrown over him, as it does over all, the mantle of charity. As streams run from an overflowing spring, carrying beauty and verdure in their course, so his daily deeds of kindness were but so many streamlets from that "well of water" in him, "springing up into everlasting life," of which our Saviour, centuries since, told the woman of Samaria.

One can only give an outline of works which were the fruit of Christ's love in his heart. His Bethel efforts alone, when reviewed, seem marvellous. On taking charge of that enterprise, in July, 1845, there were four persons present at his first evening meeting. Standing in the stern of a boat which his predecessor had used for a pulpit, he could nearly touch the ceiling with his hand.

Very soon the floor above was obtained, and the ceiling between removed, which improved the appearance and accommodations of the hall. A gallery was built at one end of the hall, the seats in which, with those on the main floor, were soon filled. The stern of the boat was removed, and a pulpit substituted, which was once occupied by Rev. Dr. Maginnis, of Madison, and Rev. Dr. Champlin, late President of Colby University, while pastors of the First Baptist Church, in Portland, Maine. The money requisite to effect this change he collected mostly from merchants on the wharves in the north part of the city. He obtained from Deacon Thomas Richardson a bell, which, like the pulpit he occupied, never gave out an uncertain sound. Its tones were not as clear and silvery as some, yet they have been like the sweetest music in the ears of many a one who have been attracted by them to a place where they heard words that made them wise unto eternal life.

Next to his home, that "old battle-ground" was the dearest spot on earth. There he could locate her to whom he gave his boyish affections as well as the love of his maturer years, and his darling

Helen, whose sweet voice in song had beguiled so many weary hours, and whose melancholy death aided in laying the foundation of that disease which terminated his life. There, too, it was his delight, on each Sabbath morning, to lead his little Charlie, that a love and sympathy for sailors might be interwoven with his childish affections. If spared to grow to manhood, and called to the work, he desired for him no greater honor than to be a faithful preacher to seamen. Associated with the place were memories of several of the departed members of his church, to whom he was attached by tender Christian ties. Unspeakably dear was the old Bethel, on account of the tears of penitence he had there so often seen course down the cheeks of many a weather-beaten sailor, as well as dweller on the land, as they bowed beneath the weight of sin. When light and peace entered their souls, their songs of praise were, in his ears, sweeter than the music of angels. In that old spot how often heaven came down to earth! I have thought, as some newly-born convert, albeit in the humble garb of a sailor, testified, in the ardor of his first love, so touchingly of the soul-satisfying portion he had received, the joy in

his bronzed face corroborating the truth of the words that he uttered, how gladly would that once haughty queen have exchanged places with him, as, shrinking appalled from the approach of death, she exclaimed, "Millions of money for an inch of time!"

Nothing but the belief that the Master's cause could be better served in a more favorable locality made him willing to leave that place, hallowed by sacred memories, and in the depth of winter put forth efforts to secure the new Bethel. It involved a fearful draft upon his nervous as well as physical system to raise twenty thousand dollars in five months, one half of the amount in comparatively small sums. It was more necessary to preach what would be equivalent to a sermon to obtain five dollars from one person, than five hundred dollars from another. In addition to his personal efforts, there probably was not one among the hundreds of contributors who gave to the object as largely, in proportion to his means, as did he.

With divine help, he carried the Bethel enterprise through a period of twenty-four years, much of the time amid discouragements, that would

have completely disheartened a man not ordained of Heaven for this special work. When he passed through the valley, he left in the possession of the Boston Baptist Bethel Society one of the finest Bethel edifices in the country, and as the result of faithful sowing of the gospel seed, a church membership of nearly four hundred. It is not surprising that thoughts of his "mighty work" should intrude, even as snatches of that "new song" were greeting his ears, and the "many mansions" were coming in full view.

S. A. C.

CHAPTER XV.

Home Life of the Bethel Pastor.

BY PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

MY acquaintance with the departed Phineas Stowe and his Bethel Work was somewhat limited, but I am able to testify to the sweetness of his home life, and the cordiality of his great soul, which made every one feel "at home" with him. In 1849 I first looked upon his pleasant countenance, always speaking forth the benevolence of his heart. Then he had come to my native island to perform the marriage ceremony for his old-time schoolmate (in New Hampton Institution) and myself. He won all hearts, and to this day Nantucket people who met him then, almost a quarter of a century since, hold his genial, hearty greetings and his pleasant conversations in happy and vivid remembrance.

As years rolled on, I was often a visitor at his home at No. 8, Baldwin Place, Boston, and always found him the same sympathizing, helpful spirit, looking beyond all clouds of earth to the Sun of Righteousness, and striving to help others do the same. I well remember how, on one occasion in 1850, he asked me if I had learned the names of my pupils in Newton Upper Falls, and when I despairingly said, "No," he bade me not be disheartened; and in a fortnight afterwards, when I reported to him that out of the eighty-four little ones there were only a few strangers left, he said, with that lighting up of his face which so many will remember, "Now you can understand the force of the Saviour's words, 'He calleth his own sheep by name;'" and never since that hour have I read the tenth chapter of John without recalling that day and his words.

At that time he was busy preparing a new edition of "Ocean Melodies," and also editing a book of "Temperance Melodies," and he invited me to write for both. This led to many conversations, when we were in his home, concerning temperance, the sailor and his trials, and the art of rhyming. He did not pretend to be a poet,

but it was to him a great joy to rhyme, and he did this with so much genuine kindness that his rhymes were felt to be acceptable, even where the Muse halted in her stately tread.

As one listened to him in the privacy of home, talking of his efforts among seamen, it was manifest that he cherished everywhere the same spirit of unbounded love for his work, and thorough interest in his fellow-men. One could hardly help being interested in temperance, and in the mariner, who sat long in his cosy study or pleasant parlor. His home had always an attraction to me. The first Mrs. Stowe was some years my senior (being three years older than her husband), and was so kind and motherly, that their home was attractive to all. A little like Martha of old, she was "careful and troubled about many things;" yet she was so helpful, so earnest in practical piety, that his home-life was full of blessing, and his faithful companion gladly assisted him in his glorious work of saving souls. Her sudden death I felt as a personal grief; for I had seen her but a short time before in apparent health, and we always maintained the most kindly relations.

The years rolled on, and another became his companion. Then, as I felt, the rose-bloom of his life appeared. His first years were those of struggle, and his first wife was one admirably fitted to encourage and struggle with him ; but his later years were those of brightness, and though he labored earnestly, he did not have the same struggle. There was more time to enjoy his home, and more home to enjoy ; for his young wife brought the romance of her devoted love to cheer his heart and brighten his path. Little children clustered about him, and his heart was overflowing with gladness. His home-life seemed perfect ; but it could not last ; for the clouds gathered, the storms came. One by one, his little ones went to the better land ; sickness prostrated often the wife whose smiles welcomed his returning footsteps ; but the bitterest stroke of calamity came when Helen, with her husband, found a death by shipwreck, and a far-off grave. One who did not know him might have feared the result. But he met the loving Father's chastisement with a trust that never faltered. Calmly, though through tears, he said, and acted, "Thy will be done." And still serenely flowed

the river of that home-life. Blest with a loving nature, he could not be otherwise than faithful and affectionate as a husband; kind and indulgent to his children, yet seeking to train them in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" ever aiming to exemplify what he proclaimed, that the marriage relation is sacred, that parental ties are heaven-born, that the Christian home on earth is a type of heaven.

Pleasant memories ever cluster about his home. I always enjoyed it, but it had a peculiar charm when one nearer my own age, and of more similar tastes, became its presiding genius, and, if space allowed, could furnish pages describing happy seasons spent with these congenial spirits. Two scenes I will mention: one where a poor inebriate, suddenly struck with a sense of his sin, came with a friend to take the temperance pledge. Standing in the centre of the parlor, before the trembling penitent, who also stood, the eloquence of the soul was uttered in fervent words by Brother Stowe as he administered the pledge, accompanied by the gift of a Testament, charged the man to keep his solemn promise, and then prayed with him. By the time the impressive

ceremony was over, and the man had departed, all were in tears.

On another well-remembered, happy evening, I sat with a lady friend in the parlor at Brother Stowe's, when he entered, weary and worn. It was late, and soon the hour for devotions arrived. Sitting in his large chair, with his eyes closed, and his face serene and reverent, he repeated in a most impressive manner the beautiful twenty-third psalm; and then we all knelt, and he poured out his soul in a prayer that was not so much supplication as communion. His soul had companionship with God in prayer, and at home and abroad his "fellowship was with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ."

He was as faithful in his calling as a minister, to fallen women, as to fallen men; and it is with no little pleasure that I recall a visit with him and other friends to the Quincy Home for the Friendless — an institution he founded to benefit the friendless ones just starting on a vicious course. It was my first conscious sight of such a class of women, and I was deeply interested, and, on my return, wrote the following lines about

THE MIDNIGHT MEETING.

'Twas ten at night, and I, with weary feet,
My steps turned towards a new and blest retreat,
Where sin-cursed womanhood might find a friend,
And sinful man a kind and helping hand, —
Where those who homeless walked the midnight round,
A home, and a Redeemer too, had found.
My heart rejoiced then, with a gospel faith,
In the great fatherhood of one who saith,
"Go feed my lambs, my wandering sheep, O feed!
And all the sinful to my fountain lead."
In the wide brotherhood of man, once made
In God's own image, 'neath the Eden shade,
My heart rejoiced; and from my weary eyes
Sleep fled away; and, with a sweet surprise,
I listened to the voice of one who long
Had sung, in cadence sweet, the gospel song,
And heard him tell, in tones the angels know,
The love of God to sinners here below;
And then, responsive, heard the voices clear
Of some vice-rescued, blood-washed sinners there,
In grateful accents praising God and man
Who this great work for fallen ones began.
The moments sped; the midnight hour drew nigh,
The midnight stars reached their meridian high;
The moments sped; but still we lingered there,
And holy song and words of hope and prayer
Filled the blest hours till homeward turned our feet;
And, the glad measure of surprise complete,
We blessed the Home for friendless ones and lone,
And felt that God the enterprise would own,
Would bless the laborers in their work of love,
And aid their toil with unction from above,
Till the lost spirits of that region find
A shelter in the Friend of all mankind.

The last time I looked upon this sunny-faced apostle was in the streets of Boston, as he was hastening to his happy home — the place where he usually threw off care, and was playful and affectionate in word and spirit, as if only in his youth, making all hearts around him to rejoice in his approach and in his stay. We had time for only a few words; but his last charge to me was, to save all the souls I could. God help me to heed his apostolic words, and be, like him, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost."

CHAPTER XVI.

A Reminiscence.

BY REV. GEO. W. GARDNER, D. D.

I WELL remember Brother Stowe when he was a student in New Hampton, N. H., and supplied the pulpit of the Baptist Church in Danbury. I was a boy then, and the warmth and earnestness of his manner deeply impressed me. He was frequently at my father's house, and always most welcome. Was there ever a house in which he had been once, in which he was not ever after a welcome guest? Well, years passed on. He came to Boston, and I grew to manhood. For many years, during my own student life, I did not see him at all. When I came to Charlestown, as pastor, he was one to recognize me as one of "his boys;" and he had a good many such on the land and the sea. For years we worked together, side by side. My

church was a constant friend of the Bethel. The little church in Danbury were about to re-dedicate their house of worship, after removal and repairs. Brother Stowe and myself were both invited to be present, and take part in the service. It was more than twenty years since he left, and he had never been back. Things had changed. People had changed. He had changed. But Christ had not changed, and his cause in Danbury was still dear to the heart of the early pastor. Brother Stowe went up on the evening train the night before the proposed service. It was nearly eleven o'clock when the conductor called out, "Danbury." Brother Stowe got out. He was in a new place. The Danbury of his student-pastorate had no railroad, no depot, no village *there*. The hush and stillness of the country, so different from the city, fell on his tired ears like a benediction from God.

He inquired the way to his old friend's — a brother in the church. It was nearly three miles away. He walked the distance in the sweet moonlight, and as he drew near to the old, familiar farm-house, just as white, just as quiet and inviting, with just the same soft carpet of green

around it, as in the days gone by, — he told me this the next day, — the past came back again ; he seemed to be young again ; he was a student from New Hampton, come over of a Saturday night to preach the next day ; and so he stepped quietly on the piazza, and at midnight, standing close by the bed-room window, he sang, —

"Home again, home again," —

and with the melody of his voice, — and whose voice had more of heavenly melody in it ? — he wakened the sleepers, the bolted door opened, and he said, —

"Good evening, brother M——. Did you ever know Phineas Stowe ?" "O, yes, yes ! and I do now. Come in, come in. *Is it possible ?*" — and the gray and worn seaman's chaplain was a student-preacher again, resting in the prophet's chamber on the wall.

Brother Stowe loved just such surprises, just such transitions from the present to the past. In fact, *he never grew old at all.* His heart was always young, and so it "shall live forever." I shall never forget the fervor of his words on the next day, when he spoke of the times of his early

work. He was almost translated. His face *did* shine. His words were all afire. His whole soul was aglow with a heavenly light. He was in an ecstasy. But it was among the last flashes of his earthly brightness. Not very long after the star faded into day.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mr. Stowe's Last Bethel Circle.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

"Lord, keep my memory green."

THERE was weeping from the clouds that day — October 21, 1868 — the noiseless effusion of a woe deep and dark. But in the upper heavens, whither no sorrow gravitates, the living sunshine was joyful with notes of preparation. Ministering angels, gazing earthward, attuned a harp for hands about to be eased of earthly burdens, and wake its golden chords with never-ending hallelujahs. We, who may have reproached Nature for lack of sympathy with our griefs, should in that hour, while our hearts were beating with hope and our faces glowing with cheerfulness, have heard her mournful, "Could ye not watch with me?" No throes of her travail rent the veil which hid the

future from our eyes, or mercy had been less merciful.

The new parsonage in Salem Street had been opened, and this first reception there of the Ladies' Circle was anticipated as a peculiarly pleasant and congratulatory occasion. Phineas Stowe's doors always opened wide, like his heart, to all who came. Friend and stranger felt not merely welcome, but bidden.

Sombre as all without continued, there was still no lack of guests. Every one knows how boldly a Boston audience will defy the weather. It was understood that the pastor had arrived at home that morning greatly fatigued. Later in the afternoon he came from his study, his hallowed countenance haggard, and upon him the shadow of a profound and most unusual depression, creating around him, as it were, an impenetrable solitude. One intimately associated with the Bethel cause received from him an apostolic kiss, with the words, "I am so full of love to every human being!" yet for the most part he rather responded to than offered greeting, his air of absentness meanwhile filling the assembly with a nameless surprise and pain. It

could not appear strange, however, when one reasoned upon it, that Mr. Stowe was unlike himself. He had left New York the evening previous, after having, instead of improving the furlough his church had urged upon him for recruiting his exhausted physical forces, dashed into the fore-front of that memorable battle with sin in Water Street. He had passed an agonizing night, walking the steamer's deck as she ploughed the seething Sound, and his condition might be only the natural result of over-exertion and sleeplessness.

As day declined and twilight stole on before the time, the President of the Circle, Miss M. V. Ball, announced the customary religious exercises. In compliance with her request that he would conduct the same, Mr. Stowe seated himself midway of the parlors, his right hand resting on an unopened Bible upright on his knee. Then, with shut eyes and raised face, he read out of memory, in tones exceedingly impressive and tender, —

"The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

"He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

"*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Kneeling in prayer, he unburdened his full heart for the cause always dearest to it,—the Bethel,—pleading also for convicted sinners in that terrible den of infamy he had visited in another city, as if each soul were his friend or brother, and out of the depths of his sense of unworthiness exalting God's goodness to himself. The comforts of the new home were weighing upon his mind overpoweringly. Especially the carpets, which had been the gift of the ladies, distressed him with doubts lest they were an unholy indulgence. "Carpets," he was heard to murmur, in passing through the parlors previously,—"car-

pets to tread upon, and my blessed Lord had not where to lay his head." One distinctly remembered petition was, that if these luxuries of life were to have the effect of drawing away his thoughts from the great work to be done, then in mercy might they be taken from him. Frequently in the course of his prayer his feelings overcame him, so that his utterances were sobbed forth in brokenness of spirit that moved other hearts to pain, and eyes to sympathetic tears.

Neither the gas-lights nor the arrival of the male friends, including three or four clergymen, was able wholly to dispel the gloom of the place. Even supper failed to create that delightful sociability wont to exist where Phineas Stowe presided. After this he spoke, somewhat disconnectedly, of his marriage, of the share Mrs. Stowe had faithfully borne in his labors, of the lightning of grace which had descended on "the wickedest man in New York" and his associates. His description, thrilling in itself, became almost terrible from the earnestness he threw into it. He told how his own coming had been hailed as a help of the Lord against the mighty, and intimated — with that mysterious vulture of despair now

plucking at his spirit — that here at home the interest with which he had so long stood identified was not appreciated. In response to the closing remark, a clergyman immediately stepped forward and grasped his hand, endeavoring in affectionate speech to reassure his brother Stowe that the Baptist churches in and around Boston were not wanting in interestedness for the Bethel. Mr. Stowe shook his head in disbelief and despondency which nothing could dissipate. It was at this juncture, the impending evil beginning to be more defined, that a Boston pastor, who loved Mr. Stowe and was beloved by him, whispered, with a gesture of fear, "Poor Phineas, his reason totters." A half-breathed suggestion of this fact to Mrs. Stowe elicited the cheerful reply, "O, I have seen him in this way before; he is only worn out, and needing rest. Give him to me for one week, and he will be all right again."

Later in the evening the sisters Ball played and sang. Every person at all familiar with Mr. Stowe must have observed what a medium of worship music always was to him; how he delighted in it, and what a celestial gift he possessed. I have known him propose to "sing two

verses," and lead on to the tenth in rapt fervor. On this occasion it was awe-inspiring to stand beside him, where he had drawn close to the piano, listening to Pierpont's beautiful poem of "Jerusalem," and watch his uplifted face, the lids pressing from his eyes the tears which rolled down his cheeks, and hear him again and again, in the interludes, whisper, as if the heavens verily were opened to his vision, "Blessed Saviour! Blessed Saviour!" Who, indeed, could think upon these sentiments unmoved?

"The Garden of Gethsemane!
Those aged olive trees
Are shading yet, and in their shade
I would have sought the breeze
That, like an angel, bathed the brow,
And bore to heaven the prayer
Of Jesus, when in agony
He sought the Father there.

"I would have gone to Calvary,
And where the Marys stood
Bewailing loud the Crucified,
As near him as they could;
I would have stood till night o'er earth
Her heavy pall had thrown,
And thought upon my Saviour's cross,
And learned to bear my own!"

Probably, after all, few left the house with even

a distant foreboding of the sad event, the mysterious dispensation, which within three weeks from the time made it necessary to convey Mr. Stowe to an asylum. When the blow had fallen, we remembered these things, and understood their significance. So entirely one with the Bethel cause had Mr. Stowe been, that his heart-throbs seemed essential to its life. From near and far, on land and over the sea's expanse, arose a lamentation: We trusted it had been he who should have redeemed this Israel. Blinded by sorrow, none could foresee how God would raise up a man to fill the vacant place and carry forward the work from which he rested, having laid himself on the sacrificial altar and been accepted. Mr. Stowe himself shared this idea when once overheard in wrestling prayer to God that, "for the sake of the Bethel," his reason might be spared.

Few men have been so entirely emptied of self, and filled with love to a perishing world, — eaten up with the zeal of God's house, — as Phineas Stowe. While the Bethel was the centre of his affections and his exertions, no locality and no class of immortals was too remote or too degraded

to be embraced by his loving sympathies and his self-abnegating help. Servant of the Lord, appointed to cross the river through a covered bridge, that the light into which he should emerge might appear more glorious, his works do follow him.

The following was read by Mrs. Abbie C. Shipley, treasurer of the Ladies' Bethel Society, at its first meeting after Mr. Stowe's decease:—

In Memoriam.

We meet to-day a stricken band of mourners; for that beloved friend who was ever, in our minds, identified with the cause for which we labor, whose voice was wont to lead us in prayer and praise, whose hopeful spirit was our inspiration to each renewed effort for the good of seamen, no longer moves among us, and gives to each a genial word of love and recognition. He has gone from his earthly sphere of labor, from the "mighty work" he had to do on earth, to fulfil his Master's will in that brighter and happier land where service brings not toil or weariness

to the spirit, relieved from the clogging restraints and weaknesses of the fleshly tabernacle.

And it is surely befitting us, at our first meeting after his departure, for a moment to recall his connection with our society, and ask ourselves how we may best continue the work to which his maturest years were given. Especially is this the case when we remember that he was in reality the originator of this society. Although previously to his undertaking the ministry to seamen in this city, one or two ladies' societies had been formed for the benefit of seamen among the Baptists, these were comparatively local, being composed mostly of ladies from the Baldwin Place Church. The design of forming a society which should embrace members from all the churches of the denomination in Boston and vicinity, and prove an efficient aid to him in the cause to which he had devoted his life, was *his*, and, communicated by him to ladies who sympathized with him, resulted in the formation of this society, in the spring of 1846. From that time until our last meeting, which was held October 21, 1868, at his own house, his interest in it never flagged; he was ever in the habit of proposing to us

plans for greater usefulness and efficiency, and by his hopeful spirit encouraging us to undertake what perhaps some of us, of less hope and weaker faith, would have shrunk from, as involving heavier burdens than we could bear. If we have accomplished any good in arousing interest in the cause of seamen, have aided it pecuniarily or otherwise, it is due to Mr. Stowe to acknowledge that these fruits grew upon the tree whose germ was cherished into life in his genial and sunny heart. We shall miss the inspiration of his holy zeal. But let us seek to follow in the path in which he so fully exemplified the truth of the apostle's teaching, "It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Closing Scenes.

OF the closing scenes in Mr. Stowe's life it now becomes our sad duty to speak. Against the advice of friends he remained in the city during his last summer upon earth, constantly at work, until September. Then, leaving home to seek rest in change of scene and employment, he went to Pennsylvania, spent a few days there, and returned to New York, where he at once became intensely interested and unnaturally excited in the daily prayer meetings that were then being held in Water Street.

It was evident, upon his return home, that his mind was seriously diseased. There was such "a mighty work to do" for the masses in sin and ruin about him, that he rushed at once into a thousand half-formed schemes to save them.

It is not for us to say by what death we shall glorify God. Some may

> "Be carried to the skies
> On flowery beds of ease,"

while others, who are dear to Christ as the apple of his eye, are led through a dark Gethsemane. They drink of the cup which Jesus drank, and are baptized with the baptism wherewith he was baptized. But they are not left to the power of the tempter. While they are crying, "This is the hour and the power of darkness," angels come and minister to them, and when the scene closes, bear them up

> "To the eternal home
> On whose portals yet they linger,
> Looking back for us to come."

The clouds continued to gather darker and deeper about the spirit of this beloved servant of God. He lost control of his words and his acts. Our wisest and kindest physicians insisted on his being removed to an asylum, for his own and others' safety, as well as in the lingering hope that he might yet, by judicious treatment, be restored to his family, to the

church of God, and to the world whose sins and sorrows had crushed and broken his loving heart. But she, whose soul was bound by unutterable ties to his, shrank from this decision. She believed that although reason was gone, she could yet control him by love. A promise made to him, in full faith, that he should never be taken from her, united with a strong desire to minister to him to the last, caused such agony as few of us have ever known, when her wishes and her judgment were overruled in the matter by those who had at heart the best interests of both. Through all the wanderings of reason, however, his heart was true to Christ. His work for souls had been a holy passion while living, and it was so now that he was dying.

At length the clouds were scattered, the day dawned, and the shadows fled away. The fetters which had detained the pure spirit from the presence of Him whom he loved were severed; and he entered upon a higher and holier service than even that which had been his below; — for where there was no service of love, there could be no heaven for him!

The day of his burial, November 16, 1868, was one of rare beauty. The mellow light of late autumn, and the crisp leaf that here and there lingered on the bare branches of the trees, told of gathered fruit and finished harvestings. But of the thousands congregated at this good man's funeral none sorrowed as those who have no hope. The brightness of the skies was a truthful augury of the glory and bliss into which the husbandman had entered, an earnest of which seemed written in the face, beautiful even in death.

Eight sturdy seamen tenderly and reverently bore the body on a bier from Mr. Stowe's late residence to the church, which was filled, and closed to the public, an hour and a half before the time appointed for the obsequies. The streets adjoining the edifice were so densely thronged that travel was for some time suspended. Boston merchants generously contributed abundant materials for draping the edifice, directing that the same be afterwards distributed among the poor. These emblems of sorrow bore such mottoes as these: "He judged the cause of the poor and needy;" "There is sorrow on the sea;" "We miss him;" "Blessed is he that considereth the poor;"

"Jesus wept;" and the pastor's last words, "I have a mighty work to do!" The tears that fell from every eye were tokens of genuine grief, and the testimony borne by those who participated in the services found corroboration in every heart in that assembled multitude of mourners.

After an organ voluntary and singing, Rev. S. W. Foljambe read from Revelation 14:13, "I heard a voice from heaven," &c. Prayer was offered by Rev. W. V. Garner, and Rev. L. A. Grimes read the hymn beginning, —

"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

which was sung with great effect by the choir. Rev. R. H. Neale, D. D., sketched the life of the deceased, and his labors for the sailor, the soldier, the prisoner, and the inebriate. Rev. Baron Stow, D. D., and Rev. George W. Gardner, D. D., added touching reminiscences. Rev. D. C. Eddy, D. D., remarked that he knew of none in ministerial circles more universally beloved than was he who had for twenty-four years labored in Boston for the welfare of the needy. Chaplain Carlton, of the State Prison, spoke of Mr. Stowe's interest in the convicts there. Rev. J. D. Fulton, D. D.,

suggested the appropriateness of a monument, and expressed the hope that the mantle of the dear departed would fall on a worthy successor. Rev. O. T. Walker and Rev. Charles Cleveland moved the audience with their words of sympathy and love. The latter, bending with the weight of nearly a hundred years, looked longingly forward to the meeting, which has since taken place, in that better country, even a heavenly. Each speaker emphasized the virtues of his honored associate and the importance of the work which he accomplished, — not forgetting, however, the grace of God, which, through a long and consciously defective ministry, had ever abounded towards him, and by which alone he looked for final salvation.

When the vast throng separated, the aged, the young, the wealthy, and the poor, each seemed to utter but this sentiment, — that while earth had lost one of the most devoted of laborers from its field of toil, heaven had gained one whom Jesus had welcomed with the joyful salutation, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

The remains were taken to his native town, Milford, Conn., and laid in the family burial-

ground with the dust of parents and children, brothers and sisters. An obelisk of white marble marks the spot, which may be seen by the traveller passing by rail between New York and Boston, while the waves of the Sound ripple along the neighboring beach, soothing, as it were, the rest of the dead.

There he lies by the sea he loved so well, and for the welfare of whose sons he literally "burned to ashes a noble brain," counting not his life dear to him in bringing home many that should share with him the everlasting rewards of heaven.

CHAPTER XIX.

Memories and Tributes.

SOMETIMES the best view of a man may be obtained from those fugitive glimpses which are enjoyed by strangers. The wayside life is often crowded with incidents and utterances which open the door of the real life, and let us look in and see the man as he is in his unguarded moments. Hence the following reminiscences will exhibit the lights and shadows of a life full of flashes, and inspirations, and impulses.

Rev. J. C. Foster, who knew Mr. Stowe while he was a student at New Hampton, and who was his life-long friend, having kept up an acquaintance with him during his arduous work in Boston, writes, —

"My recollections of Rev. Phineas Stowe extend back to 1839, when I became acquainted

with him as a daily associate in studies preparatory to the work of the gospel ministry, and soon came to regard him very highly for his geniality, courtesy, and true piety. He was eminently companionable and agreeable, the life of every circle in which he was found, and the beloved of all who knew him. Enemies he could hardly have; disliked he could hardly be by any whose hand he could once grasp. His presence was a pleasant inspiration, and all with whom he mingled were almost sure to be happier, and could hardly fail to be better, by reason of intercourse with him. In no place more than in the prayer meetings was he always welcomed for his remarkable earnestness and fervidness, his promptness and aptness, which gave a most desirable character to the exercises, which were sure to be both interesting and profitable if he were present, as he was accustomed to be, as one ever ready to take a prominent, though not obtrusive part in heart-stirring utterances, soul-lifting prayers, together with his enrapturing singing, in which he excelled. If he did nothing but sing, he did much, for he sang as few could sing in the place of prayer.

"For two years or more I thus enjoyed his society, with increasing pleasure, steadily prizing more and more his invaluable companionship as that of an endeared friend and a fondly cherished Christian brother. And ever afterwards, till his death, I was familiar with his worth and work, his activity and zeal, his benevolence and devotedness, his toil and success. It was my privilege to visit him repeatedly at the place of one of his earlier pastoral settlements, there to see him in his own home, where I found him the same cheerful, hopeful, and energetic worker that he bade fair to be in the days of his student-life. Subsequently I was often at his house in Boston, and he was occasionally at mine in Beverly, as we exchanged visits, calls, and pulpits ; and in various ways I came in frequent contact with him, as he untiringly prosecuted his great and grand life-work in connection with the Bethel cause in the city where so much was accomplished by him for the sailor, the fallen, and the victim of many a wrong.

"Few of my brethren in the ministry have I known so well as Phineas Stowe, and my prolonged and intimate acquaintance with him served to increase my respect for him, and my

appreciation of his excellence and usefulness. Largely did he share, as he well deserved, my esteem and love, as a true man, a sincere Christian, a devoted minister, and an efficient worker in the Master's vineyard, where he was singularly distinguished for his great and good undertakings, and for his almost marvellous achievements.

"His was a noble career of Christian philanthropy, and his name is worthy of honorable record for the 'work of faith, and labor of love, and patience of hope,' in which he persisted, with greater and better results than can be shown at the close of most men's lives. He abounded in most unselfish service for God and humanity, and his works do follow him; so that 'he, being dead, yet speaketh.'"

Rev. E. Edmunds, of the Christian Church, who was a fellow-laborer with Mr. Stowe in the temperance cause, standing shoulder to shoulder with him in various reforms, writes, —

"Over thirty years ago I came to Boston to minister to a small society, among whom I have continued until the present time. Soon after this, Brother Stowe became the pastor of the Baptist

Bethel Church, then worshipping in a hall at the North End. He had been here but a short time before we became acquainted, and that acquaintance ripened into a sacred friendship, which grew stronger and stronger until the day of his death.

"Not only had we pleasant exchanges, but often in our missionary work, among the poor and the fallen, our fellowship and interchange of feeling were sweet and refreshing. Especially were our sympathy and co-operation very deep and mutual in the temperance cause. Never was there a truer worker, and a more generous, whole-souled leader, in the temperance army.

"Also, on Sunday school anniversaries and other occasions, we were frequently favored with his inspiring presence and earnest words. Whenever it was announced that Brother Phineas Stowe was to be with us, there would always be a full attendance. A new life seemed poured upon us, and it would often continue for weeks. There was a peculiar charm, yea, more, a spiritual inspiration, in his presence, voice, and manner; while his doctrine and influence were Christ-like, humbling, and yet elevating.

"Always full of love for seamen and lands-

men, for rich and poor, white and black, he almost always had some new thought, fact, or plan for doing good. Never gloomy, never discouraged. Like the sailor he could tack ship, or strike out on a new course or plan for saving souls, at any moment, if need be. And like a wise and brave general he could organize a new mode of attacking the enemy along the lines of sin and intemperance better than almost any other man. If, sometimes, his plans seemed too numerous, and almost chimerical, yet, in the end, he almost always carried the day, took the citadel, or scaled the walls and planted the gospel banner in the midst of the enemy's ramparts. He saw more real success, won more souls to Christ, and tore down the strongholds of Satan to a greater extent, than almost any other soldier on the field.

"All denominations loved him, and all portions of the community felt that a live man was in our midst, doing valiant service for the Master, and often doing work, too, that few would dare to attempt.

"Phineas Stowe and Father Mason, for years, were the leaders and embodiment of the most

earnest and aggressive gospel work done in the city of Boston.

"Mr. Stowe's death was regarded as a public loss. The rich and poor, the high and low, alike mourned the death of this good man. His funeral exceeded anything I have seen in the city, in deep, heartfelt mourning over a private citizen, in a universal feeling of sympathy among all classes, and in largeness of numbers. Indeed, it seemed an ovation to departed worth. Never shall I forget the funeral of dear Brother Stowe. God bless his memory to us all."

Dr. J. H. Hanaford, who was well acquainted with Mr. Stowe in his school days, and in his after years, furnishes the following tender words:—

"Phineas Stowe still lives! inspiring a love for the sailor, and for suffering humanity everywhere. Though the cause of seamen was his specialty, he was not the sailor's friend alone, but longed to 'be about his Father's business' always. The writer knew him as a student at New Hampton, and was intimate with him till his death. So intent was he in winning souls to Christ, that he

spent in mission work and preaching more time than theological students usually do.

"Though ardently devoted to the ministry, he evidently did not reach his true sphere until he entered on Bethel work, into which he put all the powers of his expansive soul. His versatile talents adapted him to this vocation. His congregation comprised men of every nationality and every grade of culture. In the same sanctuary were gathered men of different tastes, aims, and social standing, yet on a common level, and around a common friend. They all looked to Mr. Stowe as a brother and a counsellor — one who cared for their physical wants as well as their spiritual needs, and who was ever ready with consolation and with aid.

"He induced thousands to sign the pledge, which was solemnly administered, accompanied with the gift of a Testament and kind admonition. Hungry men were fed by his bounty, the naked were clothed, the dissipated rescued from haunts of vice, the friendless saved from 'landsharks,' and the homeless provided with temporary abodes and employment. His warm heart yearned over

the woes of the erring and the ruin of the vicious. None were turned coldly away, for he loved the souls of the neglected.

"Vast numbers were rescued by him from a life of intemperance and vice. Many who owe to him, under God, their earthly all, will testify to his fidelity in the day when the secrets of all hearts are revealed. These testimonies will be a grander monumental witness than the granite shaft on Bunker's Hill. All who have, with the writer, shared this brother's friendship, will agree that their respect and love increased more and more with the lapse of time, standing, as he did, a marked type of the CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN."

REV. CHARLES M. SMITH, who has gathered up a bundle of fragrant leaves to lay upon the tomb of his father's friend, writes, —

"A diamond, viewed from any point, is beautiful. No less is a good man.

"We cannot recall some persons without being reminded of that which is lovely. Precious memories are awakened, making joyous the heart and

redolent the mind, as birds fill the air with melody, and flowers diffuse their fragrance.

"It is better that the flowers come, please the eye, gratify the sense, and then fade and disappear, than not come at all. Better, far better, that the good come to us, rendering our homes happy, life sweet, living to bless the world, and then leave us, than not come at all. We can thank God for the presence, ay, the thought, of some men. A life should be such that at its close all who have witnessed it shall have reason to mourn.

"One may so endear himself, by a useful career, that people would as soon yield their own lives as part with him. Such never die. We may see them no more; years intervene; wonderful events occur; but, like angels, they come to tranquillize and bless. One may be missed because of the burden he bore, or, as an article of furniture, on account of the place he occupied; better if the burden speaks of a willing hand, and the vacant chair of a loving heart.

"The powers of the mind and the sympathies of the heart do not germinate and unfold out of place. Each person, like each particle of matter,

is related to the whole. Responsibility adheres to us all; we can ascend no height above it, nor descend to any depth below it. Opportunities of usefulness, like fountains of water, are within the reach of all; but, alas! many bear not the cup, and fill it for the thirsty.

"My mind reverts to childhood days, and my father's house, and from the shades of the past a noble form emerges.

"I distinctly recall my early impressions of Phineas Stowe. As a boy, he seemed to me unlike other men. My revered father loved him. Ministers of the same gospel were they; their purposes one.

"I thought him a good man, and that included much then. In my home his presence was ever welcome. Regarding him my father recently wrote me as follows: 'The last time we parted he kissed me, and held me by the hand, as if impressed that that was the final separation on earth, as it proved to be. Your mother went, soon after he left, into the room where he spent the night, and called me to see the tear-drops, in a wood-bottom chair, before which he evidently kneeled and prayed. Truly, he was one of 'the excellent of the earth.'

"I remember once asking the question, 'Father, are angels better than Mr. Stowe?' His reply was, 'Brother Stowe is a good man. My knowledge of angels is limited.' I saw in his amiable, child-like manner 'the kingdom of heaven.' I heard in the sweet tones of his voice in prayer the melody of God. I felt in the grasp of his hand the power of goodness. The light that was in him, as the effulgence of the gem of gems, came from the Source of all light. We grasp the hand of one, and are conscious of no other contact, but realize an aversion, while there is a charm and sweetness in the very presence of another.

"There is a contact of spirit. Brother Stowe touched the hearts of all. Such are able to 'do good like a medicine.' I weave not a garland, — others may more appropriately do this, — but bring as my tribute to his sacred memory this simple wild flower, that budded years ago in my country home.

"Stars may pass from view, but they never grow dim. The sun may disappear behind the distant hills, but it is shining still. Flowers may fade, but color is not lost. Leaves may fall; the

tree does not die. 'Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'

"The Christian never dies."

REV. PHINEAS STOWE.

BY MISS M. V. BALL.

A MIGHTY man has fallen,
Warrior to Israel dear!
How fell he in the combat?
Was it through doubt or fear?

Nay! nay! this mighty warrior
No doubt or fear could know;
His armor was celestial,
In strength abode his bow.

The whispering winds of inland
Have told it to the main,
Where warriors pause in conflict,
To weep — their leader slain.

At morn, at noon, at midnight,
His war-cry filled the air;
While, like the seer on Carmel,
He conquered hosts by prayer.

God's chariot moveth ever
Right onward; as we gazed,
It came and forward bore him:
Who hath his mantle raised?

January 7, 1869.

IN MEMORIAM. — REV. PHINEAS STOWE.

BY MRS. C. A. OGDEN.

A STAR has faded from our sky!
A sunbeam from life's weary way!
A worker, too, whose zeal so high
Waned not with years, knew no decay.
A noble soul has passed from earth,
A glorious angel has its birth.

Pastor beloved, his deeds will live
In grateful hearts, from day to day,
And ever sweet assurance give
He has not wholly passed away.
Yes, joyous thought, from care and pain,
From sin redeemed, he lives again.

Bring flowers, — evergreens, — and twine
A garland for his virtues now;
Ye cannot crown him, — Love Divine
Has placed upon his saintly brow
A diadem, whose stars shall tell
Of earthly labors ended well.

How sweet the memory of his voice
In sacred song, in Christian love!
Well may his tuneful soul rejoice
In chanting praises now above,
While we repeat the glad refrain,
"He is not dead, he lives again."

Bravely his work on earth was done, —
Friend of the sailor, dearest, best!
The Lord hath called his faithful one,
"Enter, belovéd, into rest."
Noble and pure his life has been
On earth — in heaven he lives again.

BOSTON, November 13, 1868.

Rev. R. G. Toles, who was welcomed as a fellow-laborer by Mr. Stowe, when the former came from New York to do a blessed work among the neglected children of Boston, gives his testimony. Mr. Stowe never had anything but "God speed" for anybody who was doing good, and Mr. Toles appreciatingly writes, —

"We shall never forget the warm reception we received from Mr. Stowe on our first coming to Boston, and his enthusiastic indorsement of the work of saving the children. So fond was he of them, and from his oft-repeated advocacy of our cause, that many mistook him for the superintendent. Not long since, a lady remarked to us, 'You lost a good man in your first superintendent, Mr. Stowe.' He had no narrow ideas, and rejoiced in every endeavor that saved humanity from the curse of sin. He remarked to me one day, 'You save the children from vice, and I will try, by God's help, to rescue those that have grown up in sin.' Residing near, he often called at the Home, giving words of advice to the older ones, and of love and encouragement to the younger, joining with them in a hearty laugh,

and for a moment engaging in their sports. This won all their hearts. His study window overlooked our yard, and fearing that their noisy play might disturb him, I called to ask if such was the case. 'O, no,' he said; 'I can prepare a sermon better when they make the most noise, for I love to know they are happy.' He was frequently called upon to officiate at funerals at the Home, and no one was better adapted for such a service. Plain and earnest in his remarks, he always left a deep impression upon the children's minds. We greatly lamented his death, and his picture, which hangs in our parlor, often calls forth encomiums of praise upon his zeal, kindness of heart, and sincere endeavor to do good to all. He was *emphatically* a friend to the friendless. Wherever humanity suffered, he sympathized; always cheerful, hoping even against hope."

COLONEL RUSSELL H. CONWELL, who knew Mr. Stowe in his ripe manhood, and looked upon him with that respect and admiration which we are obliged to pay to real, unostentatious goodness, says, —

"'I have a mighty work to do!' How those words thrill and inspire! It may well be doubted if, in all the libraries of English literature, there can be found a more eloquent expression than that contained in these words. It concentrates volumes of human striving, longing, hoping, and achieving. I cannot rid myself of the thought which impressed me when our dear brother, the late Rev. J. D. Sweet, informed me of Mr. Stowe's death, and those dying words. I feel now, as I did then, that they were an echo from his youth.

"Knowing him so well, I think they were rather a reminiscence than a project. The mighty present had overwhelmed him, and his mind started backward from the terrible tasks he was imposing upon it, and, wandering restless through the chambers of memory, it came again upon those startling words, and the lips repeated them as in his youth — 'I have a mighty work to do.'

"That the thought expressed by them was the dearest theme of his boyhood and early manhood, his life is convincing proof. No biography could contain a better illustration of a life well

planned and completed, or present a better example for the imitation of young men.

'Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends;
Hath he not always treasures, always friends, —
The great, good man? Three treasures — love, and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night —
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.'

"Phineas Stowe's hopes were unfathomable, his zeal unabating, and yet the highest aspiration of his life was to be a great, good man. But even that ambition, in his later years, he left entirely to his God, sinking his personality so completely at times that those most benefited by his labors hardly realized from whence their blessings came. Scrupulously honest amid all the temptations of youthful poverty; earnestly industrious even when his work was wholly used for the enriching of others; a close student when others of his age wasted their time in pleasure; ill-treated, as he said to the writer, when those who ill-used him had every reason for kindness, — he exhibited his love for Jesus by work for mankind. Making no pretensions to superior sanctity, and loving all men as himself, he toiled steadily on for the accomplishment of his 'mighty work,'

as much greater than the schemes of a national diplomat, in its final effect, as it was more God-like in its execution.

"His life was a beautiful elucidation of the well-worn and established theory that a young man under the most adverse circumstances, without money, wealth, or social position, may become, if he will, a *great*, good man; that he may comfort the widow, cause the orphan to smile, break the chains of the slave, heal the broken-hearted, teach the ignorant, encourage the downfallen, minister to the wounded, inspire to patriotism, and reach such greatness that his face shall remind men of their Saviour, and his words astonish and confound like those of the Mighty Father. The same power which sustained him until the 'mighty work' was done, will again inspire and guard others who seek it, and especially such as are ambitious only to aid humanity and honor their God."

The following tribute to the character of Mr. Stowe, from his brethren of the Ministerial Conference of Boston and vicinity, adopted in a

meeting at Tremont Temple, November 16, 1868, is selected from many of a similar nature sent to his family after his death, expressive of sympathy, and also bearing testimony to the worth of his Christian character, and the esteem in which he was held by the community. It is expressed with that peculiar delicacy for which its author, Rev. Baron Stow, D. D., was remarkable.

"We have known our beloved brother and fellow-laborer, Rev. Phineas Stowe, as a Christian of the higher type of practical godliness; eminently spiritual and unselfish; remarkable in his whole character for simplicity, transparency, and purity; walking constantly and closely with God; invariably faithful to every trust, domestic, social, ecclesiastical, ministerial. He gave proof that the whole law of God, the law of love, was written in his heart by the divine Spirit, who regenerates and sanctifies.

"We never had occasion to question his sincerity, or to suspect that in any utterance or action he was not thoroughly loyal to the right and the true. In speech, private and public, he was habitually evangelical; in spirit, uniformly

Christ-like; he was ever tenderly regardful of all Christian proprieties. His charity was comprehensive, without any compromise of principle, or any countenance of what he believed to be unscriptural. All the facts apparent to our observation justify us in pronouncing him 'a man of God, and an honorable man.'

"We have known him as a laborer for Christ and the well-being of man, and have been witnesses of his concentration of thought, feeling, purpose, and activity upon the one end to which his life was intelligently consecrated. His record along a ministry of a full quarter of a century is unsullied. Beyond most others he resembled his well-studied Model, the adorable Master, who 'went about doing good." The glory of God in the salvation of the lost was his unvarying aim, and to the attainment of his object he devoted all his resources, faculties, and influence. He was earnest in his work, not sparing himself, thus occasioning many an apprehension and many a prophecy that he would sooner or later become a martyr to his zeal, burning out his vital forces in continuous, unwearied endeavors to do more than his capabilities would enable him long to execute.

At length the crisis came — not too soon for him — but, as men judge, too soon for the cause he indefatigably served. His rest is glorious.

"His usefulness, seldom equalled, has been great, various, and wide-spread ; and though, from the nature of a large part of his service, he was not able to show anything like a collected aggregate of results, yet he was not without gratifying evidence that the fruits of his fidelity, however scattered over land and sea, were abundant. As to the large remainder, his 'record is on high.'

"We lament his removal, and are perplexed by the question as to who can be found to supply the vacancy, and continue his example of personal excellence and serviceable Christian labor. Only the Lord of the harvest can provide a fitting successor."

Touching Incident.

Rev. R. H. Neale, D. D., writes, —

"At the time of Mr. Stowe's decease, I called on a prominent mercantile firm, in Washington Street, from whose members he had often, when living, received aid in his many benevolent enter-

prises, and asked them if they would loan material for draping the Bethel Church, at his funeral. They replied, with much feeling, 'We will not loan it; we will give it. Let it remain in the church as long as needed, and then distribute it among the poor of the neighborhood, as he would do.'

"As I was leaving the store, with grateful tears, they called me back, and said, 'Mr. Neale, it is not right that we should monopolize this great privilege. Other firms, who knew and esteemed Mr. Stowe, would wish to share it with us.' One of their number went with me to these other firms, who contributed with equal readiness, and were evidently grateful to their friends for giving them this opportunity. I asked at the time, and have since repeated the request, that I might refer publicly to this generous and noble act; but they have persistently refused, saying, 'Do let us have the privilege of giving something to our friends without having it told of.'

"I take the liberty, however, without their knowledge or consent, to give in this incident, and crave their pardon on the ground that I mention no names."

The Baptist Social Union, an association of laymen, was organized in Boston, in March, 1864. Its object was to encourage a more friendly and intimate relation among the laymen of the Baptist denomination. Among its warmest friends was the late Rev. Phineas Stowe, who, by his presence at the regular monthly meetings, identified himself with its objects and interests, imparting a deeper love and stronger zeal in the Master's work. During the first half of its history there was hardly a meeting at which Mr. Stowe was not present.

At its regular meeting held in the Meionaon, November 30, 1868, the following Resolutions were adopted and placed on the records : —

"*Resolved*, That we recognize in the decease of Rev. Phineas Stowe a loss, to the church and ministry of Christ, of one who adorned his profession, and faithfully fulfilled its responsibilities ; to the community, of a citizen whose broad charity and earnest zeal have been consecrated to its spiritual and temporal welfare, with results of enduring good ; to the church who long enjoyed his ministrations, of a pastor who unweariedly and

self-sacrificingly devoted his energies to their service; to the family bereaved, of one whose life-work and example are their inestimable legacy; to this organization, of one from their earthly fellowship whose cheerful countenance and pleasant utterances ever bespoke his genial and kindly nature. Those who were loved by him because loved by his Master — the poor, the friendless, the prisoner, the stranger from beyond the seas, and those who had much to be forgiven — these have lost a counsellor and friend, whom God had raised up for them, and whose place can only be filled by one of his choice and ordination.

"*Resolved*, That while rehearsing the virtues and labors of the departed we have cause for sorrow in his loss to the church and the world, we joyfully recognize a divine compensation in the evidence left to us, that the spirit of Christ is yet a living power in the membership of his church, and that the succession of his disciples, preaching the gospel, does not perish from the earth."

THE BETHEL PASTOR.

BY HON. HENRY S. WASHBURN.

THE days were brief; upon the hills
The parting smile of Autumn lay,
When in his manhood's finished prime
The Bethel pastor passed away.

A reaper, weary with his toil,
He rested by his gathered sheaves,
When, bare and brown, the landscape wore
The russet garb of faded leaves.

The cricket sang a soothing strain,
The robin lingered in the glen,
And voices murmured as we passed,
"We shall not see his like again."

It was the hour of all the year
For souls like his to pass away;
To cast aside earth's cumbrous load,
When all things whispered of decay.

And so we laid him down to rest,
And mourned with aching hearts our loss,
And heaped the turf upon the breast
Of this dear herald of the Cross.

Since then the snow has sifted down,
And Winter held his icy reign,
While Spring returns, with bird and bee,
To bless our northern homes again.

And thoughtful men, with muffled feet,
Have in that sacred temple trod,
Where the good shepherd long had lured
Their footsteps to the throne of God; —

And eyes unused to weep have shed
Tears fast and free as April rain,
And hardy sons of toil still say,
"We ne'er shall see his like again."

In many a home of sin and want,
Where Sorrow bides, a pilgrim low,
Have stricken hearts their blessings breathed
On him who slept beneath the snow.

And out upon the troubled sea,
When lightnings flashed and tempests blew,
The Christian pilot in the storm
Has stood before the trembling crew, —

And once more whispered, "Peace, be still!
O, fearful hearts, behold thy Stay!
His arm shall be thy strength and shield
Through all the dangers of the way."

Dear pilot, pastor, brother, friend!
Thou hadst "a mighty work to do;"
That work begun will never end,
Though thou hast passed the Jordan through.

And as they come, earth's conflicts o'er,
For whom so long thy soul hath striven,
What rapture, then, to welcome home
The weary to the rest of heaven!

CHAPTER XX.

Memorial Letters.

FROM among many letters received from clergymen of different denominations, who knew and appreciated Mr. Stowe's worth in the evangelization of the world to Christ, we insert one from Rev. Jonathan Brace, D. D.

"Hartford, Conn., April 12, 1869.

". . When I was installed as pastor of the First Congregational Church of Milford, Connecticut, September 24, 1845, there were none among my new parishioners who gave me a more hearty welcome than the family of Sheriff (since Governor) Charles H. Pond. The perusal of a memoir of a member of the family, then recently deceased, Charles Pond, an only son, had deeply interested me in them, and I was prepared to anticipate much pleasure and profit from their society. In this I was not disappointed. Their

home was an inviting place to visit, and I went there often and tarried long.

"One of the festive occasions in which I rejoiced with them was the marriage of the youngest daughter, S. Augusta, and Rev. Phineas Stowe, at which I officiated. A native of Milford, though then a resident of Boston, it seemed meet that he should take a wife from among his own people, and it was here that my acquaintance with him commenced. He was then in the vigor and prime of manhood, in perfect health, with an ardent temperament, and a fine, full flow of spirits, was remarkably accessible and genial, full of activity and energy, and his powers, bodily and mental, were wholly absorbed in the cause of Seamen, to which he had consecrated himself. He was accustomed to revisit the place of his nativity twice a year, and was cordially greeted by all the inhabitants, who cherished for him a strong attachment. To the two congregational pastors especially, his coming, like that of Titus to Paul and his brethren of Macedonia, was a consolation; for he never refused to lend a helping hand, and he inspired them, temporarily at least, with some of his own enthusiasm.

"The sermons preached by him in my pulpit were preached without notes, partook largely of the hortatory character, were illustrated by striking anecdotes, choice bits of poetry, images drawn from the familiar objects of nature and the incidents of daily life, had much to do with the feelings of the audience, were evangelical, and were pressed home on the conscience and heart with decided effect. His voice was clear and penetrating, his gesticulations many, and his delivery marked by an impassioned earnestness. He was very fond of children, had a rare faculty of winning their affections, and when he addressed them — as he frequently did at the Sabbath School Concert — secured their interested attention.

"I regarded him as a self-denying, zealous, laborious minister, who seemed to be happy in his work, to enjoy in an eminent degree the light of God's countenance, and to be ever under the influence of his Spirit." . . .

Rev. James L. Hodge, D. D., of the Baptist Mariners' Temple, New York city, sends the following: —

"Baptist Mariners' Temple,
New York, December 11, 1873.

Rev. H. A. Cooke.

My dear Brother: My acquaintance with that dear servant of God and the sailor-man, the late Rev. Phineas Stowe, began about the time he gave himself to the seamen's cause in Boston. He often preached in my pulpit in this city, and always with great fervor and interest. He gave me this impression every time I heard him preach, or met him in private — if ever God raised up and qualified any man for a special mission and work upon earth, and for the help and salvation of any class of men, he raised up and specially qualified our lamented brother Stowe to be an apostle to the men of the sea. The proofs of his "apostleship" were many and patent. His zeal for God's glory and the well-being of the sailor was all-consuming. In a ministry now stretching back full forty years, and with an acquaintance among ministers somewhat extensive, from my location, I am compelled to say I never knew a clergyman more devoted to his work than was Rev. Phineas Stowe. His self-forgetfulness, his untiring activity, and the intensity of his whole

life, always served to quicken my mind and my steps in the service of my Master. I doubt not many of my dear brethren in the ministry would bear similar testimony.

It might be safely said of him, he had a passion for the salvation of souls, since he was never so happy as when sinners were won to Christ. Like all men intensely earnest in doing good, he constantly surprised us by "*the ways and means*" he was ever devising to benefit and to bless the people. O, my brother Cooke, your predecessor was a good man, eminently a man of prayer, and "there was the hiding of his power." When you were called to take up the trumpet that fell from his lips in death, I trembled for you, my dear brother. Well knowing the difficulties of the work under circumstances the most favorable, from long years of experience in it myself, I could, as few others might be expected to do, realize the responsibility of the position to which God and your brethren had called you. To follow such a "standard-bearer" as Brother Stowe was no easy task or holiday enterprise, God be thanked, our hopes have not been disappointed in your qualifications for the work, and your success in the important field.

Of the men of the sea whom I have seen at our meetings here in the port of New York, one gratifying fact I may mention, and which I am confident must have been as apparent to others as to myself, namely: the sailors begotten of our lamented brother in the gospel had a most striking resemblance, in their piety and religious life, to their spiritual father in Christ. I confess that this remarkable fact often caused me to smile as I observed it in those who have taken part in my meetings. Where the resemblance was striking, they that bore it were all the more interesting for their spiritual likeness to him. My own brother, once commanding a vessel, but now dead, when in Boston harbor never failed to be one of his attentive hearers, and loved him as a brother. I trust they are now with Christ in glory." . . .

In the following warm and earnest tribute we get the reflection of the Bethel pastor's character in a locality where his influence would have full scope. In Gloucester he was in his "field," and the description places before us a stalwart laborer equal to his work. Rev. G. B. Gow writes, —

"WORCESTER, MASS., December 16, 1873.

". . . Brother Stowe was well known in Gloucester as a devoted friend of the sailor. The fishermen of Cape Ann had their own peculiar place in his sympathies and plans. Their calling has its own dangers, both physical and spiritual, even among sailors. These he understood and appreciated. While I was pastor of the First Baptist Church of Gloucester, he spent a Sabbath with me. As usual, he knew no rule of action but to use every opportunity for labor, and to make the most of it without thought of himself. He preached in my pulpit in the forenoon, and, if I remember rightly, at one of the other evangelical churches in the afternoon. His morning discourse was prolonged far beyond the hour of noon, and I wondered at the interest with which the people continued to listen to the end. He spoke without a manuscript. His sermon was not artistically constructed or rhetorically beautiful. But he talked with a tender vehemence and a loving earnestness that won the hearts of his hearers.

"In the evening he spoke in the Town Hall. It was filled to its utmost capacity. The rough-

est of the fishermen were there, and with them some of the most cultivated men of my own congregation, who confessed themselves specially drawn to hear him by the spirit of the man. He talked for about two hours. It seemed impossible for him to stop. It was as if he stood at the rail, holding the seine in which the souls of his hearers were caught, and he must haul them in or they would be lost. The net might give way, some wave of God's ocean might tear it from the vessel's side, but his hold could never break. His hearers felt this; and in this moral earnestness and profound Christian sympathy lay his power as a man and a preacher. In private and in public he was ever the same — a godly man, who loved all souls, but to whom a sailor's soul was as precious as a senator's or a king's."

Rev. Mr. Carlton, for many years chaplain of the State Prison, testifies that it was Mr. Stowe's delight to spread the gospel feast before the inmates of that institution. To show how his efforts there were appreciated, a letter from one of their number is inserted.

"MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON,
CHARLESTOWN, February 21, 1869.

". . Of the many ministers that occasionally officiated in our chapel, there was not one who so won the hearts of the convicts as did our dear departed friend, Phineas Stowe.

"The Christian and the sceptic, the moral and the depraved, one and all, were made happy when his pleasant face was seen in the prison pulpit. To his remarks we all lent a willing ear, and many a man here would still be a wanderer from his God, but for the influence exercised over him by that zealous missionary of the cross. His name has become a household word in the prison for the highest type of man of which our imaginations conceive. When we speak to one another of a sincere Christian, of a worker for Christ, of a true friend to the prisoner and to humanity, we almost invariably gauge him by him whose loss we mourn. Many of his expressions we cherish as a priceless legacy. They are to us the beacon light warning us off the dangerous shoals, and pointing to a haven where we may anchor and be at rest. What man among us can forget his fervid earnestness when saying, "I'm not the one to

talk kindly to you from the pulpit, and when I meet you outside turn coldly from you. No, dear brothers; I love you all, and want to save your precious souls. I desire to know that you are happy here, and will be happy forever."

"Yes, he did truly love us. His heart almost seemed to bleed when he saw a poor convict moved to tears by his remarks; and many is the hard man, that cared not for the kicks and cuffs of the world, that would weep like a child when listening to his exhortations. But who wept more sorrowful tears than he did? Not a man! Each tear running down his cheek, as he witnessed so many victims of misery before him, was the coinage of his sympathy, his manhood, and his Christianity. His was a heart bleeding at every pore at the sight of wretchedness. He recognized a man, a fellow-man, in every outcast spurned by society. He loved us, not because we were wicked men, but because we were his fellow-men, with souls capable of living on in happiness or despair through eternal ages; because we were just such as Christ came to save — sinners to be saved through the infinite power of love.

"What a tribute to his memory was that deep,

leaden sorrow which pervaded the prison on the announcement of his illness and death! Each convict felt that he had experienced a severe personal loss — a father, brother, friend was mourned for when Phineas Stowe was laid away in the grave. His is a reputation that, in the traditions of the Massachusetts State Prison, will outlive the towering shaft of Bunker Hill, and tell of more glorious deeds done in the cause of humanity than those for which a grateful posterity has honored Warren and his fellow-patriots.

"I can never forget him; no, not as long as reason holds its seat. It was he that first instilled good thoughts and noble resolutions in my heart, and I can truly say that if I am ever saved, it will be through Mr. Stowe's and our warden's kindness, and the prayers of a loving mother and sisters. I will not disappoint the cherished hopes of a dear mother and sisters. I must make them happy for all the misery and disgrace that I have brought upon them, and show the world that, convict as I am, there is some good in me yet."

The writer of the following, at the time of the incident here related, was an ordinary sailor, with

the characteristic roughness of his class, including profanity. How little that is hopeful in such a case! But the sower went forth to sow. The seed fell on apparently stony ground, but the fruit resulting indicated the effectual preparation. The writer states the fact and circumstances of his conversion, but does not say that he became a successful business man, had a large heart in bestowing his means, generously supported the ministry, and at times, publicly and effectively proclaimed the truths of the gospel.

"CHICAGO, January 4, 1873.

"REV. H. A. COOKE.

"Dear Sir: On a beautiful afternoon in March, 1856, a sailor friend and I were loitering about Lewis's Wharf, in Boston, when discovering for the first time, the blue flag flying at the flagstaff on the Seamen's Bethel, corner of Lewis and Commercial Streets, our attention was attracted sufficiently to influence us to enter. The pastor, with his usual earnestness, was preaching from the text, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.'

"At the close of the sermon, Brother Stowe, as was his custom, left the desk, and offered his

closing prayer near the door, that he might hand a tract to each person as they passed out of the Bethel. To my lot fell one called 'The Swearer's Prayer.' It was the first tract I ever remember of reading, and its contents went like an arrow to my heart, causing great fear to come over me. Then and there I determined to swear no more. It was the first step towards the cross, and from that time I became thoughtful. A few days later I surrendered fully to the reign of Jesus. This fact was not made known to Brother Stowe until eight years had passed on the ocean, and I had settled in business in Chicago, where the Lord has greatly blessed my humble labors in the conversion of souls and the comforting of saints.

"O, the wonderful power of that silent preacher — the tract! Who can tell the extent of its influence? I could argue and dispute with an individual, but the tract would not contend; it only presented the truth, and left it there.

"With my best wishes and earnest prayers in your behalf, I am,

"Yours in Christian bonds,

S. M. HUNT, JR."

Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D., author of that beautiful hymn, "My faith looks up to Thee," with a heart full of sympathy for friends of many years' standing who had been visited by a great sorrow, contributes the following in relation to one who had been providentially called to share with the Bethel pastor the "mighty work" laid upon him: —

"New York, February 4, 1869.

". . . Mrs. Stowe — now wife of the present pastor of the Bethel — is a native of Milford, Conn. Her father, the late Governor Charles H. Pond, was a graduate of Yale College, a man of strong and vigorous mind, and great practical sagacity. He held various public offices, took a lively interest in public affairs, and was well known as among the prominent men of his time in Connecticut. He was a man of excellent habits, and in his later years a professor of religion. Mrs. Pond, also, was in many respects a remarkable woman. With a fine person and agreeable manners, she had a good understanding, and a warm Christian heart. These parents had seven children, of whom the oldest was a son. He was my dear friend and classmate at

Yale — a model of manly beauty, and one of the finest scholars in his class. His health failed in his Sophomore year, and he died of diseased lungs at his father's house at the early age of eighteen years and eight months. A memoir of him was published at New Haven, and afterwards other editions were issued by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society at Boston.

"The loss of such a son and brother was, of course, a life-long sorrow; and to this, other bereavements were soon added. The second daughter, Catharine, a noble girl, and full of Christian earnestness, was married to the Rev. Cyrus Watson, and left home, taking with her the third daughter, Mary, to enter on Home Missionary life in the far West. On the way, Mary was taken suddenly ill, and died; and Mrs. Watson had hardly begun the work on which her heart was set, when, at the age of twenty-one, she also was called away from earthly toil. A memoir of her, entitled "How to Live," was also published. Other inroads have since been made by death in this pleasant family circle; and the greater number of the children, with both the parents, sleep together till the day when all shall wake.

"The companion of Mr. Stowe, who survives him, is the youngest of the household, and God has permitted her for many years to be the devoted and useful wife of one of his faithful servants. She is worthy to be associated with the memory of such a husband."

CHAPTER XXI.

Bethel Expansion.

BY REV. C. A. SNOW.

THE Bethel is making its record on the land as well as on the sea, and the tracings of its influence can never be erased by either fickle waves or shifting sands. They are by nature imperishable, because written upon living hearts and upon the ever-unfolding pages of human thought and enterprise. The spirit of Jesus is their life, and the seal he attaches to them gives durability.

The expansion of that influence which belongs to every true, earnest church is especially marked in the history of the Bethel, which is continually sending forth its living forces, like streams from a mountain spring, gathering power as they flow onward, and bearing the elements of pure and quickening life to other and distant places.

Hundreds of noble men, who have been converted under the Bethel flag, have become representatives of its beneficence all over the world. The light of it glows in every clime ; it is effulgent in far off continents, and in the islands of the sea. But also here, in our own country, its blessings are found in many a city, and port, and hamlet. Comparatively little note is made of the good that is being done, because we confine our observations generally to the specific work of the Bethel among seamen. But marked examples of the earnest piety and enterprise of Christian men in our land, who have received their training in the Bethel Church, ought to be treasured in the Bethel work. A few years since, a young man left his home in Nova Scotia, and came to Boston. He was an entire stranger in the city, having no friends but a sister and her husband. Being an invalid from earliest youth, it was with great difficulty that he could seek friends or work. Sad and despondent, he one evening entered the Bethel, where he became impressed by the truth, and felt his soul yearning for the blessings of that truth as they were portrayed in the fervid eloquence of the sainted

Stowe. He became a Baptist, though not without meeting with bitter persecution from friends of another persuasion. It was an impressive scene, when he was taken, like a child, in the arms of his pastor, and solemnly laid in the liquid grave, buried in the likeness of Christ. Having given himself to the Lord, he sought to know what he would have him to do. He caught the enthusiasm of the Bethel spirit. By earnest labor in the church and in the Mariner's Exchange, — of which latter place he had charge for a while, — he commended himself to the confidence and love of his brethren. Removing soon after to Providence, R. I., he carried thither the same earnest love for the souls of the perishing; and there, in a destitute and growing part of the city, he found a field all ready for his heart and hand. Here was the work for which God had designed and fitted him. Nobly did he set about it, so far as his crippled condition would allow. The history of that work is precious to all who are acquainted with it. Visiting from house to house, and holding prayer and inquiry meetings, the seal of the divine blessing soon followed, and precious souls were brought to Christ. A Christian association

was formed by a few young persons for systematic aggressive work ; the organization of a Sunday school and a church was contemplated. These matters were brought to the attention of several churches in the city, and they were urged to undertake the enterprise. When the faith of our brother had been severely tried, his plea was responded to, and the Friendship Street Church nobly met the exigency, and assumed the responsibility of the work. It was prosecuted with wonderful diligence and success. To-day there stands upon a central position in that field a fine house of worship, occupied by one of the most active churches in the city of Providence. The Sunday school is said to number over four hundred scholars. Such is the result of the Cranston Street Mission, that originated in the warm heart of our dear Bethel brother, Alexander McDonald. Should he object to the publicity we have given to his connection with this work, we can only say it was for the purpose of awakening deeper interest in a noble church. If it accomplishes our design, we believe Brother McDonald will approve of the act, because of the love he still cherishes for the dear Bethel that once folded him in its loving arms.

CHAPTER XXII.

Characteristics of a Sailor's Piety.

BY REV. R. G. SEYMOUR.

". . . My soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me."

THE sea has characteristics which the land has not. The first thought that comes to us, as we stand upon the shore, and look out upon the ocean, is its *vastness*. It stretches far away. Though we look out, and try to see the far-off shore of the other side, we only weary the eye in the search. And this feeling is pressed upon us as we sail over its broad bosom; for days and nights no land appears, and when at last we reach our destination, and touch again the shore, the other continent seems like an island that heaves its breast amidst

the limitless waves. It is a thought peculiar to itself. No matter what height we ascend, and look over the earth, while thoughts of greatness, of grandeur, of power, of beauty, come thronging in, like strong angels, to lift up our heart towards God, because of the varied picture that is presented to the eye, there is a sense of brokenness, of limitation. The sea speaks of the Infinite One, and the Limitless Life!

Then, again, there is a thought of fullness, of depth, that is peculiar to the ocean. We speak of "the *deep*, heaving sea," "the bottomless ocean," "the great deep." We never so speak of the earth. There is always a sense of *surface*, a simple stretching with a *measured* line from point to point, in our notions of the earth-life; this is because we have power to penetrate as far as we will. But into the sea God's plummet alone has reached the bottom. The heights, the breadth, and the depths seem to have a corresponding infinitude.

When one accustomed to the land-life, with its restrictions, leaves his native shore, and sails on the main, he has a homesick longing for his old limitations; but when he once has become ac-

customed to finding his pathway upon the pathless deep, knowing only the laws of heaven, feeling only the magnetic influence of the pole-star, then comes to him such a sense of *freedom*, that the shore-life, ever after, is a kind of imprisonment. He feels like a caged gull.

Men partake of the nature of their home. Character is in a large degree moulded and shaped by our natural surroundings. The Arab partakes of the wildness of the desert; the Swiss partakes of the freedom of the mountains; the Scot the strength of his hills. And thus old Ocean seems to beget in the sailor's soul the characteristics of her nature. The mother, as she rocks and sings, breathes into her child her own spirit. The sailor has a broad and generous life. His heart touches the world. He is cosmopolitan in his ideas. Meanness is not found in his vocabulary. And when God comes into that broad heart with his love, he seems to know better than the landsman the meaning of the word Universe; the holy relationship of universal fatherhood and brotherhood! The circle of God's sovereignty is the only limitation he knows. So, too, do we find a *depth* to his piety. You can dip

the measuring-rod of a man's faith into his heart; and you will not find the bottom. His religion is more than that *of humanity;* it is of God. And you would need to have the measuring-line of God's angel to sound it. There is not heat enough in the world's sun to lick it dry. It covers *all* his life, "as the waters cover the sea." His piety is not so shallow that some parts of his life show a hard, ugly, crooked surface. *Full-heartedness* is a sailor's characteristic.

And so he seems to have ocean's *freedom* in his nature. Out of Christ, his freedom chafes under the restraints of the laws of the land; in Christ, he finds delight in true obedience, but is impatient of human restraint, of any ceremonial that puts a fetter upon his spirit. Like the vessel that rides at anchor, or is fastened to the wharf, he seems to be straining at the cable as if he would up and away! When the apostle speaks to him of the "liberty of the sons of God," he knows what it means. He sails by the chart of God's word, and in the liberty of the gospel. He is guided by the pole-star of truth.

It is a glorious work that the Bethel does in winning *these* souls for Jesus. Not that one soul

is more worthy to be saved than another; but some are more useful than others in exemplifying the gospel, in spreading the news of salvation.

Let me illustrate these thoughts by the faint outline of the life of one who was led to Jesus by Rev. Phineas Stowe. It was his custom, whenever a vessel came back from a cruise, to board her, make the acquaintance of the men, put himself into sympathy with them, give them good advice about the care of their money, the choice of their companions, direct them to temperance boarding-houses, &c.

When the Saratoga came back, after a three years' absence in the Japan expedition, in 1856, Mr. Stowe found himself, the day she entered the harbor of Boston, on board, at his usual work. Among the crew was a fine-looking young man, with a broad forehead and a manly expression, who attracted Mr. Stowe's attention. This young man was James Dougherty; he was of Irish descent, and the most profane man on the vessel. So fearful was his profanity, sometimes his companions shuddered, and feared to remain upon the same yard-arm with him. But the sailor preacher drew towards him the sailor heart. After this,

as often as time allowed, this man came to Mr. Stowe's home. His heart was moved by the minister's Christian soul. He yielded to the call of the Spirit, and became a devoted follower of Jesus. Then shone in him the noble characteristics I have been describing. His life was felt by his companions and by the church. He displayed so many qualifications that Mr. Stowe induced him to begin a course of study for the ministry; but after spending a little time at Hamilton, he changed his plan, and returned to his sailor life. But how different *now!* How changed his influences since he came in contact with the great heart of Stowe! Broader, deeper, freer the life since Jesus *touched* him! Let him speak. In a letter he sent to his pastor from the United States sloop of war Decatur, he says, —

"Since I have been on board of this ship, I have enjoyed the privilege of worshipping Him whose follower I profess to be. Particularly at sea, do I experience that blessed hope in all its fullness — the influence of those hallowed feelings to which you were instrumental in giving rise. How I love to go aloft each evening, and there, in the maintop, far above the noise and confusion of

the miniature giddy world below, review the conduct of each successive day, permit conscience to erect her tribunal, and there place myself humbly at God's footstool, and ask forgiveness for the sins of the day, and solicit grace to protect me in future trials! My heavenly Father! Sweetest of names! How kind thou art, to permit unworthy me to enjoy thy presence on the ocean! What is better calculated to allay the excitement of the mind, and the tumultuous feelings of the heart, arising from contact with the world, than to see this wonder of wonders, this great Pacific reposing in tranquil majesty; to listen to its low, musical murmurs, not unlike the harping of the harps; to see the great universe blazing around, above, and then to reflect that *my* Father is King of all these, and that for His glory they are and, were created! Yes, ocean, vast as thou art, I shall see thy foundations wrapped in flames, and ye heavens, rolled together as a scroll! Yet I shall be safe in a Saviour's love. I am not able to describe to you the beauties I see, nor the feelings I enjoy. I only wish that you could see, experience, and enjoy what I do. I almost pity people who live on shore. I hope to go down

among the islands of the sea, where I anticipate much comfort with the servants of the Most High who labor there. Give my love to the church, dear brother, and tell them that I earnestly desire their prayers."

Soon came the dark days of the rebellion. When the opportunity afforded, he threw himself, with all the ardor of his nature, into his country's cause. A Christian soldier was he, as a Christian sailor; his Christian heart just as broad, full, and free in the land duty as upon the ocean.

Before entering the service he was married. Read this letter sent to his wife, written four days before he died. They are the last of his written words. There are volumes in them.

"My darling wife: I *unite* with you in giving thanks to Almighty God for the mercies of the past, and with you I humbly supplicate a continuance of them in time to come.

"You state you have invested your money in United States bonds. Right, my brave, noble, and patriotic *wife!* Lend it to your country; and should the country become poor, give all you have — comfort, home, life, health, *everything!* Perish selfishness! Perish all but love, and the

glorious land which gave our race a home! Would to God that all the children of the land were like you. God will reward you for giving up your husband to fight for liberty!"

Suddenly, on the 25th of March, 1865, came the enemy upon our troops at Fort Stedman, turning our guns upon our own men; and the spirit of Major James Dougherty went up to rest with God, to sail upon the infinite ocean, to know the depths of eternal love, and to experience the freedom of an untrammelled soul. A trophy in heaven of the Redeemer's grace, that came there through the faithful work of the Bethel pastor.

This is but one of a multitude.

The following story, "The Rover at Rest," has a place within these pages as one among many interesting examples which might have been given of the influence of Mr. Stowe over the sons of the ocean. It was originally published in the Watchman and Reflector, and was revised according to Mr. Butler's suggestions a short time before his death.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Rover at Rest.

YEARS ago, there lived in Rhode Island a family from the north of Ireland, whose young son gloried in his American birth. They would gladly have kept him with them ; but being on the sea-coast, in a shipping town, he caught that fever for the sea which leads so many young adventurers, and fixes their profession as seamen.

This boy went to sea, and finally entered our navy ; and that is all we know of him, until charms stronger than those of old ocean bound him to the land. He married a young girl in Venice, and settled himself down in that beautiful city for a time. There a little boy was born to them, whom they called William ; and it is with him we have now to do, and it is from his lips that we have received the following story of

a strangely eventful life, which we shall write, as nearly as possible, from the notes taken in long conversations with him.

William's only remembrance of Venice is of his home there, and of a woman — who he supposes was his mother — moving about the house; then of her death, and of a funeral, — a sad picture to be left on a young mind unlighted by the memory of a mother's love. The love was doubtless there, but the dark shadows that followed clouded its light forever from the infant mind.

If his father resolved to rove again after his wife's death, he knew that he could not take a tender child with him, and also that he could not leave him there among strangers. So he intrusted him to a New England sea-captain, whom he appointed his guardian, and who was homeward bound, with instruction to have him properly educated at some good school.

And that *almost* baby, from that voyage taken too early for any distinct remembrance of it to remain on his mind, struck out on the great sea of life for himself, a little wanderer, with none to pet him, none to guide or to pray for him.

On their arrival, the captain put the child into

a good family, where he would be cared for and kept at school; but being out of health himself, he soon went to Saratoga Springs, where he grew worse; and after that, our little waif never heard of him again. A few years passed on, but William did not enjoy his school, nor his books. Perhaps he had inherited the roving spirit of his father, for his heart was with the waves that dashed upon the shore, near his present home, and he longed to go out on the waters, as other children long for their home. He made the sea his play-ground, and learned to swim, and float, and plunge, with the skill and the joy of a young sea-fowl. And the closer his intimacy grew with this great, free friend, the more distasteful was the confinement of the school-room. And with this passion for the sea, there was a lack of that real home-love which all children crave; for, while he was well fed, and clothed, and sheltered, he had a hungry little heart within him, crying for sympathy he had never found, and which he perhaps hoped to find in the new friend on whose bosom he had now fully resolved to cast himself.

One day, when the little fellow was about nine years old, he slipped off and went on board a

whaler, which was taking in a crew for a long cruise. He begged to be received as cabin-boy, and told those in charge that he had neither father nor mother, and no one to make any trouble about it.

The whalers were too glad to get such a handsome and bright little fellow for a cabin-boy and a pet, to make much inquiry; and so the friendless child hid himself in the great ship, where he was almost lost, till she was fairly off for the Kamtschatka whaling-grounds. This ship had been captured by our navy from the British in the war of 1812; but its sturdy timbers were yet sound, and she ploughed the sea bravely with her freight of life; and, if we are rightly informed, she still holds on her mighty way, gathering treasures for her owners, not far from our own city. The handsome little cabin-boy was a prize for the officers on this long, tedious passage. He not only waited on them gracefully, but he whiled away the tiresome hours by his merry tricks and childish mirth. And the very sight of him must have been a pleasure to them, in contrast with the rough tars about; for he looked more like a little Italian prince than like a home-

less cabin-boy. Of course he was played with, petted, and spoiled by the officers; nor was his training improved by his intercourse with the steerage-boy, who was the pet and plaything of the common sailors.

There was at this time a custom among whalers, called "shaving the green hands"—a custom as cruel as it was senseless, and not unlike the barbarous sport called "hazing" in college. The officers, it seems, entered into the sport, as well as their men, and by it made their arrival at the equator memorable to young sailors. William had heard of this, and knew, about six weeks after leaving port, that they were nearing the equator. So, fearing that he might be made a victim of this cruel sport, he hid himself in the main-top. There he saw the whole performance, which he describes thus:—

"One of the officers, disguised as Neptune, with a pitchfork, for a trident, in one hand, and a trumpet in the other, came on deck, the green hands having been first sent below. Then the main-yard was hauled back, to stop the ship's headway, so that preparations could be made for this initiatory rite. The ship's boat was brought

on deck, and half filled with water, and a tilt-plank laid across the thwarts — the seats on which the rowers sit. Neptune, a grotesque and ridiculous figure, then left the cabin, — where he had been arraying himself, — through the windows, and clambered along the ship's side, till he reached the bow. Then he mounted the bowsprit, and seated himself on its extreme point. There he sat, in mock majesty, holding his trident aloft, forming a picture calculated to send terror to the heart of the sailor-boy who never saw the like before. Then the first victim is called up from 'below,' and is seated at the opposite end of the boat. Neptune then asks him, in stentorian tones, all manner of nonsensical questions, such as the following: 'Do you now wish to become a son of Neptune?' The sailor answers, 'Yes.' 'Will you now take the oath of office?' 'Yes.'

"At this reply some one rushes suddenly forward, and daubs his mouth all over with "slush," for a lather, when the oath is administered.

"'You pledge yourself never to eat brown bread when you can get white, and never to eat hard bread when you can get soft? Never to

refuse to help a shipmate in distress? Never to give up the ship while there's a shot in the locker? Never to kiss the maid when you can kiss the mistress?'

"To all this the sailor swears, with uplifted hand. Then the lather is scraped off the face with a strip of hoop iron, filed out into teeth; after which the bleeding and lacerated face is washed in a mixture of tar and slush. After this, Neptune springs up and lets the sailor down splashing into the water in the ship's boat, and the ceremony is over. When sailors refuse to submit to the operation, there is a 'row' on board."

One playful and harmless joke of William's captain he remembers, which was this: When the ship was at the equator, he drew a thread across the glass of the telescope, and called the "green hands" to look through it, and see "the line."

CHAPTER XXIV.

AFTER this our little voyager made another cruise for whales to Behring's Straits. The ship was this time most successful, filling up with oil in two months, and returning directly home.

During the first part of the voyage, "Little Bill" acted as the captain's boat-steerer, and in this capacity he had a chance at the sport. Frequently the whale, infuriated by the agony of the harpoon, would swim off, drawing boat and men after him; and once, a boat in which our little hero was steering was drawn off from the bark at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour — a trip which the sailors playfully called "a sleigh-ride on the fourth of July." To this whale the boat was fastened from Sunday morning, at ten o'clock, until Tuesday forenoon. All this time, the whole efforts of the powerful crew were bent on killing the monarch of the sea, but without

effect. He lashed the water, stove in several boats, and greatly endangered the lives of the men. But they kept up the dreadful conflict, knowing that, as long as he only spouted water, they had not struck at the vital spot. But on Tuesday morning, after terrible efforts to shake off his pursuers, he gave up the conflict, and sent up a great spout of blood, which dyed the sea about him. This whale, whose blubber was eighteen inches thick, yielded one hundred and twenty barrels of oil.

For thirty months they cruised on whaling-grounds, during which time "Little Bill" grew very brave and fearless in spirit, and developed very rapidly in person. The sailors, hungering for fun, and knowing that their discipline was too strict to admit of much trifling, used to set up these boys to all manner of mischief when in port, feeling sure that whatever they might do would be either overlooked or laughed at by the officers. This was a poor training for our little hero; but the free and easy life he had led thus far only whetted his appetite for it. He craved the whaler's work, as well as play; he longed to spear the whale; to be dragged in the boat by

him, in his efforts to escape; to mount his back, cut him up, and to dip buckets full of crystal oil from the open gulf within his head. And all this the child resolved to do at no distant day. He had now tasted of the wild excitement which great luck produces on a whaler's crew, after that long, dull waiting for sport which is so trying to active and ambitious men.

At length the ship returned to Massachusetts, and "Little Bill," who had been traced after his flight, found a letter informing him that a sister of his father was living in a neighboring Rhode Island town, who was anxious to receive him into her family. He first visited the people he had left so unceremoniously, with no fear whatever of censure or punishment. Although not yet twelve years old, he felt, and he had made them also feel, that he was his own master; and they did not try to restrain him. The captain, his guardian, had probably died in the mean time, and he had lost all track of his father, who was doubtless in like ignorance about him.

William was now kindly received by his aunt; but school was as distasteful to him as before. When urged to remain on shore, he decided to

learn the cooper's trade, and after that to go out as cooper in another whaler, that position being one of great profit. He says he was won to that trade by the music of the hammer. Its merry beat on hogshead, cask, and tub during the voyage had become like the roll of the drum to him; and he was very happy when he found himself at work, and keeping time in this way himself. He worked on bravely for some months, making very rapid progress, as he did in everything he touched, except in his books.

William was nearly thirteen years old when an event occurred in this little seaport town, which again broke up his plans. A bark had gone on shore at Montauk Point, where she was reported wrecked, and was advertised for sale at auction. The coopers of the town went down to the auction, examined the bark, and finding her only slightly damaged, joined together, bought her for a mere nominal sum, and fitted her out as a whaler, thus making a most profitable investment. One of the coopers was to go out as captain, and when looking about for a ship's cooper, "Little Bill" presented himself, as an applicant for the place. The suggestion seemed ludicrous

at first, but on inquiry the captain, who had heard of the little fellow's skill, decided that he could do the work under his direction. And so, as he would be a very cheap cooper, he engaged him for the cruise.

CHAPTER XXV.

FOR twenty months our little adventurer sailed over the waters he loved, keeping time to the dashing of the waves with the "tip tap" of his hammer, whistling out the mirth of his heart, and lightening the wearisome days of the men by his boyish tricks and jests.

Thus far they had experienced rather "hard luck;" and now the captain resolved to go into the Indian Ocean in search of sperm whales.

They landed at Zanzibar for water and provisions; but finding that the African fever was raging there, they sailed away as soon as possible.

There was a crew of twenty-six men on board, some of them being green hands. They had been out at sea but a short time, when the captain fell sick with the terrible scourge from which they had fled, and died. The first mate was the next

victim, and at length the two other mates sank under the disease, and were all buried in the sea, leaving the valuable ship and cargo in the hands of those apparently incompetent to manage her. Then our young sailor, strong in the power of common sense and a resolute will, told the helpless men that "he believed he could get the ship to land somewhere." They yielded to his government, feeling more confidence in him than in themselves, for each one knew himself to be unfit for the task. William knew nothing whatever of the science of navigation, but he felt, as if by instinct, that land could be made soonest by sailing towards a certain point which he had in his mind. The men yielded with deference to his decision, and wrought bravely to carry out his orders.

But death kept up his work of terror. Day after day some strong man fell at the wheel or among the shrouds, as if stricken down by a poisoned arrow. It was solemn work for that boy-captain and his terror-stricken men to prepare their comrades, one after another, for their ocean-graves ; but they did it faithfully and tenderly, till every piece of loose iron and every

ship's utensil had been used for weights to carry the bodies down to the floor of the sea. As they stood by the plank, time after time, ready to launch each new victim into the abyss, some one would say, solemnly, "Whose turn will it be to go next?"

When the iron and sand on board were gone, the horrid thought presented itself that the next corpse cast out would have to lie floating on the bosom of the waters through rain and wind, and under the rays of a tropical sun, exposed to birds of prey, without even the waters for shroud and sepulchre! And to their minds, already made keenly sensitive by anxiety for the ship and by fear of death, this thought caused agony of which those who never stood in such a place can have little idea. There is in human nature an instinctive horror at the thought of the body, which has been the spirit's home, lying exposed in all the humiliation of decay, and a universal desire that it should be hidden from view when its comeliness and symmetry are gone.

At length two more of the men died in one day, and this fearful question arose, "How shall we bury them out of our sight?"

Then the fertile imagination of our boy-navigator, who was still guiding the ship towards some islands he had in his mind, suggested a plan for the emergency. He bade the surviving seamen bind the dead men together and lash them to the grindstone, and with this last possible thing to be used for such a purpose, these, the eighteenth and nineteenth victims, were lowered into the sea! There were now seven only left out of the twenty-six men who had sailed from Zanzibar. But here the plague was stayed, and, panic-stricken and sorrowful as they were, the sailors still kept up heart, working bravely at helm and sail, having full faith in their young commander, who promised confidently to bring them into some port ere long.

And it really seemed as if the God of whom he had no thought was inspiring the boy with wisdom; as if his own mighty hand was at the wheel, guiding, while his own winds bore them on to a haven of refuge.

Between three and four hundred miles did this plague-smitten bark make her way safely, under circumstances in which wise mariners, who rely on compass and quadrant, would have pronounced

the effort worse than vain. But there was on board an heir of salvation, one who was yet to lead many other sons of the sea to the feet of Him who rides upon the whirlwind; one who, after his rovings were ended, was to build his tabernacle on the land, to watch for the souls of sailors, and to save them from their foes on shore. And as a training for the work before him, God was, perhaps, then showing him the sorrow there is on the sea. That bark was a charmed vessel. William was "immortal till his work was done;" and for his sake, perhaps, it was saved and brought into the desired haven.

By and by there came a bright fulfilment of the hopeful boy's promises. The bark hove in sight of land, which proved to be one of the Comoro Islands, and the authorities and the people, when they heard the tale, were amazed and delighted by the bravery which had saved a cargo, which, had he given up in dismay, would have been lost.

William knew just how to proceed, for he had kept both eyes and ears open when business had been done or discussed among seamen. He now presented himself, with all the assurance and

dignity of a victorious commander, before the American consul at Joanna, told his story, and asked aid in getting the bark and cargo back to the city to which she was consigned.

The consul was much interested in the case, and at once procured a captain, one who was desirous of returning to the United States, and a crew to work the ship. And again our young adventurer set forth, occupying a place of trust under his new commander, who admired and respected the manly little fellow.

Some persons would have said that "the fates" were against our little waif on the sea; but those who recognize God's hand know that he was leading the boy through strange, dark ways to the glorious light, and joy, and rest of a Father's house. The bark, which had but just emerged from the scourge of the plague, was soon seized by a foe not less relentless. The American consul at Joanna had been most unfortunate in his selection of a crew, and it was soon found that most of them were transported convicts. They were very anxious to get to Capetown, and resolved to take possession of the bark and run her in there. But those who were rightly dis-

posed stood by the captain, and with their aid he put eight of the mutineers in irons, thus saving the lives of his men, as well as the ship, for the rebels were desperate villains, who would not have hesitated to murder any who stood in their way.

Four of the men, feeling themselves grasped in the strong arm of a righteous power, repented of their course, and promised, if released, to work quietly and faithfully during the rest of the voyage. On this condition the irons were removed, and they were allowed to return to their places. The other four, being morose, and showing signs of insubordination, were kept in confinement, and were brought in irons into the New England port, where, in due season, the ship arrived, after having been given up for lost.

And still our little hero, who had been boat-steerer for the captain ; who had been drawn by a whale, at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, who had directed and aided in nursing and in burying nineteen men ; who had carried a ship into port, — was not yet fifteen years old ! The owners of the bark fully acknowledged his bravery and his skill, and in some measure repaid

him in money for his care and labor in saving their property.

During all this time the boy neither saw God's hand nor acknowledged his care in bringing him through these dangers and restoring him again to the place he now called home.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ROBINSON CRUSOE portrays adventures scarcely more marvellous than those of our Venetian boy; and were we to touch up this picture never so lightly with the pencil of fiction, we could make a story which every boy in the land would read with wonder. But our object is not to write a thrilling and exciting tale, but to describe the real life of a Christian man, who has lived and labored among us, and to show how strangely and mercifully God often brings to himself those who are afar off, and makes those who have none on earth to care for their souls his especial care.

After the last terrible voyage, in which he had to contend with pestilence, storms, and mutiny, William resolved to remain, at least for a time, on the land, and to study navigation, that he might become captain of a vessel when old enough. But we all know what such resolutions amount to

when once a boy's heart is wedded to the sea. There is henceforth no air to him like that which sweeps through the sails, no motion like the swell of the billows, and no music like the grand roar of the sea. He looks on all the business of the land as dull and tame, and is by restlessness usually unfitted for it.

A very short time at home sufficed to drive away the horrors of this last voyage from William's mind, and he began to look about for a ship as eagerly as if he had never seen strong men dying off by the plague, and had never prepared them for, and consigned them to, ocean-graves. The story of his last voyage had of course made quite a commotion in the small sea-port town where his aunt lived, and to which he went on his return from sea as to his home. His courage, his powers of endurance, as well as his love of the sea, won great favor for him among seafaring men. He was now offered the second mate's berth on board a merchantman, carrying out a cargo of New England produce to exchange for molasses, and once more set sail.

They landed safely at Demarara after a prosperous voyage, but found the yellow fever raging

fearfully there. The captain was taken down with the disease and died. They loaded with all possible speed, and left port, hoping, with a fair wind, soon to outsail the danger. But the first mate, who was the captain's brother, died, and again a vessel with crew and freight were thrown upon the hands of this boy. Again the angel of death took the helm and guided the ship into the waters of his own dark sea. The strong men began to fall under his poisoned breath, till, one by one, William and the steward had committed the rest of the crew, eight in number, to the deep. They were now midway between Demarara and Bermuda, and William resolved to run into Cuba, if possible, and thus to save the bark, as it was impossible for two men, however skilful, to work her on a long passage. He had now the whole cabin to himself. And such was the boy's bravery that he never for an hour gave up the hope of taking the bark "C. R. A." safely to her consignees. But the strongest will cannot beat off the mortal foe of man. Our little hero began to feel the hot blood rushing through his veins, and knew by the symptoms that the fever had already seized hold of his vitals. He dreaded

the effect of this on the courage of his last helper, the steward; and so, to disarm suspicion, he talked of the labor it must be for two alone to get the bark to land, and proposed that they should bring up a mattress from the cabin and lay it down by the wheel, so that while one steered the other might lie down and rest. Then the steward owned that the fever was already on him, and that every turn of the wheel seemed to him the last. The mattress was then spread, and the two fever-stricken men took turns at the wheel, sometimes obliged to lie or recline while they steered. After some time they made land at the north-east end of Cuba, near the mouth of the river Metedes. Here they both felt that their hour had come, and that neither could longer guide the ship. With the energy of despair they succeeded in hoisting the flag of distress, hoping that some one on land would descry it, and save the bark for the owners; but they gave up life for themselves, and lay down to die.

But as before, so now, God's eye was on the bark that bore the boy with the charmed life, and not even this malignant fever had power to harm him. Their flag was seen as soon as

raised, and a pilot was sent out to them. He and those who came with him saw at a glance the state of the case. The pilot took the helm, and brought them up the river to the harbor. He placed the now unconscious seamen — for they sank in delirium as soon as they were relieved of the ship — in the care of a physician who knew the disease. For seven days they lay unconscious of their condition, and when the fever had yielded to the power of medicine acting on good constitutions, and reason returned, neither of them knew where he was, nor could recall any of the circumstances of their rescue. They had kept their senses only on one point, to the last — the care of the vessel.

After long and careful nursing, they were sufficiently restored to set sail for home. William shipped six Spaniards, good sailors, and with the steward, set sail, and arrived in New York, to which city the bark was consigned. The bark and her cargo had long been given up as lost, and we may imagine the joy as well as the surprise with which the owners hailed her return. The consignees evinced their gratitude by paying William and the steward their monthly wages

and presenting them with one hundred dollars each! We only regret that we cannot give the names of this prosperous firm of shipping merchants; but we are forbidden to do so; William wishes that only good should be chronicled of those with whom he has had dealings; the evil or meanness by which he has suffered he forgives, and desires to hide from the censure of the world.

Our brave young sailor, proud of the wages of a long voyage and a hundred dollars, which should have been a thousand, returned, after his business in New York was done, to his aunt's, in Rhode Island, very feeble from the effects of the scourge which had brought him so near to the grave. But in six weeks, with returning strength, came back his desire for the sea, and he shipped again as second mate of the whaling bark F——, bound for the Pacific Ocean.

From the hour they set sail the captain gave himself up to drink, and for four months after that he could hardly be said to have been really sober. The habit had been growing on him for years, and now, removed from all restraints of wife, children, and a virtuous community, the

enemy made him an easy prey. He drank the purest French brandy in quantities which would have killed most men in a week. But even he yielded at last, and while they were lying in the Japan Sea death came to him in its most horrid form. William had been a great favorite with him, and now he called on him incessantly for brandy, which the boy dared not give. The first mate, however, yielded to his importunities, and dealt out to him on the day of his death a pint of brandy, which he drank raw, and which did the final work on the vitals already so nearly consumed. The wretched man realized that he was dying by his own hand, that he was to go down to his watery grave as a drunkard, leaving a widow and fatherless little ones, when, but for the curse of strong drink, he might have lived to bless and care for them. His mind wandered back to his home in the noble Pine State, which has sent forth so many brave sons to bless the world. Perhaps the prayer lisped at his mother's knee, and echoed through all these years, came back to him; perhaps the holy lessons of the Sabbath school and the rural sanctuary were whispered in his dull ear by the voice of memory,

thus recalling the God whose laws he had despised. "He thought upon God and was troubled." He dared not approach him face to face alone after having wilfully sinned throughout his whole life. He called to his mate and begged him to pray God for pardon and peace in this awful hour. But, alas! the mate was in the same case, and was forced to own that he knew not how; that he had never prayed. Perhaps the guilty and dying man thought that "nearer to infancy" was "nearer to heaven;" so he sent on deck for the boy-mate. William was awe-stricken at the sight of a strong man calling for help from the weak, and calling in vain. As he stood before him, the captain said, "I have been a great sinner, William. I'm going to die, and I'm afraid to meet God. I want you to pray for me." Then, for the first time, it occurred to William that there was need of prayer; but he had to confess, as did the chief mate, that he had never prayed for himself, and so could not pray for others. "I cannot pray; I never prayed in my life," he said; and the dying man turned mournfully away, exclaiming, "O, must I then die a sinner!" and those were his last words. He was soon after that lowered to his last bed in the Japan Sea.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WILLIAM'S mind was somewhat affected by the awful scenes through which he had passed, and thoughts of God, and doubts of his own state before him, troubled him. He was impressed with the awful fact, that a sinner had passed into the presence of God without a prayer because he dared not pray for himself, and had none near him who knew how to pray.

But what little seriousness there might have been was soon dispelled by change of scene. The mate took the vessel into Honolulu to recruit, and there she was sold. William now shipped in the bark "C——," of New Brunswick, as chief mate; for, although still so young, he was very tall, and looked mature, and gave evidence of skill in his profession. The ship cruised most successfully in the Sea of Okhotsk and neighboring waters for forty-eight months,

visited several Japanese ports, and nearly one hundred and fifty islands. William's share in the profits of the cruise was some six thousand dollars, with which he bought drafts on a shipping house in New Bedford. He now met with some one who knew his father, of whom he had long lost all knowledge. He learned that he was in business at a little port of New Zealand, where whalers were in the habit of putting in for supplies. When the vessel of which he was first mate returned to Honolulu, he left her, and went in search of his father. When he reached the place, his father had left the store for his home, which was several miles back in the country, the port being a quiet, dull place, with only a dozen dwellings of the humblest class. William at once went in search of him. Father and son met as strangers, but it was not long before the old man recognized the fine-looking youth, of whom he might well be proud, and gave him a hearty welcome. Here William found an English stepmother, and several half-sisters, living in a highly respectable manner, although shut out from society and most of the advantages of civilization. The high region back of the sea, on which his

father's place was situated, he describes as being very beautiful, rich in tropical foliage and flowers. The peach grows there wild, in great profusion and luxuriance; the tradition of the natives being that there was no such fruit there until after the visit of Captain Cook, and that he and his men sowed the seed which is now yielding such rich harvests.

This first taste of home love was very sweet to our young rover, and he readily acceded to his father's proposition to remain with him as cashier of his ship-chandlery; and he went at his business with all the energy of his nature; for whatever he did, he always did with his whole heart.

All moved on well for a time; but the little port was very dull when there were no ships in harbor, and the lazy listlessness of the natives, with the dull languor produced by the climate, soon grew burdensome to the impulsive youth. And besides this, there lay the great, restless sea always before him, beckoning to him with every wave, and calling him with the voices of wind and surge, as a mother calls to her son to return to her for joy and comfort.

Her voice was heard in his dreams, and he fancied himself out on her bounding bosom, only to wake and return to the dull little port, and to his ledger. The restraint soon became more than he could bear, and he laid the case before his father, telling him then, for the first time, of the drafts in his possession, which he said he should like to invest with his cousin, who was in business in the little Rhode Island port he called home. His father probably knew that arguments were useless in the case, and so kindly yielded to his wishes, offering to give him six thousand dollars in gold, to add to the little fortune of his own earning.

With twelve thousand dollars in his possession, our hero now took ship as passenger from Australia to San Francisco. It was in the winter of 1860 that he landed in the great, strange city; and scarcely had he done so, when he fell in with seven of his shipmates, from the fortunate C——, who also had with them thousands of dollars in gold, and who were, like himself, on their way home to New England.

Thus far William had been neither a drunkard nor a gambler, though he had taken, now and

then, a friendly glass with a shipmate, or made one at a game of cards, to while away the time at sea. But now that there were eight men together, they must all be generous, and treat, time about; thus forcing each to drink eight glasses at every meeting. The eyes of the landsharks were soon fixed on them and their money; and it was not long before they were invited, "just for a little sport," to faro tables in saloons, and to euchre and bluff at hotels. They were all fresh at gambling, and began, as they used to do at sea, to play for a plug of tobacco, a shirt, or a pair of boots. Their wily foes let them play on thus a while, till by degrees they drew out their shining gold. They suffered them to win, day after day and night after night, feeling safe as long as they had their hand on them. William grew very expert, and was wildly applauded for his skill.

One night they had played very deeply, and the gold they had won lay in glittering heaps before them. Just before daybreak, the eight companions returned to their hotel with seventy thousand dollars in gold in their bandanna handkerchiefs. But after this the tables turned, and the others

began to win. William grew desperate to win his lost money back again, sold one draft after another, and swamped the money in the vain effort. Then the hotel-keeper called for his bills, as did all others who had had dealings with the reckless eight; and ere long, poor William's twelve thousand had dwindled down to one draft on a New Bedford firm for two thousand dollars. His dissipation had by this time told sadly on his fine person, and he became the game of not only the gambler, but also of men who bore a nobler name, and who followed a nobler profession — men who, had they held out to him a fatherly hand, could even then have saved him from the clutches of these human fiends.

There was real honor in the fellow's heart, for all his wanderings; and when he woke up to see his condition, he resolved to cash this last draft of two thousand dollars, pay his debts, and set out for home. So he presented it, as good as gold, to a first class house, and they offered him fifteen hundred dollars for it, and no more; "because New Bedford was so far away"! And William, keenly as he felt the injustice of the transaction, accepted the offer as the only alter-

native, paid his bills, purchased a few garments, and took passage, with a two hundred dollar ticket, in the cabin, for New York, thoroughly humbled, in his own esteem, by the evil course he had been running, and by the fear of its effects on his future prospects. When, after some weeks, he reached his aunt's house, he had sixty dollars left of his twelve thousand!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE great civil war had just broken out, and seventy-five thousand men had been called for. William felt no burning patriotism; he did not even give the matter calm consideration; but, by the advice of some and the urgency of others, he plunged headlong into this new excitement, enlisted, and went with many others to Camp Dexter. In less than twenty-four hours he was sick of the confinement and discipline, and of the company of landsmen, who were a new race of beings to him. Every new day brought fresh agony for his restless spirit, and he began to contemplate suicide as the only way of release. He looked about for a place where, in solitude, he could point his musket at his own heart; but there were eyes on him all around, and hands which would frustrate his attempt. He felt forced to live on.

He marched with his regiment, was at the

battle of Bull Run, and served honorably and bravely there ; for it was not in his nature to be untrue to anything he had engaged in. What he had pledged himself to do he always did to the best of his ability ; and although war was repugnant to him, and the company he found in his regiment most distasteful, he stood to his post like a man till his time expired.

At the battle of Antietam he received three wounds at one time, by a ball passing through his arm, and again by a bursting shell in both legs. At the time of the disaster he fell helpless on the field, bleeding profusely, and but for his presence of mind must have died. After tying his leg tightly with his handkerchief to stay the flow of the blood, he lay all night insensible on the field, and awoke to consciousness in the hospital. He was in several battles after this, and served out his time with honor to himself and his adopted country. He carried the marks of his deep wounds to his grave ; and yet such was his high spirit that he never applied for his lawful pension. When friends urged him to do so, he would always say, "No ; there are many who need it more than I — let it go."

While in the army, Mr. Butler had managed to let the officers know that his seamanship was being wasted on land; and after his term had expired, he received a commission as sailing-master of a gunboat, S—— B——, his duty being to sail up and down the Nansemond River to prevent the enemy throwing up earthworks. He was afterwards appointed sailing-master of the C——, a captured blockade-runner, and used by our government as a blockader. He was thus engaged for some time with credit to himself and to the country.

Previous to his last both lucky and luckless voyage, William had deposited a few hundred dollars in the bank at home, and he left the navy with about two thousand dollars more in his possession — for he had there avoided all those sins which had robbed him of money and peace.

It had long been his desire to buy a captain's interest in a merchant vessel, and an opportunity occurred, on his coming to Boston, to secure just such an interest in the L——. For this he paid all he had in the world but one hundred dollars, which he kept back to get clothes suitable for the voyage; so that, while the other owners insured

their shares to their full value, he had to risk his without any insurance whatever.

He was now fully his own master. He was in fine health and spirits, and full of good resolutions, and of hope for the future. He sailed on the 18th of December, 1864, for Havana, loaded with "shucks" for making sugar-boxes and barrels — a cargo valued at between two and three thousand dollars, expecting to bring back West Indian produce. He felt, the day he set sail, that he had just begun life in earnest, and he fully resolved to live the life of a real, true man — as far as his views went of such a life.

But his discipline was not yet over. He was the acknowledged child, to be chastened, and not the son of dishonor, to be cast off and neglected. When five days out, the vessel encountered a tremendous gale. Her masts were carried away, and, her cargo being light, she foundered. She was then a hundred miles out in the Gulf Stream. The fog hung about like thick curtains, when a sea struck the vessel, broke over the stern, stove in the cabin bulkhead, and swept the decks forward, carrying away the caboose, and springing the jib-boom. The sea was now washing violently over the broken

spars, pieces of masts, and other loose timbers, which were beating and threatening death at every lurch of the helpless craft. William, always ready to do himself what he asked of others, now seized an axe, and called for some one to join him in cutting away the loose stuff which was endangering their lives. Scarcely had the words been uttered, when a tremendous sea struck him, and he was seen by his men to turn a complete somersault, and was then washed overboard and lost to sight amid the angry billows. He felt himself going down, down, while perfectly erect, as if standing on his feet. He kept descending to the depths, and felt that his breath was going, and that he was lost. Then came thoughts of God and eternity, and like an avalanche they rolled over his helpless soul. The sins of his childhood and his youth rose distinctly before him, and shut out all hope of heaven. He was in an agony, when suddenly it occurred to him to make one desperate struggle for life — to strike upward towards the light of day. As he made the first effort, he felt himself rising; and looking up, he saw a faint light glimmering above him, and with the wild energy of despair he aimed

towards it. He had on a heavy pea-jacket and long rubber boots reaching above the knee, both of which he had felt dragging him down while deep in the water. When he rose to the surface, both pea-jacket and boots were gone, and his limbs were free to strike for life. How he rid himself of them he has not the slightest recollection.

When he rose he saw a rope thrown out, and swam for it. It was the rope attached to the canvas-bucket used for drawing water to wash the deck, and had been thrown to him by an old sailor whom they called "Dutch Sam." But alas! the iron hoop struck him on the head, and, stunned, he sank as if for the last time; and his men gave up all hope of his rising again.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DUTCH SAM had kept his eye on the spot where William had disappeared, resolved to save him, if possible; and when he rose again to the surface, he managed, with great risk to himself, to throw a rope around him, and, with the aid of the others, to draw him on to the wreck. But the deck was still under water, with the waves breaking over it, and there was no safety there; so they were forced to find it in the rigging which was left. With genuine sailor kindness, they bore their unconscious master aloft, and lashed him to the fore-arm, or between that and another mast which we have not skill enough in nautical terms to name. And there they applied such remedies as they had at hand for his restoration to consciousness.

At the expiration of two hours he awoke to life again, with a deep sense of the realities which

had so crowded on his mind while in the grasp of death beneath the waves. He felt the hand and the eye of God on him, and he was not ashamed to speak of it. The solemnities of the eternal world gathered around his spirit with this strange and almost miraculous restoration to life, and he acknowledged to those about him the power and love that had spared him from a watery grave. He asked his men to assist him in his weakness, while he kneeled among the rigging; and there, amid the wild moaning of the winds, and the angry roaring of the billows that broke over their frail refuge, and in presence of the crew, he called mightily on the God of the seas for mercy. He confessed, in deep humility, his many and daring sins against God and his fellow-creatures, called on God for pardon, and pledged himself, with his help, to lead a new life thenceforward.

And from that hour, although he walked often in darkness, and through strange paths, for want of some one to lead him directly to Christ in simple faith, he never returned to his old, careless life. He felt this to be God's final call to him, and dared not disobey it.

The wrecked mariners had now to look their situation full in the face, and to decide on some means for preserving life. When the fury of the waves had somewhat subsided, those of them who were able — the captain was sorely bruised and suffering from the violence with which he had been beaten by the waves — descended from the rigging, and cut open the hatches, hoping that some of their supplies might have escaped injury from the salt water, which had found its way down through crack and seam. Although their water and biscuit were ruined, they succeeded in getting one or two demijohns of whiskey, a barrel of turnips, and two geese. These last the captain had bought on the day of sailing, to keep for a Christmas dinner, — one for the cabin, and one for the steerage, — little dreaming of the style in which they were to be cooked and served. He took charge of the whiskey himself, dealing it out only as a remedy against cold and exhaustion, and they sliced the turnips, and laid bits on their tongues, to quench their thirst.

Christmas morning rose bright and clear, the sea being as placid as an inland lake, without a ripple to tell of the angry tempest which had so

lately lashed it into wild fury, and so nearly ingulfed this helpless crew. The men were full of life and gladness, and they sang and whistled as they walked the deck, or scaled the frail rigging of the disabled bark. The captain ordered the great tar-kettle to be brought up, and a fire made in it of all the broken bits of timber to be found about. Cook-house and utensils having all been washed overboard, they now made both stove and pot of the tar-kettle. Having burned down the sticks and staves to coals, the captain ordered the two geese to be laid upon them, and without salt, or pepper, or savory herbs, with only a strong flavor of tar for seasoning, they roasted and ate them. Their only vegetable was raw turnips; but our hero says to-day that that goose of which he partook on Christmas day, 1864, was to him the most delicious morsel he ever tasted in his life!

After being several days on the wreck, the crew were taken off by a vessel bound for a distant port. The American consul secured return passages for such of the crew as wished to come back, and, after many weeks, William again stood on the wharf in Boston, without a shelter and without a dollar, as poor as it was possible for a mortal man to be!

Walking up from the wharf, his eye fell on the sign, "Mariner's Exchange," and he wondered what kind of a place it could be. As he must at once secure a berth on some ship, he resolved to see if this might not be the best place to make inquiries. He was in a sorry plight, as far as clothing was concerned, and was not ambitious of presenting himself before any who were fastidious in their tastes. He ascended the stairway merely to glance at the place. It was not an office, as he had expected, but a large room, seated like a vestry. There was but one solitary man there, or, as he described him, "a fine-looking gentleman, sitting alone at the desk." As soon as he caught sight of the gentleman, William made good his retreat, not caring to encounter him in his present condition. But before he reached the street he was seized with a desire to catch another glimpse of that kind and noble face. He stepped softly up the stairs again, and took a stealthy look; but now he was seen himself, and Phineas Stowe raised those eyes which death has not yet veiled from the memory of those who knew him, and with his hand beckoned him to approach.

William hung back, and would have retreated; but there was no way of escaping from the power of that man's love. Mr. Stowe approached him, and asked, "Are you a sailor, friend?" And being answered in the affirmative, he asked, again, "My friend, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?"

Deeply as William's mind was impressed with a sense of his sins and his need of a Saviour, it was in great darkness; and he was utterly ignorant of the glorious fullness there is in Christ Jesus; so he could not say, "I love him." When, on further questioning him, Mr. Stowe learned that his soul was crying out after God, he took him apart into a little closet, partitioned off from the Exchange, where were two chairs, a bin of coal, and some kindling wood — a very humble place to seek God in. And there that man of God poured out his great soul in prayer for this poor, forlorn-looking sailor with as deep fervor as if he had been praying for the soul of a prince. Perhaps he had withdrawn to the Exchange at this hour, as his Master used to visit the olive-grove, to pray alone. Perhaps he had just been asking God to send him, that very

hour, some son of the sea, whom he might lead to himself.

This visit from our poor young sailor was doubtless in answer to some prayer of his, and the blessing hung over and filled his waiting spirit. He prayed, and his visitor prayed also; and when they rose from their knees, William was no longer a stranger, homeless and hungry. Phineas Stowe took him into his home and his heart. He clothed him, he fed him, he ministered unto him, and in so doing he ministered unto the Lord he loved; and in reference to those acts, as well as to hundreds of like ones, he has long ago heard the sweet music of these words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And while William Butler is laboring in great weakness and suffering, *he* is inheriting the kingdom prepared for those who love God and do his will. Very soon they will meet again, and review the way the Lord brought them together, and in blessed reunion sing the song of victory.

CHAPTER XXX.

DURING the first interview between the pastor of the Bethel and the friend of whom we are writing, the mind of the latter became very deeply impressed by a remembrance of his broken vows, for, his conscience not being enlightened, he had still kept up his custom of taking a glass of whiskey whenever he met an old shipmate, and even that day had drank more than once. Mr. Stowe saw that that sin was a great obstacle in his way to God, and pointed out his danger from it. He urged him to remain in the Exchange to the three o'clock prayer meeting, and induced him to sign the temperance pledge.

When the hour came, and Mr. Stowe opened the meeting, William felt that all his remarks were aimed directly at him, and that every one who spoke or prayed had become, in some unaccountable way, acquainted with his personal his-

tory and experience. Towards the close of the meeting, Mr. Stowe asked if there were any there who desired the prayers of God's people, and he alone arose. With a sincere desire for God's blessing on his soul, he asked, with broken utterance, for prayer. Mr. Stowe walked towards him, laid his hand on his head, knelt down beside him, and poured out his full soul to God for pardon and assurance of acceptance for the stranger. Then he called on William to pray for himself; but so great was the burden of his sins, and his grief on account of them, that he could not utter a word. He was dumb before the Lord.

When the meeting was over, and the people gone, Mr. Stowe remained alone with this new-found object of solicitude. "Are you willing now," he asked, "to give up all for Christ?" And being answered in the affirmative, he asked again, "Are you willing to kneel down here and pray for yourself?" And as they kneeled together, and Mr. Stowe was praying, with great tears coursing down his cheeks, that God would open the lips of the young stranger, that he might pray for himself, William's mouth was unsealed, and he cried out, "Lord, have mercy on me, a

poor sinner." With this prayer a sudden light broke in on his soul; his burden and his anguish were gone, and he rejoiced in the God of his salvation.

He rose to his feet, saying, "All is right now," and threw his arms around the neck of his new friend. Then Mr. Stowe, with hands uplifted, sang, —

> "There are angels hovering round,
> To carry the tidings home."

"God bless you, my brother," he exclaimed, when his song was ended. And William replied, "I was never so happy in all my life; now tell me your name." For all this time he had not known who his friend was. When he heard it was Phineas Stowe, he exclaimed, "Why, I've heard of you before. I heard of Father Stowe, years ago, in Honolulu."

Finding that he had no boarding-place and no money, Mr. Stowe at once took him to a member of the Bethel Church whose house was a home for sailors, became responsible for his board there, and saved him from ever again knowing "the heart of a stranger."

Who can ever tell of all the aching, homeless

heads pillowed by this sailor's friend; of the sad hearts he comforted; of the guilty ones he saved from prison and from shame; of the souls he led to Christ? Eternity alone will reveal all. Already have these Christ-like words and deeds made his own rest glorious, and his song more melodious, in the land where the redeemed serve God day and night, without the shadow of sin to mar their holy joy.

A new world now lay before our rover, and he was a rover no more. He had already entered into the rest which God has prepared for his people on this side of the river — a rest which

"None but his loved ones know."

As our young sailor, thenceforth called "Mr. Butler," was in absolute want of everything, it was necessary that he should secure a voyage with all possible haste. So, the next morning, he walked down Commercial Street in search of one, and met a captain he had formerly known, who at once engaged him to go with him as chief mate to the West Indies, and advanced all the money he needed to prepare for his departure. He sailed with the blessing of that

saintly man upon him, and followed by his prayers — prayers that held him up by their mighty power with God, and shielded him like a breastplate from the arrows of the tempter.

After an absence of about ten weeks, Mr. Butler returned with the vessel to Boston, and at once went to Mr. Stowe, to report his own Christian progress, and to enjoy that good man's blessed instructions. Mr. Stowe, being satisfied with his course in his absence, now proposed his being baptized, and uniting with the church. He explained the duty, which was a new one to Mr. Butler, and directed him to the various passages in Scripture which explain the significance of baptism, and the obligation of Christians to submit to it; but the vessel was ordered away at once, so that he had no opportunity of coming before the church.

His next voyage was to South America, and he was absent four months and a half. The return voyage was a peculiarly trying one. They met with violent storms while nearing home, and they were in great danger of being wrecked on the coast. The men were obliged to work through storm and danger, to save the ship, and for sev-

eral days before landing they were all drenched with water, never having time or opportunity to dry their garments. But through all danger and temptation he had maintained his integrity, and been true to the vows he had made on that happy day in the Mariner's Exchange. He proved that a sailor can be a strict temperance man at sea, without endangering his life, even in tempest and cold. He had, on his last voyages as chief mate, ordered the Sabbath to be kept strictly as a day of rest, trying to impress on the minds of the sailors his own belief in God, and the duty of obeying his commands. But they, glad as they would have been of a day without hard labor, expressed doubts whether it would be possible to keep all in order without swabbing the decks and mending their clothes on Sunday. But he arranged matters in such an admirable way, that Saturday afternoon was their own, and thus they had no excuse for cleaning and mending on the Lord's day.

He forbade all rough or profane language in a most decided manner, and although the captain cared little for God, he offered no objection to the new rules of morality which were now made

binding on his men. The work went on so well, and the day of perfect rest, on which the sailors lay about the decks, reading and conversing, was so grateful to the poor fellows, that they freely acknowledged the success of the new plan. There was no quarrelling, nor swearing, nor dissatisfaction during the passage home.

At length, after hard experience on the coast, they landed on Boston flats just at midnight, on the last day of 1865. As they were mooring their vessel, and dropping anchor, the city bells began to ring "the old year out, and the new year in," and the mate cried out, regardless of those about him, "Father Stowe is now upon his knees at prayer." The sailors may have thought him crazed, but his heart was with the praying souls in the Bethel, and their saintly leader, and he longed to leap the distance that intervened, and join them at the throne of grace.

On landing, and mingling again with God's people, the duty of being baptized pressed heavily on his mind; but still there was an obstacle in his way. The ship was to sail on a six months' voyage before another church meeting for the admission of candidates. His duty, how-

ever, became so plain that he resolved to do it, and leave the consequences with Him whom he sought to honor. Thus he lost his voyage in the ship in which he had been so successful. He was baptized by Mr. Stowe on the 4th of February, 1866.

It was now necessary that he should ship again, and his desire was, of course, to go either as captain or chief mate. But no such opening occurred, and his little money was rapidly melting away. Then he betook himself to prayer. He pleaded with God that, as he had sacrificed his place to honor him, he would now open some other door, whereby he might earn his honest bread, and through which he might enter into labor for him, and for the soul of the sailor. But still he was looking for a place of respectability and influence on shipboard. No answer coming to his prayer, and no result from his unwearied efforts, it occurred to him that a lack of humility might stand in the way of the blessing he craved. He then went humbly to God, and promised to accept cheerfully and gratefully any work he might lay out for him, even if it were to go before the mast again. He now went to various

shipping-offices, and everywhere else where there was any chance of his meeting with an opening. But still in vain.

One day, walking up Lewis Street, he saw an advertisement at the door of a shipping-office for a man to go on a coasting voyage. On inquiry, he found it was in a coal vessel to Philadelphia and back — a place considered among sailors as the poorest and meanest of all berths.

But he was in earnest search of work, and had promised God to take whatever presented itself first: so this man, who had been mate of a foreign ship when but a boy; who had possessed thousands of dollars in his own right; who had worn with honor the uniform of his country; and had sailed master of a bark, partly his own, — agreed to take this place, and become little more than a coal-heaver. In this step he set a bright example to many more public servants of Christ, who, unless they can work in a prominent part of the vineyard, refuse to work there at all, and retire to some secular employment. No place is small or mean to which God appoints any of his servants. But when he said, "I will take the place," the broker looked at him, and replied,

"This is not a fit place for you; and besides that, I have promised it to a young man, if his landlord will let him sail without settling his bill." While they were talking, the young man referred to came in and accepted the place.

Now even this poor and uninviting door was shut against him, and it seemed — as it has seemed to many more of God's beloved ones while he was trying their faith — as if there was no place in all the wide world for him.

He left this office, and went directly to his sympathizing friend, and told him all his perplexities, well knowing that if he could not help, he would surely pity him. "My brother," said his pastor, "the Lord will not let you go to sea. He has something better for you to do. You must take charge of the shipping-office of the Mariner's Exchange."

Mr. Butler went to his boarding-house, and prayed over this matter, realizing how great an opening it would offer for usefulness among sailors; and, fully convinced that God, after shutting all other doors, had opened this one, and that it was his will that he should labor here, he returned to Mr. Stowe, and accepted the place, without

any fixed compensation, as a volunteer for one year. During that time his labors were abundant and his trials many, but he rejoiced in the thought that his rovings were ended, and he had found rest for himself and work for Christ.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THUS far the story of this eventful life had been written when the subject of it was called away from the toil which to him was both rest and worship, to the holier and unending service of Heaven. It now becomes our duty to fill up the sketch, and to show how gently and peacefully our friend was led through the dark valley, and across the river to the shining shore.

About two years after becoming superintendent of the Exchange, Mr. Butler formed the acquaintance of Miss Katy McMellan, who was in the employ of Mr. Toles, at the "Little Wanderers' Home," and a member of the Springfield Street Presbyterian Church ; but she occasionally went into the Bethel in stormy weather. It was there that, while showing kind attentions to every stranger, Mr. Butler became interested in her appearance, and resolved to find out who she was.

And this he did without delay; for at the first sight of her, as she took a seat quietly in the slip before him one stormy Sunday evening, he said to himself, "That is the first woman I ever saw that I should care to marry."

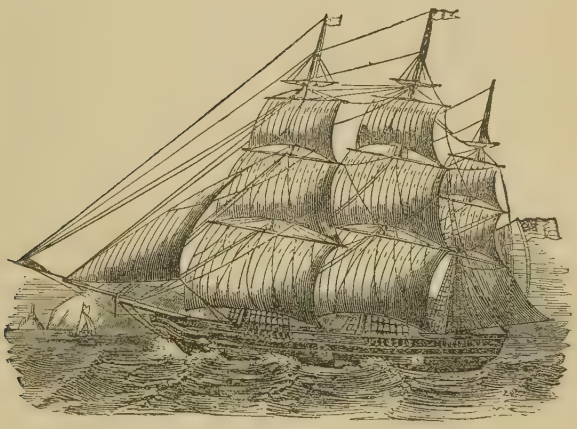
At this time Mr. Butler was living on almost nothing, trusting for his daily bread to God and to Phineas Stowe, both of whom were dearer than life to him. If Mr. Stowe had money in his hand, Mr. Butler shared it; if not, he shared the pressure, and made no complaints.

It may be seen that this was not, at this time, a very desirable match, in a pecuniary point of view — particularly to a practical, hard-working young girl who knew what it cost to live in a city like ours. In a few months from the beginning of their acquaintance, Mr. Butler proposed being married at once. Such had been his roving life, and so little had he learned to care for money, that he had no fears of the burdens he desired to assume. All he had to offer a wife was a true heart, with shattered constitution, and a debt of several hundred dollars, which he was sanguine of liquidating at no distant day; how he was to do this was to be an after consideration with him.

But the sound good sense of Katy McMellan saved them from this hasty step, and six months were spent by them both in plans to slay "the wolf," before they had a door of their own for him to enter. Probably, as far as our rover was concerned, money matters did not grow much brighter, nor yet promise to do so; so Katy, after some months, accepted the situation, and put her own powers to work to brighten the future. She did not — as some ambitious girls would have done — urge him to go back to his old profession, or to seek lucrative business on land. She saw that he was doing a great work, and she encouraged him to stand at the helm, while she bent her energies to make up deficiencies. The first thing her Scotch heart prompted her to do, instead of shining out in wedding finery to be envied by her associates, was to look that debt of his bravely in the face; then, little by little, to diminish it; and it was not long after their marriage before they owed no man anything but love.

Thus far Mr. Butler had been employed only by Mr. Stowe personally, and that without any stated salary. On the death of the pastor, the

Board of the Bethel appointed him officially as Superintendent of the Exchange, on a moderate salary, which was afterwards raised to one thousand dollars. Thenceforth he wrought with an easy mind.



CHAPTER XXXII.

FOR the last six months of his life Mr. Butler was the subject of great physical suffering. Early in the summer of 1873, after a violent attack of hemorrhage, which greatly reduced his strength, his friends induced him to go for a few weeks to New Hampshire, in the hope that the invigorating air of the hills might benefit him. Previous to this he had been greatly depressed in spirits. There was a terrible struggle of nature before he could resign the wife and child to whom he was so tenderly attached; but there was a still greater cause of anxiety than even this. As he drew nearer and nearer to the eternal world, and felt that he must soon meet God face to face, he was overwhelmed with a view of his majesty and holiness, and deeply impressed with his own sinfulness and weakness.

Sometimes he was so troubled that he could

not sleep. Once, when he had been long in prayer, and the night was waning, his wife reminded him of the importance of rest, and urged him to retire. But he refused to do so, saying that he must spend the whole night in prayer. And this deep awe and solemnity lingered on his spirit till he left his home for New Hampshire; but while absent this dark cloud was dispelled, and when he returned home the light and peace of God filled his soul and illumined his countenance. He had given up his wife and child, his life, and the work he loved. Thenceforth his peace was like a river, and he was ready and waiting to enter the higher and holier service of heaven, and looked forward with joyful anticipation to the day that was to bring him face to face with Him whom his soul loved.

Being now somewhat stronger, he again took up his work at the Exchange, although it was with great difficulty that he did so. When urged to remain quietly at home, he said, "I must go while I can; for even if I cannot talk, the sailors love to see me there." And so it was. He had not wrought so long and so lovingly for them without gaining their love and confidence

in return. But one day he came home feeling that his work was ended there, and that he had now only to fold his hands in submission, and wait till his change should come.

Many of the sailors who frequented the Exchange had left their bank books in Mr. Butler's hands for safe-keeping. When he felt that his work on earth was nearly done, he gave back the books, as he saw their owners, till he had but one left. On one of the last days of his life he heard that the owner of this book was in port, and he sent for him to come to his bedside. The shadows were falling, the gas had not yet been lighted, when this young man, in whose soul Mr. Butler had been deeply interested, came in and approached him cheerily with the question, "How are you, old fellow?"

Mr. Butler could say but little, but he seemed rejoiced to meet his friend once more. He called for a light to be brought near, saying, "I want to see how S. looks." He could not ask many questions; but he felt that the face would tell all he wished to know. When the light was set on a table, and shone full on the face of his friend, he looked earnestly at him for a moment, then

sighed, and exclaimed, "Ah, poor S.!" closed his eyes, and doubtless offered up his last prayer for this young sailor he loved so tenderly.

A few days before his death, when Mrs. Butler returned to the room after a few moments' absence, he asked her if she had "heard the singing;" to which she replied in the negative. He seemed surprised, and said that he heard it very plainly, even the words, and that the voice was very familiar to his ear. She assured him he had been dreaming; but he said, "No, I have not; I heard the voice, and it was that of Mr. Stowe, singing, —

"'Hosanna, Hosanna,
To the Lamb of God!'"

Those who remember the power and the holy fervor with which the departed pastor sang the triumphant songs of Zion here in the wilderness, can imagine the effect of his higher notes upon the parting soul of one saved through his instrumentality, if indeed he was allowed to catch them as he stood on the border-land. And who shall dare to say that a great gulf, across which no glimpse is caught, no sound heard, lies between us and the home of our ransomed ones?

"It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

"Its gentle breezes fan our cheek,
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

"Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard."

Day by day, and hour by hour, his strength failed; but he gave directions for his burial, and made provision for his little one in case his wife should be taken away during her childhood, placing her in the care of a friend to whom he was tenderly attached, and from whom he had received many tokens of friendship in the days when he needed a friend.

When told by his wife, just before the dawn of the Sabbath, that he was passing away, he replied, "All is well." Who, in passing from earth to the unseen world beyond, could say more than this? And very soon after, the light of the long Sabbath of heaven dawned on his enraptured vision.

His funeral was attended at the Bethel on Tuesday, November 4, 1873. A large congregation gathered there to show their love and respect for the dead. Beautiful and touching remarks were made by Rev. Dr. Neale, and by the pastor of the Bethel, alluding to the eventful life and peaceful end of our friend. Other ministers assisted, and a closing service was read by the members of Radiant Star Temple of Honor, with which the deceased had been connected.

His remains were, according to his own arrangement, borne to Woodlawn Cemetery, there to await the blissful awakening which shall unite his glorified body with the redeemed soul, and perfect the joy of his unending "rest."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A Sketch of the Boston Baptist Bethel Society.

BY REV. JEREMIAH CHAPLIN, D. D.

IN the year 1818, the Rev. George C. Smith, an English Baptist minister, then settled on the coast of Cornwall, being on a visit to London, attended a prayer meeting for sailors, probably on shipboard, by which his heart was so much drawn out in sympathy for that then much neglected class, that he resolved thenceforth to devote himself to their welfare as a preacher on shipboard. Something had been done earlier than this, in giving the Bible to seamen, preparatory to such an effort; but it is quite certain that to him belongs the honor of being the first "sailor-preacher." This was fifty-six years ago.

In the year 1826 the American Seaman's

Friend Society was organized in New York. The first idea of a seaman's missionary in a foreign port is said to have been suggested by the Rev. Dr. Morrison, missionary to China, in a letter to the London Bethel Union Society, urging them to send a chaplain to Canton.

In the year 1829 the idea was taken up in the United States, when the American Seaman's Friend Society sent its first missionary, Rev. Mr. Abeel, to China. Since that time many cities, in various parts of the world, have been adopted as fields for similar work, in some of which, chapels, reading-rooms, boarding-houses, savings-banks, &c., have been established for the special benefit of seafaring men.

The first Bethel effort in Boston originated in the year 1818, with Rev. (afterwards Dr.) William Jenks, subsequently, for so many years, the well-known pastor of the Green Street Congregational Church.

About the year 1866 the Salem Congregational and the Mariners' Churches were united, under the patronage of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society. For several years the Rev. S. H. Hayes has been the pastor, and is doing a most excel-

lent work among seamen as well as among the resident population. In connection with this church is a Scandinavian prayer meeting, conducted by a Norwegian.

In the year 1828 some members of the Methodist Episcopal Church formed the "Port Society of Boston and Vicinity," and the next year, under its auspices, "Father" Taylor began his labors as Mariners' Preacher in Boston, which office he held till his death, in 1871.

The Methodists of Boston were not at that time the rich and influential body that they are now, and soon found themselves unable to meet the growing demands of the enterprise. The society was transferred to the Unitarians, who stood ready to assume its support, and who have ever since given it their liberal patronage. The preacher is appointed by the Methodist New England Conference. Rev. George S. Noyes is now the faithful pastor of the Bethel Church in North Square.

Nearly thirty years ago, Rev. John P. Robinson, an Episcopal clergyman, commenced laboring among seamen in a small hall on North Street. At the time of his death, in 1871, his

society owned a fine church edifice on Parmenter Street. Mr. Robinson's son-in-law, Rev. Mr. Peirce, is the present rector of the Church of St. Mary.

The first Bethel movement in Boston under the auspices of the Baptists was made in 1843, but with no marked success. It was the beginning, however, of greater things. In 1845 the cause of seamen was taken up in real earnest, a Baptist Bethel Society being organized in June of that year by a committee of three, — Thomas Richardson, William Crowell, and Frederick Gould, — chosen for that purpose by the different churches in the city and vicinity. "It was formed," says the committee, "after several preliminary meetings, and much inquiry, deliberation, and prayer, by a delegation from all, or nearly all, the churches, chosen for that purpose, and with the cordial approbation of all the pastors." A hall was opened at the corner of Lewis and Commercial Streets for religious services, which were conducted by Rev. Phineas Stowe, who had just been called to that work.

A paper found since his death, among his manuscripts, written about the year 1868, refers

to this period, and may be appropriately introduced here, especially as showing the unselfish and magnanimous spirit which brought him to this field: —

"One of our tried friends has recently passed away — Dea. Thomas Richardson. I shall never forget the joy he gave me when almost a stranger in the city. He was one of the founders of the Boston Baptist Bethel Society, and was appointed a committee to procure for it a chaplain. I preached for the society a few times, and then returned to New Haven. I was encouraged to go to a church in New York, but before doing so, thought I would visit Boston, not having heard from there since I left. On my arrival, the news greeted me that a man had been procured for the Bethel. I did not reproach myself for not remaining when here, as some advised, and giving the brethren no opportunity of hearing different gifts. I chose to act independently, and, as it afterwards appeared, judiciously and wisely. When near the house of my old friend Hill, I met Dea. Richardson, who, with extended hands and a face beaming with smiles, exclaimed, 'Brother Stowe, I am glad to see you. I have

just been directed by the Boston Baptist Bethel Society to write to you to come and take charge of the Bethel,' and, said he, 'You must preach for us to-night at the First Church.' I am satisfied that the Lord, and not man, directed me to this vast field."

The arrival of Mr. Stowe created a fresh interest in the Bethel cause, and public meetings of the society were held from time to time for the purpose of presenting its work and wants to the churches. In February, 1846, at one of these meetings, stirring addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Cushman, Dr. Neale, and others, and encouraging letters were read from Rev. Dr. Sharp and Dr. Hague. At the close, a hymn was sung, written for the occasion by Mr. Stowe, from which we select a single verse: —

"Great Redeemer! may the seamen,
On the bosom of the deep,
Feel the influence of this meeting,
And a golden harvest reap:
Light is breaking
For the children of the deep."

In April, the same year, another meeting was held at the Bowdoin Square Church, which was addressed by Rev. Messrs. Blain, Colver, and

Hague. The report of the committee stated the expenses for the past year to have been ten hundred and seventy-one dollars, and the receipts eight hundred and nine dollars and thirty cents. It spoke in the strongest terms of the success attending the labors of Mr. Stowe, and adverted to the growing interest in the Bethel cause among the churches. It was estimated that one thousand dollars would meet the wants of the society for the ensuing year, four hundred of which were expected to come from contributions by seamen and the Ladies' Bethel Societies. For the remainder, the society must look to the generosity of the friends of the enterprise in the churches.

In July, 1846, the committee of the society, consisting of nineteen brethren, from nine churches, issued a circular, in which they stated, that though the society was begun as an experiment, the first year's trial had exceeded their highest hopes. They were, therefore, encouraged to make an earnest appeal to the churches for further assistance.

The names of the committee and churches are as follows: —

Union Street Church.

Thomas Richardson, Jos. Urann,
S. G. Shipley, Eben Carter.

Baldwin Place Church.

Fred. Gould, Jonas Forristall,
Lewis Jones, Neh. Nelson.
S. H. Lewis,

Charles Street Church.

S. S. Greene, S. A. Wheelock.

Federal Street Church.

William Crowell.

Bowdoin Square Church.

Benj. Smith, Moses Pond.

Harvard Street Church.

Wm. W. Keith, C. S. Kendall.

Tremont Street Church.

Wm. A. Holland.

South Baptist Church.

Solon Jenkins.

Friend Street Church.

Geo. W. Chipman.

According to the constitution of the society, every Baptist church electing two members annually, and contributing to its funds, becomes, in part, owner and manager of the Bethel Church property; and this property can never be disposed of except by a vote of the society. As new churches have sprung up, in the course of years, in Boston and vicinity, they have evinced a deep interest in the Bethel cause, so that at present the society has a membership representing thirty-one churches.

The work of the society has gradually extended, embracing now several departments, — the Church proper (which, however, has its own independent action), the Sunday School, the Mariners' Exchange, a Temperance organization, besides a great amount of general work, — involving an annual expense of some five thousand dollars, more than two thousand of which come from the church.

The purchase, in 1864, of the present church edifice, on Hanover Street, was an important event in the history of the society. The Bethel work, under Mr. Stowe's indefatigable and greatly successful labors, had far outgrown existing accommodations, and rendered a removal from the

small and inconvenient hall to a larger and more commodious building an absolute necessity.

The death of Phineas Stowe, in 1868, seemed, for the time, to spread a dark cloud over the enterprise to which he really fell a martyr; but the cause itself is greater than any man, is the cause of God and humanity, and could not be retarded by his removal. The deep foundations which he had laid, through long years, in prayer and self-sacrifice, were to abide as a memorial of his great heart; and never has the Bethel Society been more prosperous than at present, in connection with the unwearied and faithful labors of Rev. Mr. Cooke and his estimable lady. In every department, under the general supervision of the society, there are abundant signs of encouragement, bidding it go forward in its work of benevolence.

The paramount claim which the Bethel Society has upon the active sympathies of the denomination, arises from its immediate relation to seamen — a claim which no Christian can fail to acknowledge. To seamen we owe the mighty debt involved in the general commission of the Saviour; in the special circumstances of trial,

exposure, and temptation which pertain to their hazardous and migratory calling; and in the benefits to commerce and almost every department of our social life which accrue to us from their privations and hardships. To this seamen's work let the Bethel Society ever be specially and chiefly consecrated.

But one or two other considerations have great weight, especially with the churches in Boston and vicinity. The Bethel Church stands quite alone in the north part of the city as a representative of our denomination. The field it occupies is eminently a missionary one, in a general way, aside from the work which specially claims its attention. Besides, the Bethel Society is the only object in which all our churches are united, by their several delegates. Here is a strong bond of fraternal union, entirely voluntary and un-ecclesiastical, but for that reason calculated to constitute a mutual fellowship peculiarly unselfish and elevating.

From this rapid review of the history of the Boston Baptist Bethel Society, it is evident that it has received most signal tokens of the divine favor. Sacred memories cluster around its early

years, of men of God, either gone to their reward or still lingering among us, who gave to its interests their best thoughts and their self-denying efforts, and secured for it so excellent a name before the world. The thirty-one churches now represented in it by a membership of sixty-two — an increase of forty-three in twenty-seven years — have received a most valuable trust, to be kept undefiled, and to be rendered more and more effective in the cause of religion and humanity.

The growth of the society, and of the various departments under its care, involves greater responsibilities and an increased outlay. We invite other churches to share in this work. We appeal to churches and Christians all over the land. As regards seamen, Boston is but the centre of a wide circumference. Our mariners come from every section of the land, and our ships visit every quarter of the globe. What other single church touches so many points in the wide spiritual field, as does the Bethel Society, with its Church, its Sunday School, and its Mariners' Exchange?

The members of the board of trustees of the Bethel Society are elected annually; several have served on the board for many years, and have

rendered constant aid to the former and the present pastor. The following are the names of the members for 1873–1874.

HON. J. M. S. WILLIAMS, *President.*
C. A. VIALLE, *Secretary.*
R. HOLMAN, *Treasurer.*

First Baptist Church, Boston,
William H. Foster, S. F. Dodge.

Warren Avenue,
P. J. Forristall, George L. Norris.

Charles Street,
Robert Campbell, B. N. Adams.

Clarendon Street,
W. D. Thayer, I. O. Whiting.

Harvard Street,
G. A. Prescott, C. D. White.

Bowdoin Square,
J. C. Simpson, G. F. Paine.

South Baptist,
H. P. Hanson, Henry McCoy.

Union Temple,

Albert C. Hopkins, Austin S. Hawley.

Shawmut Avenue,

E. W. Capen, William Beals.

Central Square,

N. Litchfield, Augustus Reed.

Dudley Street,

R. A. Howes, Dr. F. W. Goss.

Dearborn Street,

H. H. W. Edmunds, W. B. Stacey.

Ruggles Street,

H. W. Chaplin, J. B. Bates.

Stoughton Street,

H. Lovett, J. C. Albright.

Fourth Street,

Rev. Andrew Pollard, Geo. F. Wadsworth.

First, Cambridge,

Hon. J. M. S. Williams, R. O. Fuller.

Old Cambridge,

Enoch H. Wakefield, Dr. Wilkes Allen.

North Avenue, Cambridge,

D. D. Haskell, D. H. Hayward.

First, Charlestown,

Prentiss Sargent, Edward Parke.

Bunker Hill,

W. W. Fish, Hiram J. Nason.

Malden,

F. A. Smith, G. D. B. Blanchard.

First, Chelsea,

William H. Hart, Charles M. Trufant.

Cary Avenue,

N. P. H. Willis, Hervey Upham.

Watertown,

Delano March, W. A. Blodgett.

Brookline,

Samuel C. Davis, H. Lincoln Chase.

Jamaica Plain,

Rev. D. P. Morgan, Dea. Wm. Manning.

Newton Centre,

Thomas Nickerson, George P. Clark.

Waltham,

William S. Draper, Charles C. Bills.

Perkins Street, Somerville,

N. L. Dayton, Theo. P. Daniels.

Newton,

Col. Albert C. Pope, George H. Dupee.

East Cambridge,

A. Stewart, W. B. Savage.

Bethel Church,

R. Holman, E. B. Elliot,
N. A. Fitch, A. Whittemore.

Hon. J. M. S. Williams has been for a full quarter of a century interested in the Boston Baptist Bethel Society. Since 1855 he has been its president, aiding it greatly by his characteristic generosity and prompt attendance at its meetings. The secretary, who has held the office for several years, is a son of the late Stephen Vialle, for many years deacon of the Bethel Church. The treasurer was converted through the instrumentality of the work at Globe Hall, baptized by Mr. Stowe, and has during the past year contributed liberally for the promotion of Bethel work.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Boston Ladies' Bethel Society.

IN a previous contribution to this volume may be found an article entitled "In Memoriam," containing a short statement relative to the Boston Ladies' Bethel Society. The compiler of this work having considered it important that a somewhat fuller statement should be rendered, we submit the following: —

In the spring of 1846 a number of ladies, who had become interested in the labors of Mr. Stowe among seamen, met for consultation as to the best method of aiding him in his work, and agreed to appoint a committee for the purpose of calling a meeting of all ladies interested in the object, looking towards the formation of a society.

The following week a meeting was held in the committee room of Bowdoin Square Church, which resulted in the organization of the Boston Ladies'

Bethel Society. The officers chosen at that meeting were the following: Mrs. S. A. Blanchard, President; Mrs. Abbie Shipley, Mrs. William Howe, Vice-Presidents; Miss M. V. Ball, Secretary; Mrs. Emily Woodman, Treasurer; also Managers from nine different churches.

Mr. Stowe was present at this meeting, offered prayer, made an interesting statement of his labors, and spoke of the great need of a society to which he could look for aid in his work among the poor and destitute families of sailors.

The society was incorporated in 1855, and a beautiful certificate of life membership was procured. Three "Sales" of useful articles and a "Festival" have been held by the society, which added several thousand dollars to the funds.

In 1864 it paid thirteen thousand dollars towards the purchase of the Bethel Church. We well remember the enthusiasm with which Mr. Stowe came to us one morning, saying, "Here is my *Autograph Book;* now I shall know nothing for the next six months but *Bethel, Bethel!* and I have faith to believe that I shall obtain all the funds we need in that time." He was not disappointed.

The treasurer has invested some fifteen hundred dollars, hoping to accomplish an object dear to the heart of Mr. Stowe — the establishment of a "Sailor's Home," where, when seamen come to the city, they can find a comfortable retreat and respectable society, with friends to direct them to the house of God. We hope that some young man, like the lamented Jacobs, will place the Bethel cause among the objects to be remembered in the disposal of his property ; or that some of our sisters may be moved, as was the heart of her who was so lately with us (Mrs. S. Bowker), to give of their substance to complete this work of love. Two hundred dollars were left by her towards this fund.

The society has also at interest over four hundred dollars for the purpose of enclosing the "Burial Lot for Seamen," at Woodlawn Cemetery, purchased by the beloved Stowe for the last resting-place of seamen who have no friends to give them respectable interment.

The secretary's report for the present year tells us that in 1864 fourteen churches were represented in our organization. To-day we number twenty-nine, having more than doubled our number during the last ten years.

Monthly meetings of this society are held in the city and vicinity from October to June. Since the plan was adopted of meeting with the churches during eight months of the year, the society has increased tenfold in numbers, and the interest in Bethel work has greatly deepened among the churches represented. The most delightful harmony and social union prevail. "We feel the force of the words, 'Union is strength,'" says our secretary, in her last report, "as at the close of every meeting we hear the spontaneous testimony from all at parting, 'No meeting like the Bethel Circle,'" where, with one heart and one voice, pastors and people from the various churches unite to concentrate their energies on this one great and glorious object, rejoicing in the blessed assurance "that the abundance of the sea shall be converted to God."

We cannot close this brief sketch without alluding to the faithful services of two of the former officers of the society, Mrs. Emily Woodman and Mrs. R. A. Sibley. The former served the society as treasurer for the first sixteen years, and by her faithful labors did much to promote its welfare and growth; the latter ably filled the office

of secretary for seventeen years, and was indefatigable in her exertions and constant devotion to its interests. The whole amount contributed by the society since 1846 for Bethel purposes is between twenty-eight thousand and thirty thousand dollars.

In closing, we take pleasure in alluding to the important services rendered by our excellent chaplain at all meetings of the society; and also his constant efforts to promote its prosperity among the various churches visited by him during the year.

The officers chosen at the last annual meeting are as follows: —

President, Miss M. V. Ball.
Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Henry A. Cooke,
" " Mrs. Edward Richardson.
Secretary, Mrs. Hiram Jacobs.
Assistant Secretary, Mrs. Grafton Parker.
Treasurer, Mrs. Abbie Shipley.

There are also Managers representing twenty-nine churches.

MISS M. V. BALL, *President.*

MRS. H. JACOBS, *Secretary.*

CHAPTER XXXV.

Seed Sowing.

BY MRS. C. A. OGDEN.

"So should we live that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power —
That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need."

"ONE soweth and another reapeth," yet the sower and the reaper shall at last meet and alike rejoice together over garnered ripened fruit. Before the Bethel Church was purchased (the thought even of its acquisition seemed almost chimerical), there came to its pastor a quickening, encouraging influence which continued unabated until he beheld the fruition of his dearest hope, a large and completed house of worship for seamen. The seed

of this good work was doubtless planted by the hand of a dying Christian, Mr. J. S. Jacobs, who passed away in the flower of youthful manhood, and whose last thoughts, shared by love for his kindred, were given to a cause that had become dear to his heart, and prompted the desire to leave some token of his sympathy and interest. His bequest to the society was the largest that had yet been given. To the sanguine, hopeful nature of the Bethel pastor this gave an impetus and encouragement which doubtless resulted in the ultimate collection of the twenty thousand dollars required for the new church edifice. Let us quote the words of the mother of this young disciple, who thus proved his faithful stewardship.

"We will draw aside the curtain for a moment with which time so soon shuts from the public view the sacred scenes where loved ones breathe their last, and enter the death-chamber of this cherished son. He is evidently entering the dark valley yet made luminous by the beams of the Sun of Righteousness. He is speaking in gentle, loving tones of sympathy to his kindred of the separation about to take place; he is exhausted

with the effort, and seems to lapse into a quiet slumber, but he does not sleep; the life-long prayer and dream of his mother is not forgotten, that his life should be devoted to God and the spread of the gospel."

He had tasted of the river of the water of life, and desired that all should drink of the same reviving draught, and thought he could materially aid the work by giving to the Rev. Phineas Stowe one thousand dollars, and to the mission of Rev. E. Kincaid five hundred dollars, to be expended in the sacred cause. Those faithful servants of the Master! He knew them both, and loved them well. As the shades of evening gathered about him, his consciousness, which had left him for a time, returned, and with it the sweet peace of the preceding day. His work on earth was done, his last and only will and testament given, and the sweet smile, the fond farewell, and parting look spoke not of death, but of the Christian's rest, into which he was entering. "Thus," to use the language of Mr. Stowe, "the hearts of his dear family became forever wedded to the cause." The germ of a greater work for seamen in this city, thus planted in weakness by the hand of a

dying man, soon unfolded in strength and beauty, bearing abundant fruit.

The years passed on, with their light and shadow, and he whose "soul-stirring appeals" in behalf of the sailor had moved so many men to love and pity had passed from earth forever, leaving the legacy of a life, the memory of which still inspires zeal and love for the cause in the hearts of those who remain to bear the burden and heat of the day.

Two active workers in the vineyard of the Master had toiled, hand in hand, in Christian duty until near the close of a Sabbath day's labor of more than usual fatigue. One, a minister of the gospel, had been signally blessed in his new field of labor; but at this time a shadow seemed to rest upon those faithful hearts, who felt that the interests of the Bethel cause were vitally their own, bequeathed to them in some measure by that devoted servant of Christ, so long identified with it, who had passed triumphantly through the pearly gates to meet his reward, carrying golden sheaves with him. The treasury of the Bethel Society was low. They needed funds to carry on the work so well begun. They looked

on all sides: no light gleamed out of the shadow; no rift in the cloud gave promise of a brighter day to-morrow. Then they turned heavenward. "Let us remember," said the pastor's companion, "the power of prayer; believing prayer availeth much. Who can say but that heavenly bread, cast upon the waters by one departed, may not return to us after many days?" So encouraged by mutual faith and united worship, the preacher went forth again to labor until past eventide, while his companion stayed his hands, through the buoyant influence of a woman's cheering trust and Christian hope. And scarcely aware that they had partaken of that divine manna which gives new life and rest to the weary, they became conscious of renewed strength, of increased faith in a brightening future.

At the close of an evening service, which had been held in Cambridge, by invitation of Hon. J. M. S. Williams, the preacher was accosted by a lady, who, in a quiet, unassuming way, inquired if the Bethel Society needed money, and if so, she could arrange that a certain amount might be at their service now, — that which, according to the will of her late husband, would be donated to the society at her decease.

An interview was appointed at her home, and Mrs. Joanna Latham placed in the hands of Rev. Mr. Cooke, present pastor of the Bethel, three thousand dollars, the largest donation ever received by the society, — the fruit of missionary zeal and love for the sailor which had pervaded the mind and life of her husband, who had done a good work among the residents of that part of the city then called "Fort Hill;" and also one of the fruits of her own self-denial, for she lived in the most economical manner, saving only for the sake of doing good.

Immediately, by the appropriation of one third of the amount thus bestowed, the incubus of debt, which had weighed so heavily upon those faithful workers, was lifted from the society. The remaining two thousand have been held in reserve, with the hope of its forming a nucleus for a permanent Bethel Memorial fund, to which other donations may from time to time be added. Mrs. Latham was the fast friend of the Ladies' Bethel Society until her death, which took place in the spring of 1872.

Another donation, which followed shortly after, from Miss Mary Thayer, — a member of the Bap-

tist Church in Randolph, — is most noteworthy, inasmuch as it was one of the fruits of seed sown broadcast over the land, by the ever-active Bethel pastor, Rev. Phineas Stowe. This lady bequeathed one thousand dollars of her property — which was not large — as a token of her deep interest in the Bethel cause, first presented to her notice by the seamen's faithful friend, whose good works, long after he has entered his heavenly home, still yield abundant fruit.

Form of Bequest.

I bequeath to the Boston Baptist Bethel Society the sum of —— dollars, to be used for benevolent purposes of said Society.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

History of the Boston Baptist Bethel Church.

BY REV. GEORGE A. WILLARD.

TO complete this volume, which contains gleanings from the life of Rev. Phineas Stowe, a sketch of the church which originated from his labors, and remains as his monument, seems appropriate.

It was on the occasion of his preaching his fifth anniversary sermon at the Boston Baptist Bethel, that the first steps were taken for the formation of a church. He had been preaching to seamen, and devoting unwearied efforts to their welfare up to this time, during which period, the results of his labors were rapidly accumulating. Hundreds of seamen were being blessed, and were carrying the blessings of salvation abroad and widely scattering them; and besides these

results, he was drawing around him individuals who felt the inspiration which animated him. Warm-hearted Christian laborers united with him in his work, becoming his fellow-helpers, and in order to bind themselves more closely, and give greater efficiency to their efforts, desired to form themselves into a church.

At the time referred to, his fifth anniversary discourse, July 14, 1850, the records inform us, that "in the sermon, the chaplain referred to the history of the Bethel enterprise, alluded to its encouraging prospects, and to the importance of having a Christian church connected with it." At the close of the exercises all persons belonging to Baptist churches, who desired to form themselves into a Seaman's church, were invited to remain for that purpose.

"On this occasion Rev. Mr. Stowe was chosen moderator, and Brother Henry Upham clerk. Remarks were made by the brethren, and prayers offered imploring the divine direction and blessing. Articles of faith, similar to those used by Baptist churches in the city, and a church covenant, were adopted, and fourteen brethren and sisters signed their names to the same." The

records continue: "These persons were ready to leave their Christian homes in other churches, which they did with regret, but with a firm belief that the cause of Christ and of seamen required them to make the sacrifice." They now entered on their chosen work, the conversion of seamen. Who can write the history of their labors and its results? The record for the period of nearly twenty-five years, the fruits of which are scattered in all lands, cannot be made by a human hand. The history of a river is not simply an account of the commerce borne on its surface, or of the machinery propelled by its power, nor yet the allaying of thirst to the herds and flocks which for generations have resorted to its banks: these are its obvious benefits; but there is its unseen fertilizing and refreshing influence, which penetrates to remote points, clothing with verdure the region through which it flows.

On Wednesday, December 29, 1850, a committee was appointed to call a council to consider the propriety of recognizing this organization as a regular Baptist church. This committee fixed the time for holding the council on the 27th of March, 1851, and invited the following churches

to send delegates, namely: First, Baldwin Place, Charles Street, Rowe Street, Harvard Street, Tremont Street, and Merrimac Street, Boston; East Boston, South Boston, First Charlestown, Bethesda (Charlestown), and Charlestown Neck; Medford, Roxbury, and Chelsea churches.

In response to this invitation, a council convened on the 27th of March, 1851, consisting of delegates from Baldwin Place, Rowe Street, Bowdoin Square, Charles Street, Merrimac Street, Boston, Bethesda, Charlestown, Medford, and Somerville churches.

In consequence of another meeting to be held at Rowe Street Church, in behalf of Newton Theological Institution, at the time appointed for this recognition, "it was voted to adjourn to Monday afternoon next, March 31, at three o'clock, P. M."

At this time the council met according to adjournment, and a delegation was also present from Tremont Church. In this council the following clergymen were present, with twenty-two lay delegates: Baron Stow, Pharcellus Church, Daniel Sharp, William Howe, E. K. Fuller, C. H. Topliff, Phineas Stowe, N. Colver, T. D. Anderson.

The following extract from the records of the council gives their action: "Listened to an account of the organization of the Bethel Church, reasons for organizing and prospects of success, from the church clerk and from Rev. Mr. Stowe; also to a statement of the treasurer of the Boston Baptist Bethel Society." After a fraternal interchange of views among the members of the council, and approving the articles of faith and covenant adopted by the church, it was voted unanimously to comply with the request of the Bethel Church, and publicly recognize them as a regular Baptist church. The public recognition took place on the 27th of April, 1851, at the Baldwin Place meeting-house. "The house was crowded on the occasion, and the following was the order of exercises: —

"Invocation, by Rev. Levi Tucker, D. D. Reading Scriptures and prayer, Rev. T. F. Caldicott. Hymn, 'Lord of the wide-extended main.' Sermon (Psalm civ. 24–26), Rev. Rollin H. Neale, D. D. Hymn, 'Watchman, tell us of the ocean.' Prayer of recognition, Rev. Baron Stow, D. D. Hand of fellowship, Rev. Joseph Banvard. Charge, Rev. Daniel Sharp, D. D. Anthem, 'O,

how lovely is Zion!' Benediction, Rev. Phineas Stowe."

The records, after noticing the interesting manner in which the various parts of the service were severally performed, add, "All the exercises were strikingly appropriate and profitable, and those who engaged in them expressed their deepest interest in the Bethel Church, and in the cause of seamen." The church at this time consisted of twenty-six members.

We now present from the records some of the incidents of special interest which occurred from the organization of the church to its public recognition, a period of nine months.

Sunday, October 6, 1850. "To-day an interesting and solemn communion season was enjoyed by our little band of disciples, assembled 'in an upper room.' About twenty — more than 'the twelve' — partook of the Lord's supper, and a much larger number of deeply interested persons remained to witness the solemn ordinance. The service of plate used on the occasion was a donation from Deacon Thomas Richardson, of the First Baptist Church in this city."

November 20, 1850. Brethren Henry Upham

and John Burnham were unanimously chosen deacons. Notice had been previously given of the proposed action. "As the subject was one of much importance, the brethren and sisters should make it a subject of prayer, that they might be directed by Heavenly Wisdom."

December 15, 1850. The ordinance of baptism was administered for the first time in this church, to Mr. George F. Williams and Mrs. Susan Goodwin Gould, in the baptistery of the First Baptist Church, which had been kindly offered. "The house was well filled on the occasion."

We find the record of an interesting occasion, under date of Sabbath evening, March 9, 1851, at Bowdoin Square Church, Rev. P. Church, D. D., pastor. "The house was crowded, and many who worship at the Bethel were present. After Dr. Church's sermon, Deacon Upham, of the Bethel, delivered an address on the ultimate conversion of seamen, in which allusion was made to the beneficial influences of seamen's Bethels. At the close of the meeting, our pastor baptized two happy converts, Brother M. W. Nichols and Brother William Dennis."

The additions made to the church from its

organization to its recognition were thirteen. The first death in the number was that of the pastor's first wife. The records show the place she held in their hearts, and thus refer to the event: "The decease of Mrs. Emily Stowe, the beloved wife of our pastor, occurred on Sunday morning, May 18, 1851. Mrs. Stowe had for years been an invalid, though she was seldom deprived of the privilege, which she prized, of attending our religious meetings. Her energetic character, social temperament, warm friendship, and Christian deportment, endeared her to our little band, and to many seamen and others. While engaged in her household duties, she was suddenly rendered unconscious, and continued so until her death, which occurred the next morning. Mrs. Stowe was buried from the First Baptist Church, May 20, 1851. Many clergymen were present, and the house was well filled. Prayers were offered by Rev. Drs. Stow and Sharp and Rev. Mr. Colver. An address was made by Rev. Dr. Neale."

As a gloom is cast over a ship's crew when some one, the favorite of all, is suddenly swept overboard, so must this little band have felt at

this bereavement; and how much more sadness must he have experienced whose nearest earthly support was snatched away, and whose grief was unwritten!

The general result of the labors of the Bethel Church from this time onward may be understood by considering, —

First, that "the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation" — a declaration which history has abundantly confirmed. It has not been through numbers, wealth, or influence, that the Christian religion has made its way, but especially by that power which God has given to its touching simplicity.

Second, that this church was gathered (instrumentally) by one who was peculiarly warm-hearted and earnest in his manner of presenting the gospel.

Third, in noticing the fact that the class gathered through the labors of Mr. Stowe, being in part composed of reformed men (many of whom had been addicted to intemperance and its attendant vices), were largely imbued with his spirit, and the spirit of the Master. It is easy to understand that those to whom much is forgiven,

love much, and laboring together with such a leader, and under such an impulse, would be a power in drawing souls to Christ. Such has been the character of the workers and the work at the Bethel. A brother of wide observation and mature judgment thus describes their meetings :—

"On two occasions, during the past winter (1870–1871), I have attended the Thursday evening prayer meetings. The services on each occasion were characterized by a peculiar intensity of religious earnestness. Every exercise was brief, and came from the heart, bearing the impress of the Spirit. Each one must have felt, in the living argument displayed before him, that religion is a reality. Men of different nations, of diverse culture, all understood one another, and spoke in the dialect of the heavenly Canaan. The Swede, the Norwegian, the Finn, the German, the English, and Scotch, and American, showed that they were all one in Christ."

All who have been accustomed to watch Christian laborers, and their work, can readily anticipate the results of such labor. The history could almost be written in advance. These earnest

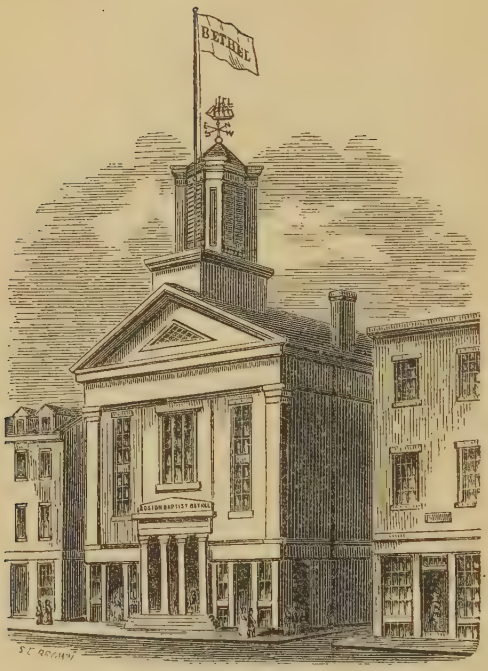
workers have kindled a love for Christ not only in sailor-hearts, but in many victims of vice, who have been brought into the service of Christ, now going everywhere preaching the word, scattering seed that shall germinate and bear fruit to the honor of God. We can record the work accomplished at home, but how small a part is this of their whole work! How little can be known of the scenes of thrilling interest on ocean's expanse and on distant shores!

A few extracts from the records serve as an index to their home work.

The letter to the association for 1862 refers to circumstances unfavorable to their home work, on account of the large number of their members who are at times at sea, leaving their forces at home small; but adds, "We trust our labor has not been in vain. It is believed that more persons have been converted during the past year on board the receiving ship Ohio, at the Charlestown Navy Yard, than in the whole city of Boston, with all its religious appliances."

In the letter for 1864 occurs the following interesting item: —

"The fact of so many of our members being



BOSTON BAPTIST BETHEL CHURCH.

away at the war, and on the ocean, operates against our general interest and apparent prosperity; but when our absent sons return, and report the mercy and goodness of God to them, and their successful endeavors to draw their shipmates to the foot of the cross, we exclaim, with the Psalmist, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.'"

This letter contains another important fact in their history. "Through the blessing of God on the indefatigable efforts of our pastor, who has secured subscriptions to the amount of over twenty thousand dollars ($20,000), the Universalist Church, corner of North Bennet and Hanover Streets, has been purchased and prepared for our use, and, God willing, a public dedication thereof will take place on Thursday evening, 22d inst." *

The letter for 1865 speaks first of having been called upon, more than usually, to "weep with them that weep." After enumerating the un-

* The old Bethel, around which clustered such sacred associations, is still retained as a reading-room for seamen, where they can write letters, engage in religious conversation, and attend a daily prayer meeting held from three to four o'clock, P. M.

usual number of deaths which had occurred, and recalling the assurance that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," it adds, "Spiritually He is blessing us with his presence, and already we seem to hear the 'sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees.'

"The energetic and zealous labors of our pastor for the good of seamen and the salvation of souls, have been blessed of God, but cannot be fully estimated until that great day when the books are opened, and the sea gives up its dead.

"Our hopes are rising, and our faith increasing; we have had the pleasure of burying in baptism twice the number we reported last year, and several more are now awaiting baptism, *who may yet 'declare His glory among the heathen,* and His marvellous works *among all nations.'*"

From the letter for 1866 we quote, —

"In our last annual letter we alluded to the 'sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees,' believing that God was going to fight for us; and with heartfelt gratitude we now report that our expectations have been more than realized. Our meetings on Lord's day, and during the week, have been well attended, and very often

have we been refreshed by the presence of the Holy Spirit in an unusual degree.

"Instrumentally we cannot but attribute much of our prosperity to the influence and personal efforts of our pastor, who always secures the warm affections of the seamen, and the heartfelt sympathy of the members."

The following incident is also noticed in the letter: —

"One young man who had been in the army and navy, and was formerly in the Sunday School at the old Bethel, was laid on a sick-bed, without hope of recovery. His uncle, who was a strong Universalist, attempted to administer the comforts of *his* religion, but found, while doing so, that Universalism would not do to die by, and himself became truly converted. The young man died, but gave evidence of his conversion before his decease; and the whole household, consisting of his mother, sister, step-father, and uncle, have been added to the church.

"The Sunday School is also in a very encouraging condition, as more interest is manifested in that work than has ever been noticed before."

The event of Mr. Stowe's death, which occurred

November 13, 1868, seemed peculiarly disastrous, on account of the character of the membership, which gave him an influence over them peculiarly salutary. Many of them he had rescued from the strongholds of vice, and been instrumental in leading to Christ; consequently they were bound to him by strong Christian ties. His influence was therefore powerful, and, under his direction, they labored with great zeal and earnestness. But when the fearful event came, it was like the removal of a father. They felt it like children, on whom a great increase of responsibility had fallen before they were prepared for it, and they were feeble to experience such a trial.

In the next letter to the association after his death, they write, —

"His loss is deeply felt by seamen, and often we have seen them weep to think, as they return from their voyages, they shall no more receive cheering words from 'Father Stowe,' as they called him."

His adaptation to his work, and great zeal and fidelity in it, were the subjects of general admiration. His people thought no one could understand its peculiar necessities like him, and in this

feeling others largely sympathized. Hence the great calamity (to human view) of this bereavement.

But his people were surrounded by kind and sympathizing friends. Resolutions, expressing deep sympathy and interest for them, were sent by the churches around, both of their own and other denominations. Neighboring pastors preached for them, and administered the ordinances, and very judiciously counselled them, though there was a general anxiety in reference to his successor.

There was no suspension of their ordinary work after the death of the pastor. Within a short time the records show that candidates for membership offered themselves, and thus they were encouraged. They manifested their conviction of the necessity for a stated ministry by inviting Rev. Mr. Medbury to become their pastor. This action was taken March 1, 1869, three and a half months after their bereavement. Mr. Medbury, however, declined, in order to complete his preparatory studies.

In June, it appears on the records, that it was "Voted, unanimously, that Rev. Mr. Peacock be

procured to labor three months." He accepted the invitation, and entered immediately on the work, and the church speaks in high terms of his labors, still anxiously looking for a pastor.

On the 16th of July Rev. H. A. Cooke, pastor of the Second Baptist Church in Lawrence, was invited, with great unanimity, to become pastor; and, accepting the invitation, he was publicly recognized October 24.

Thus it appears that the church was destitute of a pastor less than a year, and that during this time their work was prosecuted with vigor and success.

There had been during the year rather an interesting state of religious feeling, and towards its close there were especially encouraging indications, which are contained in their letter to the association dated September 12. After recalling the prominent events of the year, with a tender reference to their bereavement, they allude to the indications in their various meetings. They say, —

"But the evening prayer meetings have been well attended, and not many moments run to waste, for we can truly say, the Lord has been

nigh unto us, and we have felt his presence; and upwards of seventy, during the past few months, have risen for prayers, and some have been hopefully converted. We have faith that many souls will be brought into the fold of Christ. During the year seventeen were baptized, and the net gain of the church was eight, making the total membership at this time three hundred and thirty-seven."

From this time forward the history must be sketched by another hand. As a deep anxiety was felt by the particular friends of the church, on account of the difficulty in finding a successor to one who was so peculiarly adapted to the position, it will be encouraging to state that in the letter to the association following the settlement of the present pastor, sixty-seven were received to the church, with a net gain of forty-six. On the third anniversary of his settlement he was able to report an increase of the church during his pastorate of one hundred and thirty members.

This history is necessarily brief, but the visible results of the church command our admiration, and should secure our warmest sympathies and heartiest co-operation. The *complete* results of

this Bethel work, spreading as it does through every land and over every sea, can be estimated only by Him who "sees the end from the beginning," and with whom the past and the future is an eternal now.

The following appropriate and beautiful hymn was written for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Boston Baptist Bethel Society by Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D.:—

God of the sea, thy mighty power we own;
God of the land, we bow before thy throne;
God of the nations, on thy name we call,
Dependent we, and thou our all in all.

God bless the seaman; when in peril's hour
He seeks thy grace, and leans upon thy power,
Proclaim through him thy truth on every shore,
Till distant nations shall thy name adore.

So, living, make him for thy service meet,
Though storms descend, and fierce temptations beat!
So, dying, thou his port of mercy be,
O Rock of Ages, — safe at last in thee.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Boston Baptist Bethel Sabbath School.

By N. P. Kemp.

IF the good people who were engaged in the inauguration of any of our benevolent or religious enterprises, and especially those which have continued in existence for a series of years, and now give promise of being permanent institutions, could have foreseen, at the close even of only a quarter of a century, the value and interest which would attach to every *name* and *act* connected with the origin and early steps of such organizations, most assuredly they would have made special efforts to place on record minute and accurate information, that would have been accessible at any time for the purpose of compiling reliable histories for the gratification and instruction of present and future generations.

But in too many instances there has been a failure to exercise such care; and this we find to have been the case with the Bethel Sabbath School, as no records are to be obtained prior to September 6, 1853.

Organization.

From a brief summary presented at a teachers' meeting held in February, 1858, as well as from the personal recollection of several brethren, it has been ascertained that this school was organized in August, 1840, by the Rev. William Howe, then employed by the Baptist churches of Boston as a city missionary and general superintendent of mission Sabbath schools.

At first the organization was simply a mission school, without any distinctive name, with its sessions held in a primary school building near Chelsea Ferry. Very soon, however, a removal took place to a room on Hanover Avenue, or Methodist Alley. Still another change almost immediately occurred in the location, as better accommodations were obtained in a primary schoolhouse on the corner of Hanover and Charter Streets. But here a new difficulty was ex-

perienced. A violent opposition was manifested, by the Catholics and others, on the ground that a city building ought not to be used for sectarian purposes. This clamor became so decided that the city authorities declined to permit the school-room to be occupied any longer as a place for Sabbath school instruction.

Not yet discouraged was this little band of faithful brethren and sisters. A sail-loft was soon obtained at the corner of Commercial and Clark Streets; and here the little ones were gathered, with none to molest or make them afraid. A name was then adopted, being that of the "Commercial Street Baptist Sabbath School." Again were the tents to be struck, and this time the removal was to another sail-loft, corner of Commercial and Lewis Streets. The school then became connected with the Bethel Church, and adopted the name of the "Boston Baptist Bethel Sabbath School."

Not yet are their wanderings over; one more removal, and that to their present pleasant and convenient SABBATH HOME, corner of Hanover and North Bennet Streets, where it is hoped that the school has found, not a resting, but a *work-*

ing place, and that for many years to come, its supporters may be permitted to gather in from the streets and alleys, the cellars and attics, those children who are growing up in poverty, ignorance, and neglect, that they may be taught "the way, the truth, and the life."

Membership.

The school was organized with five teachers and thirty scholars.

Benjamin Abrahams — then an active member of the First Baptist Church — was elected the first superintendent, and was succeeded by Friend Seymour, Henry Upham, Daniel P. Simpson, P. J. Forristall, F. W. A. Rankin, Jr., Kimball Easterbrooks, and Nathan A. Fitch, the latter brother having been elected in January, 1861, and has filled the office continuously up to the present time.

Among those who originated the movement, or were soon after connected with it, were Irah Chase, Jr., Joseph Sawyer, P. J. Forristall, Lucy Hopkins, Ann Maria Dillaway — now Sawyer, Miss Abbie Brown, Eliza Ann Holbrook, and Mrs. Webber.

Special mention is made of Mr. Forristall and

Mrs. Webber for their devoted and long-continued service in this noble work.

In February, 1850, this school is reported to the Sabbath School Convention as having twelve teachers and fifty-five scholars. In 1853 the number had increased to eighteen teachers and one hundred and ten scholars ; while in 1858 the number reported was reduced to seventy ; and six years later, in 1864, the entire membership was only seventy-two. Soon after this there was a gradual increase, so that in 1871 there were twenty-eight officers and teachers and one hundred and fifty-two scholars, being a total of one hundred and eighty members. At the present time, the school numbers — officers, teachers, and scholars — two hundred and twenty-six, with an average attendance of one hundred and seventy-five.

In the percentage of attendance for the year 1872, this school ranked .78, there being only one other school among the thirty-five in the Boston North Teachers' Convention equalling it.

In the earlier years of this school, the teachers were mainly from the Baldwin Place and First Baptist Churches.

The Library.

This was commenced by the teachers contributing books from their own homes, which was followed by additions from donations and purchases, until there are now upon the shelves nearly five hundred volumes.

The Sewing Circle.

For many years this has been an aid to the school in providing clothing for poor children; but during the last two years, in addition to this, it has contributed funds towards carrying on the work at the Bethel and Exchange.

Teachers' Meetings

Have been held frequently; and on the first Sabbath in each month, the time of the session has been occupied with devotional exercises.

It is believed that these meetings have proved of great spiritual advantage to the school.

Contributions.

For the first ten years in the history of the school the contributions averaged annually about one hundred dollars. This sum was expended

mainly in clothing for the scholars. The next ten years the contributions gradually increased, until the annual average was more than two hundred dollars, while the past two years the amount has exceeded, each year, the sum of three hundred dollars.

In the list of the thirty-five schools connected with the Teachers' Convention of the Boston North Association, the Bethel school ranks sixteen in its membership and in the amount of its contributions, which is certainly highly creditable to the faithfulness and benevolence of both scholars and teachers.

Monthly Concerts

Have been observed regularly, and with the same general results in regard to the numbers in attendance that have been experienced in most of other schools; that is, these meetings have been more largely attended by all classes and ages than any other religious service upon the Sabbath.

May it not be hoped that the exercises have been of such a character as to emphasize the truth proclaimed from the pulpit, and also in harmony with those spiritual associations which

naturally cluster around the close of the Sabbath day?

Pastor's Co-operation.

To those who knew the Rev. Phineas Stowe, it would be needless to say that his great sympathizing heart was fully enlisted in the Sabbath School work. How many of us remember his presence at our Sabbath School Conventions, his love for the devotional services, and his readiness to lead in prayer or songs of praise, while his countenance was beaming with kindness and love towards all present!

His love to the Saviour seemed to permeate every thought and act of his life. His interest in those who had not accepted the offers of salvation was intense; perhaps those after whom his soul went out most lovingly were the sons of the ocean; but children shared largely in his warm affections. We have in our possession, in his own handwriting, some touching lines on the death of little Jamie, whom though he had never seen, yet the fact that one of the last acts of the little boy's life was collecting funds for the Bethel cause, moved him to pay this loving tribute to his memory.

Of the present pastor, the immediate successor to Mr. Stowe, it is perhaps enough to say, that "the mantle of Elijah has fallen upon Elisha;" and if redeemed spirits are permitted to look back upon earthly scenes, and become interested in human affairs, most surely would that of the former Bethel pastor rejoicingly approve of the choice made by his people.

Perhaps the cosmopolitan character of the school can be somewhat realized by an analysis of Deacon A. Whittemore's Bible Class. The whole number connected with this class during the year 1873 was one hundred and forty-one, representing the following nationalities: —

United States, . .	74	England, ...	2
British Provinces,	28	Prussia, ...	2
Germany, ...	9	Norway, ...	2
Denmark, ...	7	Ireland, ...	2
Sweden, ...	6	Finland, ...	2
Russia, ...	2	Africa, ...	1
Sandwich Islands,	1	Scotland, ...	1
West Indies, . . .	1	Switzerland, . . .	1

Incidents.

The composition and work of this school differ somewhat from those of most others in city or

country, and from its peculiar character and its ever-changing membership, a volume of marked and interesting incidents connected with its progress might be gathered. We present a few illustrations of this statement.

One Sabbath, while occupying a sail-loft as a place of meeting, a Christian sailor attended the services, and became so interested in the work of the Sabbath school, that he volunteered, while in port, to act as a missionary in gathering in neglected children. By judiciously bestowing some trifling rewards, he secured the regular attendance of nearly one hundred uncared-for Catholic children. Some of the priests, learning of this fact, became so enraged that they stationed one of their number at the door on the Sabbath, who, with *whip in hand, drove away* every one of these new recruits. But the children had become interested in this school, and it was not only necessary to drive them away, but to *keep* them away; and to do this, the priests were obliged to start a school of their own, which resulted in the organization of their church in Moon Street.

A friendless, careless sailor boy came in one day, and was invited to join the class of Brother Forristall. This invitation he accepted, and soon

received the truth into his heart, and became a loving, trusting disciple. He was baptized, and united with the First Baptist Church, but soon left for another voyage at sea, during which he was lost overboard, and found a grave in the Atlantic Ocean.

One Sabbath a seaman entered the school, and quietly took a seat in the back part of the room. During the exercises of the hour he stated that this school was the place where the seed was sown, which, watered by the Holy Spirit, led to his conversion while at sea. Subsequently he became a laborer in the Master's vineyard, in the State of New York, and had now come to Boston for the express purpose of visiting this school, and acknowledging the faithful instructions of his former teacher.

In 1867 the superintendent visited a seaman's boarding-house, and invited all present to attend the Sabbath School Concert in the evening. Among others, a sea captain, utterly indifferent in regard to the salvation of his soul, was specially urged to attend, and he accepted the invitation. In the course of the evening, a recitation by a little girl arrested his attention, and deeply touched his heart. The next morning he sailed

from this port. But the remembrance of that concert, and especially the recitation by that child, were constantly in mind, and not many days passed before he was rejoicing in that hope which was "as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."

On his return voyage he entered the harbor on a beautiful Sabbath morning, and at once took his boat for the wharf, and hastened to his Bethel Sabbath home to give thanks, and offer up prayer and praise. He was baptized, and united with the church, but soon after was called home to his "Father's house" of "many mansions."

Conversions.

Attractive rooms, large numbers, extensive libraries, commendable amounts in contributions, with all other external arrangements and conveniences, however pleasant and desirable, are but as the leaves of the "barren fig tree," without the power and influence of the Holy Spirit manifested in the conversion of scholars, and their consecration to the service of Christ.

For this purpose was this school establisheh, and to secure such blessed results have breth-

ren and sisters consecrated their services and offered up earnest prayer during the term of a generation now past. It is never quite safe to rely upon statistics in estimating the amount of good accomplished through any one agency of the church. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Especially is it difficult, in a school like this, to give even an approximate statement of the results of work accomplished in any given number of years. Nor is this at all necessary. The seed has been sown at all times and beside all waters, in the confident belief that in the great harvest day there will be gathered of all nations, and from almost "every kindred, and tongue, and people," those who "have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," and who will attribute their first knowledge of the "truth as it is in Jesus," and their first experience of a Saviour's love, to the faithful instructions given, and the fervent, effectual prayers offered up, by the teachers of the BOSTON BAPTIST BETHEL SABBATH SCHOOL.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Bethel Temperance Work.

BY REV. L. L. WOOD.

IT is probably as unwise, and as contrary to the divine intention, for man to give the precedence to any one department of Christian labor, as it would be for one member of the human body to say to another, "I have no need of thee." It is safe to say, however, that the temperance work of the Bethel Church comprises no insignificant part of its multiform usefulness. For more than twenty-five years weekly meetings have been held, and the pledge-roll of these meetings contains over eleven thousand signatures.

It is claimed that the churches of Christ are not alive to the evil of intemperance. Whether this charge be true in general or not, it is certainly not true of the Boston Baptist Seaman's Bethel. Recognizing the importance of this

work, and beginning it at a time when the temperance cause did not command the respect of the pious and intelligent as it does to-day, the Bethel Church has labored patiently and persistently through all these years to stem the tides of intemperance which have threatened the returning sailor with a far more dreadful doom than the ocean's waves could ever bring to him. And to-day the Bethel temperance meetings are an engine of power in that section of the city where they are so much needed, and where nearly all the other Protestant churches have given up the field, and retired to more aristocratic localities.

Every candid mind must admit that the temperance question outranks in importance all others of merely civil or moral bearing. The most reliable estimate attributes ninety-five per cent. of all the crime in the land to intemperance. The last report of the bureau at Washington gives us a liquor traffic of six hundred millions of dollars, with a probable cost to the consumers of not far from fourteen hundred and eighty-three millions of dollars, or about thirty-five dollars to every individual in the country, on an average. Add to this the value of the time wasted in the

one hundred and fifty thousand dram-shops of the United States and territories, on the basis of twenty customers to each shop per day, and one half hour to each customer, and we have a sum which almost staggers the imagination, saying nothing of the infinitely greater moral ruin attending it. These facts show the general importance of the temperance cause in the land.

In the Bethel work this subject has a special importance, and here appears the wisdom of the founders of the temperance interest, which has continued to the present, and which was never more prosperous than now.

The sailor, from his surroundings, is peculiarly exposed to the evils of intemperance. In the monotonous voyages, often without reading matter or any mental occupation, he becomes an habitual user of tobacco, which is a stepping-stone to intemperance. When he lands on foreign shores, the chances are more than equal that he will spend his time in the drinking-saloons and other disreputable places. And when he returns from the voyage, very likely his vessel is boarded by landsharks before she has touched the wharf, and he is enticed to dens of wickedness, where

he is furnished with a plenty of intoxicants, until his money has been fleeced from him; and then, in a state of intoxication, he is shipped again by his inhuman captors, and his advance pay stolen. He awakes to consciousness to find himself again at sea, with hopes and prospects more wrecked than ever; and so he drifts onward only to repeat the process, sinking lower each time in self-respect and moral worthiness.

These are the temptations peculiar to the sailor, and into which he too often falls. Thank God, this is not true of all sailors, however. There are many exceptions, of those who have found the long voyages favorable opportunities for familiarizing their minds with sacred literature and the word of God, and to whom the vessel becomes a floating Bethel on account of the divine presence. When on shore, these men are found preaching Christ in the places of prayer, instead of visiting brothels and grog-shops, and returning from their voyages they come back richer in grace, and stronger in the truth, than when they went out. So there are God-fearing captains, who statedly call their crews around them for divine worship.

The lot of the sailor is far better to-day, it is true, than it once was, though far from an easy one still; but when we think of his physical hardships, of the dangers he braves, and the temptations which confront him, his salvation is indeed a wonder, and a trophy of infinite grace. It is often found difficult to avoid the snares of the tempter on land, where the society and salutary influence of the moral and religious can easily be enjoyed. How much more difficult for the sailor, whose companionship is often unavoidably evil and demoralizing, from one year's end to the other!

We remember the brave lad who covered the powder barrel, on the gunboat, with his own body, during the bombardment of the fort by the blockading squadron; and history has recorded how the gallant commander lashed himself to the rigging of his flag-ship, that he might the better direct the terrible battle which unlocked the seaboards of the Gulf, and gave them back to the Union. It often requires more moral bravery to resist temptation than to face the cannon's mouth. Many a man has been seen to lie down and compose himself to pleasant dreams amid the whiz-

zing of bullets and the screeching of shells, who would be afraid to stand up in a prayer meeting in honor of the God who spared him, and who has not the moral courage to say "No" to the invitation of a dissipated comrade.

It is said that Admiral Dupont's gunboats passed under the most terrific fire in Charleston harbor that ever fell upon any vessel before, and that when that little fleet of untried and diminutive-looking iron vessels, having none of the majesty of the old wooden war-ships, passed into the harbor with their brave crews, to assault fortifications mounted with ten times their number of guns, and manned with fifty times their number of men, it seemed like riding into the jaws of death. They came out of the first round unscathed by the fiery hail. But these were only instances of momentary daring, once in a lifetime. Now, if greater is "he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," then all honor to the moral heroism of those noble men whose record earth has never seen, but who for a lifetime have braved the deadliest powers of Satan, and remain unscathed to-day.

A scene even more impressive, in its moral

grandeur, than the bombardment of Charleston, was witnessed when, just before that awful engagement, the brave old commander stood, with bared head, in the midst of four hundred men, and joined in the prayer for their protection in the coming battle, and for the success of the Union cause. Scenes scarcely less grand and impressive have been frequently witnessed in the little Bethel on Hanover Street, where toilers of the deep, for more than a generation of time, give glory to God, exhort their fellow-seamen and shipmates to resist temptation, to prove true to their pledge, their souls, and their God, and then go forth to endure yet other hardships, and battle yet longer for Jesus.

This thoroughly religious spirit is one of the most interesting features of the Bethel temperance work. Temperance is not inculcated as an end, but only as a means to the highest and noblest end for an immortal soul — its victory over self and the world, through the grace of God.

At the close of a recent temperance meeting, after an address by the writer, twenty brave and strong sons of the deep came forward and signed the pledge. They listened reverently to the re-

marks of the chaplain, as he solemnly administered the pledge. A copy of the New Testament was then presented to each, containing his name, and the solemn pledge he had just taken.

Who can measure the influence of these scenes for more than a quarter of a century? Year after year these Testaments have gone forth, emphasizing the solemn truth which preceded their presentation, and spreading north, east, south, and west, over every sea, and to every land. Some souls have been led by means of them to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world;" how many, time will never reveal. During the war, Testaments were sometimes taken from lifeless soldiers, saturated with their blood, and bearing the inscription of loved ones. The care with which these had been preserved sometimes led to the hope that the brave soldier had "hid" the word of God in his heart, and that when he fell beneath the enemy's bullet, his soul, cleansed by the precious blood of which that Testament spoke, had risen to that heavenly world where

> "no battle-word
> Startles the sacred host with fear and dread."

So these Bethel Testaments afford the rich hope that many sailors, of whom we have no record, have been led by them to the cross, to find deliverance from appetite and all condemnation of sin, and then to ride the billows, more precious in God's sight than all the shining pearls of ocean, or hidden treasures of the mighty deep. And when, on some dark and dreadful night, the stormy waves have overwhelmed them, they have passed through the flood-gates below, to ascend into glory, where "there shall be no more sea," no more toiling over the angry deep, no more shipwrecks, no more hardships, but where the weary are forever "at rest."

If it be a postulate of science that the gentlest blow on earth is communicated to every particle of matter in the mighty globe, and the tiny ripple on the sea spreads itself until it has reached ocean depths, and touched the farthest shore, what shall we not venture to hope as the result of these silent, and yet all-potent moral influences, which are destined to act and react through time and in eternity? Supposing only half of the eleven thousand who have signed the Bethel temperance pledge are seamen, and

that only half of these were those needing the pledge, that only half of these have kept it, and that only half of those who have kept it have been followers of Christ, yet when we think of the value of a single soul, for the loss of which all the gain of earth could not compensate, and for the salvation of which God gave his only Son, how infinite the work appears! We shall know the value of these labors when the sea gives up its dead, and when the books of the recording angel are opened. *God bless the Bethel Temperance work.*

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Two Aspects of the Work.

BY REV. HENRY M. KING.

"BETHEL work," as it is called, is an object which appeals to the sympathies of every Christian and philanthropic heart. There is something in the character of the sailor so frank, so generous, so daring, in the peculiar nature of his perils and his temptations, and in his facilities for a noble and world-wide usefulness, that readily enlists a prayerful and active interest in his behalf. The work hitherto has justly had a large place in our hearts, and God has blessed it with such marvellous success while under the care both of that earnest minister of Christ, the lamented Stowe, and also of his worthy successor, that it shall continue to receive our warmest sympathy and co-operation.

Our Bethel enterprise embraces in itself the

work of Home Missions and Foreign Missions. It is a Seaman's Bethel, and at the same time it is more than that. I might make a different division of its labors, and look at it in its *moral* and in its *spiritual* results. It would be difficult to estimate what it is accomplishing as a great moral reform movement. There is no temperance organization in the city which is more zealous and more successful in saving men from the bondage and curse of strong drink than our Bethel Church. The hundreds who every year are persuaded to sign the pledge, bear witness to the truthfulness of this assertion. Temperance meetings have been held weekly for twenty-five years, and more than ten thousand names have been inscribed upon its temperance roll. And while the customs on shipboard and the temptations on shore remain as they are, the need of such work will not be diminished. There is no sadder sight on board the English steamers, than to see the men file up, day after day, at the appointed hour, for their rations of "grog." The Bethel acts wisely in making the matter of temperance so prominent in its work, and in attempting to remove this great barrier to the progress

of the gospel among the seamen. Every man who joins it stands ready to take the pledge; if not, he must wait until he is instructed in the way of the Lord more perfectly. But this is only secondary to the greater work which the Bethel is doing in the preaching of the gospel, and for the conversion of men. It labors not only for the reformation of men, but for their salvation. It believes that the pledge is a good thing, but that the consecration of the soul to Christ is a better thing; that regeneration is a higher aim than external morality; that a Christian church composed of baptized believers is a more glorious fruit than any temperance organization. The revival influences which are there enjoyed almost without interruption, and the genuine conversion of men to the Lord Jesus Christ, are occasion for deepest rejoicing and devout gratitude to God.

The home work which the Bethel is doing, brings before us, as citizens, a subject which is worthy of our most serious attention. Situated in a section of the city containing more than thirty thousand inhabitants, with comparatively few Protestant families, it is helping us to solve the great problem of the present day, How shall

we keep our cities pure? We are destined to be a nation of cities. The agricultural districts do not hold the people. They swarm to the great centres. Immigration is pouring into every seaport its unwholesome thousands and tens of thousands, and leaving them there. Seventy per cent. of the population of New York city is foreign. Corruption in high places is only indicative of the corruption which is rankling in low places. How shall our cities, in every section and in every street, be made and kept pure? The Bethel is helping us to answer that question. The religion of respectability says, "Let us move up town, and abandon the old fields, or hold them only as we hold distant mission stations." The Bethel says, "It is not by importing outside labor that it is to be done, but by keeping Christian churches on the ground." Here we have a mission station without the stigma of the name; a pastor whom the people can call their own; a Sunday school officered and manned from among themselves; and a church, with all its divine and purifying appointments, with which the converted can unite and feel at home. Such a church becomes a permanent centre of a mighty moral and religious

influence, which must be felt in all the surrounding community.

The Bethel work has also a foreign aspect, which we cannot overlook. Coming to it, as men do, from every shore and of every language, when brought to a saving knowledge of Christ under its labors, they go forth to their homes, as the self-appointed and God-appointed missionaries of the cross, to carry the glad tidings of salvation to their distant native shores. One half of the six hundred converts who have been received into the membership of the Bethel Church since 1850, had their birth in a foreign land, and but for the Bethel they might themselves have remained without the knowledge of the Saviour, and been unable to tell their kindred the story of God's pardoning love. Souls have been led to rejoice in the truth, and churches have sprung up in far-away lands through the instrumentality of such laborers.

The American sailor is often the wayward boy, who, prompted by a desire for fancied freedom, has broken away from the wholesome restraints of a Christian home, and made choice of the roving life of the sea, regardless of a father's

wise commands and a mother's tearful entreaties. From port to port he goes, followed everywhere by the memories and the prayers of home; yet he is prayerless, and it may be, while thinking himself free, he has become the slave of many a shameful vice. Yet such a one is our representative in every foreign port he enters, and the custodian of our reputation. Though we have no state church and no national religion, yet as a nation we are nominally Christian. From our sailors the people of other lands will receive their impressions of our country, of the character of its people, and of the fruits of its religion. Let us labor to have Christian sailors, that they may help, and not hinder, our missionaries in their arduous work. Let us labor to have Christian sailors, that they may show to all the world the blessed fruits of our holy religion, and assist in hastening its universal acceptance.

The heathen are shrewd observers, and already are they beginning to acknowledge the effect which Christianity should have upon character. An American vessel was once boarded by a Malay merchant in the Indian seas, and almost the first question was, if they had any religious books or tracts to dispose of.

"Why, what do you want of them? You cannot read them," said the captain.

"True," replied the Malay, "but I have a use for them. If one of your people, or an Englishman, comes to trade with me, I give him a tract, and watch what he does with it. If he reads it soberly and treats it with respect, I take it he is honest, and will not cheat me; but if he throws it down with an oath, I'll have nothing more to do with him, for he can't be trusted."

Of Christian character as exemplified in the lives of men, it may be said, as Dr. Chalmers once said of the character of Christ, "It will do more to regenerate the world than all other agencies put together. It has done more to spread his religion in the world than all that has ever been preached or written on the evidences of Christianity." Give us godly men to man our ships, "known and read of all men," as they are, and we will move forward to the conquest of the world for Christ.

The Christian sailor becomes a self-supporting colporteur, a missionary dependent upon no overdrawn treasury, to whom the trackless ocean is but the highway to the remotest regions and

families of the earth. Wherever avaricious commerce pushes its sharp bows, wherever fearless science searches on remote shores for its hid treasures, wherever the spirit of restless discovery is borne by its broad canvas, there the Christian sailor shall go, and shall tell out of his heart the story of the cross, and spread the knowledge of its life-giving truth.

He who is laboring for the conversion of the seaman is laboring in the line of that specific divine promise, "The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee." Well will it be for us, if at the last, when "the sea shall give up its dead," we shall be found to have had some part in leading its "abundance" to Christ.

CHAPTER XL.

Testimonials to Bethel Work.

A VESSEL adrift is almost the same as a vessel wrecked. And a man adrift in this great city, amid the currents of evil, without friends, without the impulsion of right principles, is a soul lost. The forces that hold him are fatal. Before him, with almost the certainty of an accomplished fact, lies a ruined life, a ruined immortality. How many wanderers have been rescued by the Bethel from that dreadful doom! No longer adrift, but anchored — not broken on the rocks, but sheltered in the calmness of the haven.

A vessel anchored turns to meet and to resist the current. She feels the veering of wind or water, and turns so that neither wind nor wave strikes her on the broadside. In storms she brings her sharp prow to the waves, her head

to the sea, and to the tempest. And there is many a watcher on old ocean to-day, who thanks God that at the Bethel he found the anchor that made him sensitive to sin, that turned him to meet temptation, and to overcome it ; and an anchor that holds in life's extremities when others drag — "sure and steadfast" now, as Paul found it on the stormy Adriatic, when "neither sun nor stars in many days appeared."

The members of the church, seeing so plainly the desolation wrought by sin, are full of good works. One of them, Albert W. Warren, for years has spent the Sabbath upon the wharves, and among the boats, by tract and by personal appeal carrying Christ to the hearts of those whom the pulpit could not reach. This work is prized as far as its benign and wide-extended influence has gone. The pastor's hands are full of testimonies that must be an inspiration to him.

Writing of the temperance work, Rev. William M. Thayer, Secretary of the Massachusetts Temperance Alliance, says, —

"A visit to the weekly meeting at the Baptist Bethel on the first Monday of the year 1874, interested me deeply in its temperance work. It

was a stormy evening, and yet the vestry was full. The annual report showed that an average of nine persons had signed the pledge at each of the meetings during the year 1873. A large number of these men were intemperate. The pledge roll now numbers over twelve thousand names. Thirteen men, representing five nationalities, signed the pledge on Monday night. Mr. Cooke made that part of the service deeply interesting and impressive by his timely advice and right hand of fellowship.

"On leaving the vestry, we said, if all the churches of Boston would go and do likewise, what a change might be wrought in this city! The field is ample. Every church could engage in this temperance work with profit to itself. As it is, the liquor shops destroy more men than the churches save. Let them work as the Bethel Church does, and we should be able to say, very soon, the churches save more than the dram-shops destroy. A large number of the reformed drinkers at the Bethel become Christians. The temperance cause is proving a John the Baptist to that church."

No pledge is ever given without a copy of the

New Testament, donated by the Massachusetts Bible Society. It must be gratifying to the officers and friends of the above Society, that the Word of God is thus received by seamen and carried over the world.

Rev. D. P. Morgan, of Jamaica Plain, who, as a student, became interested in the work of the Bethel, writes concerning it, —

"No one can deny that the Bethel work gives an opportunity to do a vast amount of good. The question is, Shall the opportunity be improved by those who love the cause which it promotes? Shall thousands of noble, brave men, to whom commerce is indebted for her wealth, and the homes and tables of all our citizens for many of their luxuries, be supplied with the Word of God and a knowledge of salvation, or be left like a ship, crushed by the breakers and the storm, to strand upon some hostile shore? Shall thousands of careless men, coming to our harbor, be suffered to drift, like a rudderless boat, into places so vile that it is not a question of safety between Scylla and Charybdis, but a foregone conclusion of infamy and disgrace, or shall they be sought, and led to a haven of purity and truth? Shall

thousands of thinking yet wicked men be left to sail back and forth between the old world and the new, or from port to port, thus weaving a net for Satan, in which to gather up the men of the sea, or shall they be brought to Christ, and put in possession of the gospel of Christ, and made fishers of men, heralds of salvation, and promoters of civilization and humanity all over the world?

"The opportunity is given to the friends of Christ to answer these questions favorably, and to bless the sailors and the world by aiding the Bethel interest with prayer, and labor, and money. When Christ found an opportunity, he used it. To the multitude gathered for food he said, 'Labor not for the meat which perisheth;' to the woman at the well he said, 'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' To be fully Christ-like, Christians must use opportunities for saving men. The Bethel amply affords them."

But how rich the tribute to Bethel work that comes from those who have felt its influence,

who have been saved from a sinner's experience and a sinner's doom! Letters from distant ports contain words like these: —

"We have good times at sea. We have meetings two or three times a week. The first night at sea, the men all took the pledge, and I think that they will keep it; they have so far. The Lord is with us, and I think your prayers at the Mariner's Exchange are heard. The men forward are very much interested in our meetings.

"Brother, I am glad that you found me. The Lord sent you the night you took me in at the Bethel. How true is his word, 'I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love.' I know by experience that when a man is once converted, the Lord will never leave him. He may fall back, and not do his duty; still, in some way, God's protecting hand will follow him and bring him back to himself and to the church. I am ever willing to praise Him for what he has done for me, a poor sinner."

The Bethel, with its devoted pastor, should hold a large place in our hearts. It is a lamentable fact that the sails of commerce have helped to extend the dominion of sin — have

added provinces to the empire of Satan. But on many ships to-day that leave our port, the Bethel is sending men redeemed from sin, and witnesses for God. We believe in the tract, but a man is better than a tract. We believe in a good book and its beneficent work, but a man is better than a book. We believe in the Book of books, but God's own book goes clothed with power when it goes forth in the heart and in the mouth of a man. The written word may be stowed away and hidden, but the living edition shines like a light from the mast-head. Out upon every sea, and into the ends of the earth, the Bethel is sending *men;* and they are scattered by hundreds to-day all over the world, bearing witness to the truth of God.

Carved upon the Eddystone light-house — that noble monument of man's genius and humanity — are the words, "To give light and to save life." And as these, once ready to perish, go forth to save the perishing, in a larger, in a more exalted sense, we read the mission of the Bethel in those words, "To give light and to save life."

J. T. B.

CHAPTER XLI.

The Man and his Work.

BY REV. S. F. SMITH, D. D.

IN all human things the maker of a machine is greater than the machine he has made. The workman is greater than his work. But notwithstanding this, sometimes the grandeur of a work conceals, and, as it were, absorbs the workman. The writers of the preceding pages have undertaken to portray the features of the life of that incomparable man, — Phineas Stowe, — the tireless worker, — the faithful watchman for souls, — the loving friend, — the ardent minister for seamen, consuming himself with his matchless zeal, — the enthusiastic servant of Christ. As in the all-ingulfing sea, he was absorbed in his work. No man asked if he was intellectually great, or learned. The inquiry was never made whether he was a man of genius, or

had studied in the schools. So completely did he occupy his sphere, so thoroughly did he fulfil his mission, that every one who knew him, as if instinctively, perceived the fitness of the man for his sphere, and the harmony between the sphere and the man. And yet, with this wealth of adaptation to his work, and with the affluence of his consecration to it, the writers of these pages have in a striking manner merged the workman in his work. It is to Phineas Stowe and his memory that these pages seek to record a tender tribute ; but the great beneficence to which he devoted himself, the cause to which he lovingly sacrificed his life, — in these the reader finds himself interested and absorbed. Meek, self-forgetful, and retiring, not seeking to impress others with a sense of his dignity, ability, or power, he toiled at his spiritual forge, as a mechanic bent on finishing a perfect model. Finding the materials on which he labored in what men regard as the lower strata of society, he did not shrink from the grime, the sweat, and the darkness with which his service brought him into companionship, if only he might save his fellow-men, and out of the rudest pebbles or the most uncomely ores, gather precious metals

and polish sparkling jewels for the crown of Jesus Christ. Like the laborer who feeds the furnaces with fuel, unseen and unthought of, and unconscious of the curious effects wrought by the delicate or the mighty machinery which depends on his sinewy arm and his faithful and persevering heart, he was content to labor out of sight, if need be, — to toil away from the world's glare and praise, — seeking the accomplishment of the great end in which his soul was bound up, and the honor of "God only." How well he wrought, the work he did abundantly witnesses. How wisely he planned, — how constantly he toiled, — how earnestly he interceded, — how enthusiastically and successfully he strove to enlist the energies of others, — the broad foundations he laid for the Baptist Bethel work, and the comely superstructure which has been reared upon it, give sufficient and honorable testimony.

At this late day it is not necessary to show the importance of the work for seamen, or to offer information to an enlightened public in regard to the far-reaching influences which have their roots in this soil. Ever since the Rev. Dr. Jenks began a service for sailors in a warehouse midway of the

length of Central Wharf, preaching on the Sabbath morning and giving a tract at the close of the service to the few seamen and poor laboring men who attended, — ever since the Christian Watchman published, in one of its earliest issues, a description from a London paper of the earliest Bethel flag and its first unfurling to the breeze, the public interest in this cause has been growing. The little prayer meeting, held for a few weeks at the house of Thomas Ford, in Cross Street, and of Deacon John Sullivan, who lived opposite, made interesting by the presence of two Swedish sailors who had been converted on board the ship which conveyed the early missionaries, Colman and Wheelock, to Calcutta, warmed the germs of the Bethel interest into life. The broken dialect and lisping speech of these first fruits to Christ of the enterprise of missions to the heathen were not lost. From this humble beginning, the few poor people who wept their grateful Amens when these strangers from a strange land begged "the Father of Mercies" for the conversion of them "that are afar off upon the sea," originated a depth of love to the work for the sailor, which men of wealth and talent have taken up and carried forward.

The little egg, incubated, has developed into a bird of paradise. Out of the labors of Frederic Neilson, another Swedish sailor, has grown, as out of a feeble germ, the whole great work of the Baptist mission in Sweden, with its more than eight thousand converts, — and which now sweeps onward, like the majestic roll of the billows, when the river rushes out from its confining banks and mingles with the sea. How feeble were the beginnings! How great is the result!

The work of the Baptist Bethel Church has its points of deep interest, both at home, where the chief enginery is applied, and, more or less, in every part of the land and of the world. For there is not a clime which is not visited by these birds of passage. There is not a nation where they do not carry the living Word. There is not a port where they do not find an opportunity to honor God by a holy life and conversation. The sons of the sea are baptized, and after one communion, it may be, they are seen no more. But He who directs the path of the water-fowl takes care of the work which he has begun, and carries it forward to a happy issue. The seed sown is not lost. The disciple is cared for, though far

from home and gospel privileges, by his divine Lord. On this point the Rev. D. B. Cheney, D. D., well remarks, —

"The fruits of a church laboring among a transient population are likely to become widely scattered. It may not be easy to collect and present them at a given point. For this reason there is danger of forming a wrong estimate of the fruitfulness of such a church, and of becoming discouraged while laboring on such a field, because there are so few fruits that can be shown by the laborers. To judge correctly we must follow those who go out from such a church and scatter over the world.

"According to this simple and just rule, I learned years ago to place a high estimate upon the fruitfulness of the Boston Baptist Bethel. During my pastorate of more than eight years of the First Baptist Church, San Francisco, I had abundant evidence that this was a fruitful vine. I think we heard from the Bethel Church, on an average, once a month, in our meetings, during my entire residence there. I have many times known ships to come into the harbor just at night, perhaps after dark, from a voyage of four or five

months, when one or more sailors would hasten to our prayer meeting to testify of their love to Christ. They often spoke with foreign accents; sometimes in broken English, difficult to understand, and yet they frequently spoke so as to move and melt all our hearts, as if their lips had been touched with a live coal from the heavenly altar. They loved to talk of Jesus, of the Bethel Church, and of Pastor Stowe. Sometimes a member would come with a young convert whom he had led to Christ during the voyage, who would bear his first public testimony for the Saviour among us.

"Knowing, as I did, how many landsmen, members of eastern churches, made shipwreck of their faith during a voyage to California, it was often an occasion of grateful surprise to me to see these 'sons of the ocean,' fresh from the sea, with their hearts glowing with love to Christ and the souls of their fellow-men. Where others had fallen they stood strong, and on the other side of the continent bore testimony that they were true to their covenant vows.

"Judging of the fruits of the Bethel, seen in that single port, how abundant must they be in the different ports of the world to which they go!

They are truly 'fruits abroad;' scattered fruits; but the time is coming when they will all be gathered into the heavenly garner. Then, and not till then, will be seen the full results of Christian labor here."

The Bethel work is one of world-wide beneficence. There is no land to which its influence does not reach. Tropics and zones have their fixed limits. The Gulf Stream has its path marked out in the Atlantic, and keeps within its appointed bounds. But of the six hundred disciples of Christ, and more, who have been included in the fellowship of the Bethel Church since 1850, — a cloud of witnesses growing out of the original sixteen, — who can trace their walk and work? What power will venture to define the influence of blessing which has attended their wanderings? Every quarter of the globe is illuminated by this "radiating centre of Christian truth." In a little more than four years the present pastor has welcomed to the church of Christ "more than two hundred members from sea and land, from twelve different nations — America, England, Wales, Scotland, Germany, Prussia, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Denmark, East and West Indies." And in the dialects

of all these nations, men, naturally rough and rude, but made gentle through the power of the gospel, have learned to "ascribe salvation to Him that sitteth on the throne and to the Lamb." As the sun never sets upon the realm of Britain, so it never sets on the far-reaching boundaries of the Bethel Church. As the roll of England's morning drum-beat travels round the world, so the morning incense of the devotions of the scattered members of this one New Testament church curls upward with the beams of the rising light, and the fragrant breath of prayer travels onward with the luminary of day as he rises on all the successive nations, — the breath ascending from one body, scattered widely, but still one church of the one living Head.

The Bethel Church maintains a daily season of prayer, besides the frequent meetings on the Sabbath and in the evenings, which are more largely attended. "Prayer also shall be made for him continually," says the writer of the seventy-second Psalm, "and daily shall he be praised." The Jewish priest at three o'clock in the afternoon offered the daily evening sacrifice. The worship of the ancient temple is abolished, and the temple

itself has disappeared ; but in this effort to convert "the abundance of the sea," the altar is kindled anew, and daily incense ascends at the same hour of the evening sacrifice, "acceptable to God, through Jesus Christ." And the meetings of the church for prayer and praise, both the daily and the weekly services, are seasons of deep and sometimes thrilling interest. A Christian brother, who had the privilege of attending, occasionally, an evening of prayer with the Bethel Church, writes as follows : —

"On two occasions during the past winter, I have attended the Thursday evening prayer meeting at the Bethel Church:

"There was a unity in both these meetings. One theme was exhibited in the beginning, drawn from the Scripture read, and ran like a silver thread through all the services, — the key-note of song, and prayer, and remark, of penitence and jubilation. The first evening it was the name of Christ ; the second, the beloved John. And supplication and experience alike took their tinge from the main theme, ever and anon recurring to the melody struck at the outset. Every strain that was sung, not by a process of reasoning, but

by a holy and spontaneous sense of fitness and propriety, kept up the beautiful harmony.

"The meetings were a delightful realization of the communion of saints. A charming brotherliness pervaded the whole service, and broke over the bounds of formality at the close, revealing itself in animated tokens of Christian affection. All hearts evidently partook of the same emotion. All drank of the same spiritual fountain, from the Living Rock, 'and that Rock was Christ.' Men of different nations, of various education, of diverse culture, all understood one another, and spoke in the one dialect of the heavenly Canaan. The Swede, the Norwegian, the Finn, the German, English, and Scotch, and American, showed that they were all one in Christ. Broken in speech and contrite in heart, recalling and realizing over again the scenes of the Pentecost, all spoke and prayed like men in earnest, like men who knew, because they felt. The precious hours fled too rapidly away, and suggested, by the beauty of what was, the glory of what shall be, when they shall come from the east and the west, the north and the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."

Our limits will not allow us to linger longer on the themes suggested by the Bethel and its work. We close with the following just and eloquent words of the Nestor of the Boston Baptist ministry: —

"Mr. Stowe's connection with it constitutes one of the brightest pages in the history of Boston Baptists. He was an honor to his church, to the ministry, and to the Christian name. His sweetness of spirit, his great heart ever full and overflowing with love, his untiring zeal, seeking to do good to the sailors in every way, meeting them as they came ashore, and even before landing, throwing safeguards around them, taking them to his house, praying with them, and all this not in a stiff professional way, but because he was their friend and brother, and could not do otherwise. His well-remembered pleadings for the sailor's home, the sailor's reading-room, the sailor's burying-ground, endeared him tenderly to our hearts. O, what memories we have of him! and these belong to the history of the Bethel."

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